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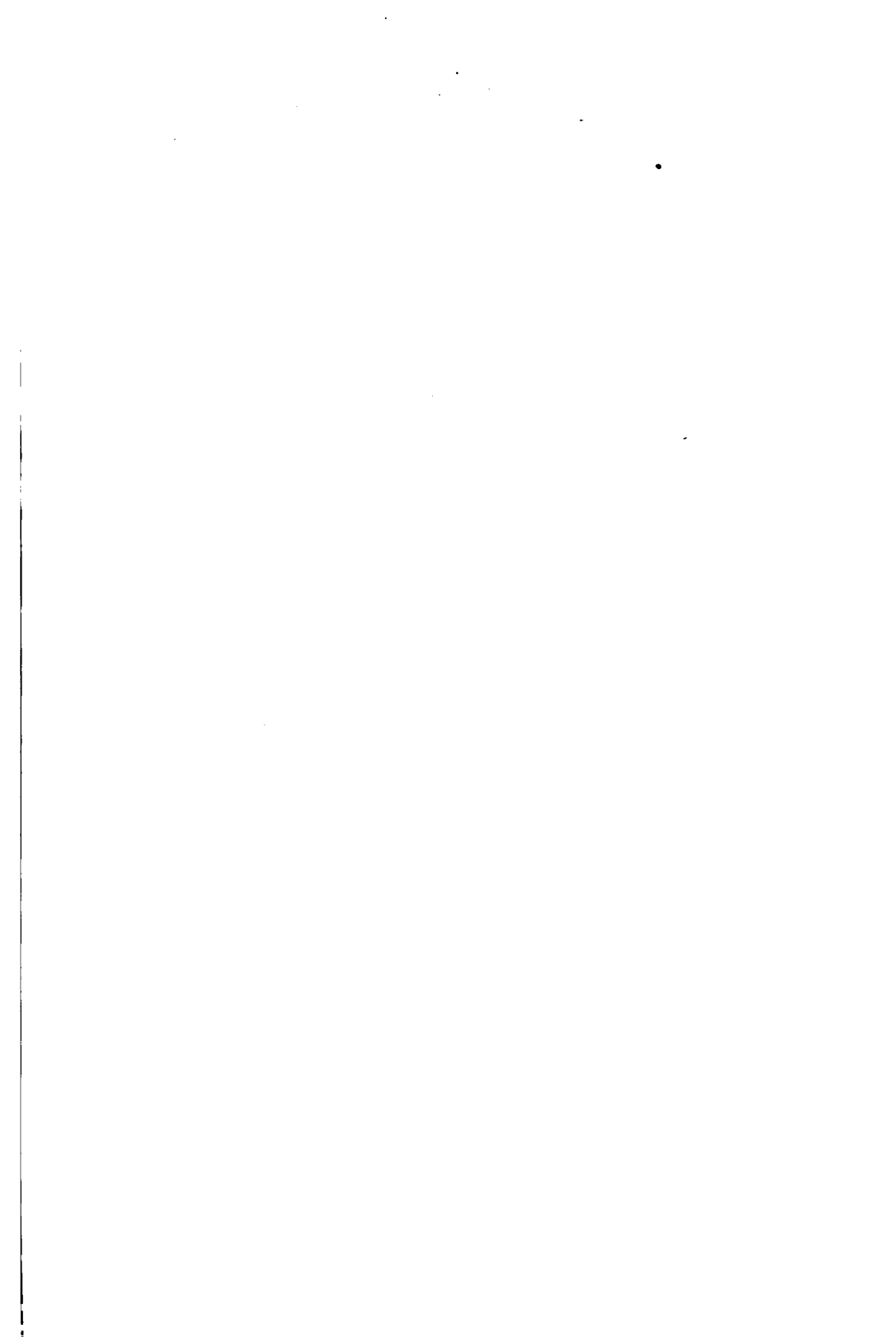
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FROM

Commonwealth of Mass.





GENERAL CLARENCE R. EDWARDS
(Daddy of the 26th Division)

GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON was proclaimed as the Father of his Country, and now a similar title has been bestowed upon another beloved General. Every lad in the 26th Division hails General Clarence R. Edwards as the Father of our Division. He was familiarly called (behind his back of course) "Daddy," and he was in every sense a true Daddy to his boys. Their welfare and protection were his one interest. He fought so hard down at G. H. Q. for his boys that he gained the disfavor of many of the hard-boiled army politicians, which eventually resulted in his losing one of his prized worldly possessions—His Own Division. General Edwards was relieved from his command in the middle of a terrific battle (October, 1918) and returned to the United States to form a new division. This removal of General Edwards was part of a bold step to relieve such officers of combat troops who had established a record for achievements and put into command many of the favorite clique who had not seen active service previously, and they could then gain the honor of such command and perhaps by this service be allowed to retain their temporary war rank, which in most cases was several ranks higher than their permanent status.

Our boys cried out—"Generals may come and Generals may go, but in our hearts General Edwards will remain forever."



COLONEL EDWARD L. LOGAN

THE 101st Infantry was indeed proud of its leader. In Colonel Logan this famous regiment had a fighting Colonel in every sense. His one interest was the men whose lives were intrusted to him, and he can justly report to the parents or relatives of his men that his stewardship was performed in the highest degree.



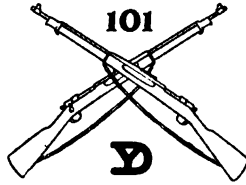
JAMES T. DUANE

**Holder of every rank from Private to Captain of K Company during the
World War.**

“*Heroism Is Simple, and Yet It Is Rare.
Every One Who Does the Best He Can Is a Hero.*”

JOSH BILLINGS.

DEAR OLD “K”



BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

1922

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By James T. Duane

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PREFACE

It was at the request of the Clinton (Mass.) Historical Society, through its President, Judge Jonathan Smith, a member of the G. A. R., that this brief history of K Company, 101st Infantry (of Clinton, Hingham, and surrounding towns), was written.

(The members of "K" were originally from the above towns, but as casualties occurred, replacements were made by men from other sections of Massachusetts and from other states.)

I have arranged the story in diary form, giving a brief history of happenings from day to day. I have made no attempt to show that K Company won the war, or was entirely responsible for winning it; but I present this Company as a shining example of the brave and fearless acts of heroism and devotion which were exemplified by all the American boys who fought in France, Belgium, and Italy; and of those boys who did not reach the firing line through no fault of their own.

The boys of "K" possessed those qualifications which are typical of our forebears of Concord and Lexington, of '61 and '98.

I sincerely hope that my story will please all. Owing to the strict orders issued during the war, that no diaries or notes be kept by the men, it has been very difficult for me to record absolutely all movements and incidents of the Company. But I have tried to make the story as complete as possible.

I have made special mention of some names of the members, but this fact does not mean that they performed greater service than the others. These names I mention simply because they were the first ones which came to mind during my task of writing the story.

If, in any part of my humble story, I have given the impression that the war was fought alone by "K," or that I, personally, have absorbed any particle of the spot light, I ask your pardon, for it is all unintentional. That is caused merely in my desire to tell the good relatives and friends of "K" a few of their experiences. It is devoted to the deeds of enlisted men, rather than officers. Neither pen nor tongue can ever fully picture their glorious deeds and patient sufferings. May their deeds inspire the boys of future years, as the deeds of our forefathers inspired us!

James T. Duane



WE SHALL NOT SLEEP

“ In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amidst the guns below.
We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

“Take up our quarrel with the foe.
To you from falling hands we throw
The torch — be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.”

LT. COL. DR. JOHN McCRAE.

THIS BOOK I dedicate to my Mother and
to the Mothers, both living and dead, of the
boys of "K," 101st Infantry, for it is to them that
all glory is due.

JAMES T. DUANE.



CAPTAIN PETER F. CONNELLY

The splendid officer who commanded and put K Company in the fine physical condition to stand afterward all the hardships it suffered.

He was later selected for Provost Marshal of Nice—the most famous pleasure resort in all Europe.

DEAR OLD "K"



A**FTER** the return of Company K from its tour of duty on the Mexican border, the boys once more settled down to the old routine of affairs; they brushed the dust and sands of Texas from the breech blocks of their rifles and placed them in the racks in the Armory, saying to each other, "Well, I hoped we would get a chance to use these babies against those Mexican Greasers, but we were out of luck on the sport, so we will have to sit around and grow old waiting for Japan to come in through Mexico and start something, and then we may take another trip south."

Such was the opinion of most of the boys of Company K. The war in Europe had been going on so long and no signs of America ever getting into it, that hardly a second thought was given to our going across to France to fight. As the boys said, "No such luck."

The peaceful habits of Clinton prevailed until one Sunday late in March. On Sunday, March 25th, the people of this town arose early to be greeted by a bright and glorious sunshine. They did their usual Sunday-go-to-meeting primping, and the church-goers attended their respective services.

The day was one of the finest we had had in months, and all the people seemed exceptionally happy. But as the old adage goes, "After sunshine comes a storm." Late in the afternoon our quiet little town was awakened to a sad surprise. The word passed about like wild fire that our good President of the United States had issued a call, and K Company was ordered mobilized to prepare for a war emergency. The boys assembled at the State Armory and were greeted by their ever-smiling captain, Peter F. Connelly. As they arrived they were given their instructions, and those members who were out of town were notified by wire or phone to report at the earliest possible moment.

It was not long before the great majority of the townspeople were assembling outside the Armory to see the excitement and

try to learn the real news of what had and what was to happen. The members of the Company made their appearance in an exceptionally short period, and they were seen strutting around the Armory with happy smiles, for they felt, as nearly all young Americans did, this was a chance of a lifetime for a lark and some excitement and adventure.

After about a week's hanging around the Armory, definite orders were received, and K Company was ordered to move by train to Concord, Mass., to act as guards on the railroad bridges, powder plants, etc.

The first days of the Company's stay in Concord were enough to discourage less strong-hearted boys, for it snowed and sleeted for days, making living in tents uncomfortable. After a few days in Concord, orders were received dividing up the Company and sending groups to Marblehead to guard the air station there, to Lynn to assist as guards at the General Electric Plant, and to Dedham to guard the Sturtevant Aëroplane Plant.

The usual peaceful events occurred at these various places, the boys making many new friends and winning great praise from the management of the places at which they served as guards.

Early in July the Company was once more assembled and moved to the state camping grounds at Framingham. Here the entire Ninth Regiment was assembled, to take up a strenuous course of intensive training to prepare for their future participation in the great conflict in France. It was not until then that many could be made to believe there was a chance of our American boys ever going across the water to fight, but signs indicated then that there was no mistake that the boys would be soon in the thick of it.

Our President, early in July, had issued an order mobilizing all the National Guard organizations which were not called to arms in March, and also ordered all the men who were on the Reserve list of the National Guard to muster on July 25th.

July 25th found the Dandy Fifth Mass. Regt. under arms, and they were now ready for any duty which might be assigned to them. The Fifth Regt. mobilized at Camp Darling, Framingham.

All kinds of drills and games were indulged in to condition our boys. They were put through a course of trench digging

and making barbed-wire entanglements. All this was taken in a light-hearted spirit, as is the custom with Americans, for we must be shown before we will take things seriously; and especially so with this war, which was so far away that it had neither touched us nor been brought home to us yet.

Early on the morning of July 31st we had the first real message of the war and its grim realities delivered to us. On the arrival of the daily newspapers in the camp we were shocked beyond description. There in bold, black type was the announcement that Perley Hamilton, of Clinton, had been killed in action with French troops. This was our first lesson, and the Germans could not have committed any deed that could have saddened the Clinton boys more. This news was the topic of conversation for the entire day, and every Clinton boy in camp with K Company that day took a solemn oath that Perley Hamilton's death would be more than repaid, if the opportunity ever offered itself.

Perley Hamilton was our first inspiration, and although not a member of our Company or Regiment, we all admired his pluck and spirit in volunteering and going across to assist poor, bleeding France by joining the Princeton Unit, American Field Ambulance Corps, a very important and extremely dangerous branch of service. We were proud to learn later that France had bestowed her cross of war on Perley for his bravery.

The American Field Ambulance Service was an organization formed by Colonel A. Piatt Andrew, of Gloucester, Mass., of brave and patriotic young Americans—mostly college boys—who went to France early in the war and gained undying fame.

On August 5th, by order of the President, all National Guard organizations were federalized and became part of the United States Army. Under this order the Ninth Regiment, which had held so many traditions and glorious records, was to be stripped of its name and henceforth would be known as the 101st United States Infantry, thereby being made the first National Guard outfit in the new United States Army. An order was then issued ordering the merging of the 5th Massachusetts Regiment with the 9th, to form the remainder of the 101st Infantry. Thus were combined two splendid fighting units, which we knew would later bring fame to our dear old State. The consolidation took effect on August 23d. During the merging ceremony a terrific

thunder and lightning storm broke over the camp, and during the storm two members of L Company (9th) were killed by lightning and about twenty men of various companies were injured.

News was given out that our Regiment was soon to break camp and move to some point far away. Rumor had it we were to go south, another said Long Island, and still others to France and even Russia. Rumor followed rumor, and each Sunday was to be our final day at Framingham, and each Sunday would bring many thousands of visitors to the camp to see the final review, but we kept sticking right to camp. Things remained about the same until about noon on September 5th, when definite orders were given that all baggage would be prepared for shipment and all large tents lowered by 4 o'clock that afternoon, and the half-shelter (or pup) tents would be put up. Cheering could be heard all over the camp, for the boys were glad of the chance to move, regardless of whence it might be.

That night the camp presented a wonderful sight, with its small tents and several large bonfires in each Company street. Many of the boys were able to telephone to their relatives and friends, telling them of our moving the next day, and this news brought crowds of relatives and friends to the camp that night and the majority remained until the wee small hours of the morning, singing, telling stories around the bonfires, and bidding last farewells.

On September 6th, all the boys were up early and it did not take very long to lower tents, pack barracks bags, and police the grounds. All day long we stayed about waiting for word to move. At 3.05 o'clock we were ordered to fall in and move out, thus starting our historic march which ended in German territory. There were very few people on the grounds to bid the boys good-by. There were not more than ten or twelve Clinton people present. This to the boys was a perfect start, for there is nothing that pulls harder on the soft part of the heart than bidding dear ones good-by, especially with the horrible vision of war in one's mind.

We marched through the gates of the camp grounds and on to the main streets of Framingham, and as we marched through the center of the city the bell on the Catholic Church was tolling.

That caused a strange feeling, for it, too, well reminded us of what we had before us and those we were leaving behind. Many of the boys were seen to have tears trickling down their cheeks.

We left Framingham about 5.30 p. m. by train, and were taken direct to the large freight yards at Harlem, N. Y., arriving there early next morning. Baggage was unloaded and preparations made for the transfer of our goods to a boat which awaited us there. Goods were loaded aboard a boat called the *Ajax*, and about 8 o'clock on the morning of the 7th we were sailing down the East River toward Hoboken. Hoboken reached, we unloaded equipment on the pier and transferred to the transport which awaited us. This transport proved to be the *Henry Mallory*, which was formerly a fruit boat converted for transporting troops. Although named *Henry Mallory*, all felt that some mistake had been made in naming it, for we were certain that it must be the same Ark that Noah carried two of a kind in during the high tide away back. At 4 o'clock that afternoon, with orders for all men to remain below, we left our mooring and were soon passing the Statue of Liberty toward France.

September 8th was a day of real rest for all. But on September 9th everything was unrest. The sea was running rough and I, as well as many others, was a bit rough in the stomach. This day was the starting of our troubles. We were now having a heavy rain and rough sea, which continued on September 10th, and the way many of us were feeling, any undertaker would have been a welcome visitor. There is an old saying which just fitted our case, "At first you're afraid the boat will sink, then you're afraid it won't." That was us. Why, even a submarine held no terrors, for they couldn't get us mad with fifty torpedoes.

On September 11th, things cleared up and many were able to sit up and crawl to the deck for air. It was great sport to see the sick lads lined up with ring-side seats at the rail, taking no chances on being out of reach, the healthy lads all around betting to see which one would be first to throw up the sponge, and everything else. Incidentally it might be said many of us made the trip across by "rail." The thing that was as much responsible as anything was our menu. Everything had to be steamed—steak, liver, bacon, etc. It was a rough deal on a poor, undefended stomach.

On September 16th we had to don our life belts and orders were to continue wearing them at all times during the remainder of the trip, as we were now in the real danger zone. Father O'Connor read Mass on the aft deck on this day, and Chaplain Rollins held his services on the fore deck. A concert was given by some very fine talent among the boys and the band also entertained.

One of the boys of M Company, George T. Ahearn, of East Boston, was taken seriously sick with an acute case of appendicitis. About 4 o'clock signals were sent to the battle cruiser, which accompanied our convoy, to stop, and the boy would be transferred to the hospital ward for an immediate operation. At 4.30 o'clock our boat stopped, as did the cruiser. One of the large lifeboats was lowered. In this boat were six boat hands to row, the sick boy, the ship's doctor, and Father M. J. O'Connor. There was a rough sea running, and it was a perilous trip. At times the small boat would be out of sight for minutes at a time. Row-boating in the middle of the ocean is rough sport, but Father O'Connor volunteered and, against the advice of the ship's officer, he made the trip. It was as brave an act as I saw in the war. A few months later the boy was reported as completely recovered.

All the boats of our convoy, which consisted of nine transports, two destroyers, and one cruiser, were now zigzagging along the course, to avoid and deceive any U-boats that might be lurking about. Shortly after dark our boat had a very narrow escape from being rammed by the *Princess Irene*, another boat of the convoy. Rumor had it that the pilot of the *Princess* was placed under arrest for his attempt at this ramming. About 4 A. M. our boat struck a whale which was of medium size. Target practice was indulged in by the gun crews of the boats, and some excellent shots were made.

On September 18th we entered the Bay of Biscay, which is a very nice, rough little place. It was storming again, which did not make things any smoother, so many of us were once more on the verge of *mal de mer*. A wireless was received on this day which told of the boat which we passed on September 12th, going toward the United States, being torpedoed thirty-six hours after it passed us. On this night we were treated to a grand sight. No lights were allowed on the boat and all was in dark-

ness, this being true of the whole trip, but now the entire sea was illuminated by the phosphorus in the water.

Early on the morning of the 19th we were told we would be met by a convoy of destroyers sent out from France. Needless to say, we were all out early to see our friends. About 7 A. M., through the heavy mist, smoke could be seen on the horizon in different places. We watched these specks as they approached, and very shortly twelve very speedy little torpedo boat destroyers were close by, greeting us. They were all in camouflaged colors and reminded one very much of so many barber-poles. It was a grand sight to watch as they came up and circled about, darting in all directions in order better to guard and get us through safely. The two destroyers and battle cruiser which left the United States as our convoy turned back as soon as our foreign convoy arrived. We were escorted through the Bay toward the channel leading to our port. Shortly after dark, with all eyes strained for the first glimpse of a sign of land, we spotted one of the great harbor lights of St. Nazaire. We entered the channel and anchored just inside the mine nets of the harbor.

The following morning, after receiving our French pilot, we steamed up the channel, passed Belle Island and into the locks of St. Nazaire. While being carried through the locks all the boys lined on the deck and, accompanied by the band, sang the "Marseillaise," which we had been rehearsing on the way over, and the "Star-Spangled Banner." The shore was crowded with people, including many American and French sailors, who gave us a royal reception. There was a French band on the shore to serenade us. The people on the shore just bombarded the boys with fruit, flowers, and cigarettes.

All hands were ordered to remain on board that night, nobody to go ashore until the following morning. There were Marines on guard on the dock, but even these held no terrors for some of our warriors, for Howard Cummings, James (Dolly) O'Toole, and Bill Roach braved the dangers of the guard and slid down the long rope to the dock and escaped uptown, exploring the town first and incidentally being the first three National Guard men to set foot on French soil.

Early on the morning of September 21st, all were ready for the word to pass down the gangplank. After our journey of

fourteen days on the water we were a happy crew, to be on *terra firma*. It certainly was a wonderful feeling when I placed my feet on Mother Earth once more, and at that moment I decided that life was still worth fighting for. The Machine-Gun Company marched off first and then K Company, thereby placing K Company as the first Infantry Company of National Guard to land in France.

We were formed in line on the docks here, and after stacking arms were allowed to fall out and look things over in the immediate vicinity. Our first impression of France was rather a gloomy one, for nearly every woman one saw on the streets was dressed in deep mourning, indicating the loss of some dear one in the war.

About noon our first march on French soil started. We hiked to the reception camp, which was a distance of about six kilometers from the boat. This was a camp situated on a high hill overlooking the City of St. Nazaire. Our quarters were wooden barracks with dirt floors. It was here that we saw our first German prisoners. There were about 5,000 prisoners in St. Nazaire, and these were used for all kinds of policing and cleaning up. With the usual soft American hearts, our boys felt sorry for the prisoners, and they threw them many cigarettes and much tobacco.

Our second day in camp gave us a chance to wash all the clothes we soiled on the trip over. The laundry work over, our next move was a trip to town to see the sights. Most of the boys in the Regiment made a visit to the city to look it over and to buy a few souvenirs.

On our arrival into port we found an advance guard of Marines stationed in this city, and it was their duty to act as guards and military police. The sightseeing of the boys of the 101st Infantry lasted well into the evening. On our arrival in port, word was passed around by the Marines that a crowd of National Guard rookies had arrived, and they politely informed us that they and the Regulars would take care of the tin soldiers. A rather pleasant greeting from neighbors in a foreign land, but our boys had gone to France to fight, and it made little difference to them when it started or where it took place; and believing the story of the Good Book, that he who hesitates is lost, they de-



MAJOR THOMAS F. (FEARLESS) FOLEY, of Worcester, Mass., who commanded the Third Battalion of which K Company was a part.

His motto was, "Come on"—never ordering anybody to go ahead.



LIEUTENANT LEO R. ADAMS

Sailed with K Co. and was the only officer to sail across and return with "K."

Leo made up in pep for what he lacked in height. His platoon was always a great booster for him. *A bon soldat.*



LIEUTENANT EDGAR R. DENSMORE

Selected to return to U. S. as Instructor and promoted to Captain.

Lieut. Densmore was an old stand-by in "K," he having been connected with the Company for a great many years.



LIEUTENANT ALBERT S. LANE

Sailed across with K Co. Was selected to return to United States as instructor.

Bert was a master (?) at calisthenics. He was the Company's official host, especially on pay nights. A prince of good fellows.



LIEUTENANT DONALD S. FRANCIS

Sailed across with K Company. Was selected to return to United States as instructor.

Donald was a bear with the bayonet stuff. Ask him what he wiped his bayonet with.

cided that right here and now was the time the festivities started. On great display posters, later distributed as a means of recruiting by the Marines, they claimed to be the first American troops to fight in France. They were. But it was in St. Nazaire on the night of September 21, 1917, and it was a defensive battle with the Marines on the short end and the 101st Infantry on the offensive. It was a lovely tuning up for what was later to come.

St. Nazaire is a medium-sized French city, rather untidy and morals not to be bragged about. At the Sunday services on September 23d both our chaplains gave very strong sermons on the moral conditions of the country, and issued a real warning that I am sure impressed every man present, so that the lesson was kept continually before him during the remainder of his stay in France.

To keep the men in good physical condition short hikes out into the surrounding country were indulged in morning and afternoon. It was on these hikes that we saw some real sad effects of the war. In the fields and gardens very old women were doing work that strong men should be doing. They were handling large plows, digging and carrying on work that would never fall to their lot if it were not that the war had taken away all their men.

Several former Clinton boys who learned of our presence in camp came over to see us, and old times were talked over. Frank Downey, a friend of most of the boys, was a guest. He was with the 23d Infantry, Regular Army. Frank said that a German barber drove him into the army. The barber was too pro-German in his utterances when Frank had some patriotic spirits in him, so he decided the army was the place for him, and the Kaiser's and barber's relatives would have to suffer.

Our first shower baths were allowed on the 28th. Sixteen men were rushed into the showers, the water turned on and all must bathe and be ready to dress in just four minutes. Later, on the evening of the 28th, we received orders that on the morrow we would pack up our equipment and move on into the first training quarters. Sergeant John F. Melledy and a detail of four other men were sent ahead to arrange for the billeting in the new camp.

At 4 A. M. the headquarters of our Regiment moved out, and

each battalion moved on in its turn. Being in the Third Battalion, "K" moved last. Our battalion moved at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. As we lay around camp waiting for the hour of moving, we saw four sections of the Ambulance Units make their start for the front. They were Yale, Bucknell, New York University, and Cornell Units. These units were equipped with Ford Ambulances. As they drove out of camp on their first lap to the front, they flew their unit colors, as well as large Red Cross flags; and while the band played, all the boys lined up along the road, saluted, and called good luck to all the ambulance men. It was an inspiring sight.

The old saying, that "a soldier never has anything in his pocket but a hole," found much truth in many cases in K, for we had not been paid for three months; but fortune once more smiled, as one of our lieutenants gave me a dollar bill for some work which I had done for him. Alas, I was well-to-do, so a few of the boys and myself went forth to the canteen and invested the bulk of our wealth (\$1.00) in bread and jam sandwiches. This was our first luxury since leaving home.

At 7 P. M., after a four-mile hike, we reached the railroad freight yards. There was a short halt after which I was ordered to throw my equipment into a certain freight car, but I informed our captain that I was going to take my equipment into the passenger car with me, and the reply was that these were our passenger cars. I looked them over; and as the rest of the boys gave them the once-over, there were many funny remarks made. On the side of each box car was marked "40 Hommes—8 Chevals," which means that either 40 men or 8 horses can be crowded in. One lad said, "We came across the water like a bunch of bananas, and now we are to be shipped like a lot of horses." The only thing missing to give the right atmosphere was a few pitchforks and some straw. In a short while we were all huddled in and on our way.

There was no such thing as sleep that night, for it took nearly all our time preventing each other from marring our beauty with hob nails and keeping elbows from crushing our ribs.

Daybreak came as a great relief, for we could at least pass our time taking turns at looking out of the side door, which was our only opening, except the splendid view we could gain of

the rail-ties through the rents of half a foot or so in the floor of the car. All day long we admired the scenery, for it was all strange and novel to us. Many very beautiful chateaux on the high hills, homes built out of ledges on the sides of hills, and along the roads we saw many of the famous old dog-drawn milk carts.

On October 1st, we were still in our cars, "*de luxe, à la box*," and going strong. The boys were telling their experiences of last night, and it was a scream to hear one lad say he dozed off until Jack woke him up hollering, "Keep that foot out of my mouth." One fellow heard Marty say, "That knee of yours has been in my ear for the last half hour," and still another was heard calling for Pete to stop scratching his shoulder instead of his own.

All day we rode until 4.30 p. m., at which time we reached our destination, Neufchâteau (Vosges). Here we detrained, packed our equipment, and started on the hike to the camp, which was three and a half kilometers from the city in a little village named Rebeuville. On reaching camp and being assigned to a section of floor space, we spread out our blankets and, tired, weary, and hungry, laid our heads down for a long-looked-for sleep.

Our little village is situated down in a valley between high hills in the Vosges district. There is a population of about two hundred people. The village is fifteen miles from the Swiss border, and about thirty-five miles from the firing line. On a very clear night the heavy guns, when firing, could be heard. This village was the scene of one of the fiercest battles during the Franco-Prussian War. There are several large crucifixes erected about the village, marking the spots of bloody conflicts during that war.

As is the rule in all towns and cities where troops are stationed, there is a Board of Military Officers appointed over the town. The American Town Major appointed me Town Clerk. This was my first step in foreign politics. Our companies were the first American troops to occupy this village, and as a matter of fact, our Regiment was the first American outfit to reach this section of France, so to the people we were somewhat of a curiosity.

On October 12th, the curé, or village priest, arrived home on a furlough from the army. This priest had been at the front for three years as an enlisted man. During the first three years of the war there were 25,000 Catholic priests serving in the French Army, and during the first two years 7,000 of these were killed in action. It was a great sight to see the villagers gather around the little old curé on his return to the village. Although so very small, Rebeuville had furnished forty men to the army, sixteen of whom had died in the service. This average has been true all over France, and I daresay that there is hardly a single home in the country that has not been affected by the grim hand of the War God.

How different from our own churches was this village church—stone floor, no heat all winter, small, old-fashioned lamps on the side walls, and antiquated statuary. While the priest was giving his sermon, a large number of the village children came in and marched up through the church with their wooden shoes, laughing and pounding louder than a set of looms in a weave shop. All this was quite a contrast from our own warm, comfortable, and noiseless churches at home. On this afternoon we received word that Bar-le-duc was bombarded by aëroplanes, and a large portion of the city destroyed.

Neufchâteau, which is our Division Headquarters, is a very quaint, old-fashioned city, with low roofs and very narrow streets, and at night no lights are allowed for fear of air raids. During the evening, with no lights, it is very difficult to navigate unless one is thoroughly acquainted with the streets. One need not fear crooks in those cities at night, for the crooks are afraid that they might be running up against another man of their own trade.

On October 6th we received our first mail from the dear old U. S. A. On the announcement of mail, there was a mad rush and crush that looked like the effects of mess call. My, how good it was to receive news direct from home and the dear folks.

October 7th, our first Sunday in camp, we held field services. Father O'Connor said Mass and Chaplain Rollins held services, both on a small plain down at the foot of our village. At 9.30 music could be heard in the distance, and very shortly the band, leading the first battalion of our Regiment, could be seen, winding

down the road over the hills. It was a beautiful sight to see, the colors waving, and to hear our own American airs sounding through the hills of the Vosges Mountains. After the church services, two baseball games and one football game were held, and there was much sport until late in the afternoon.

On our arrival in this village it rained and continued to rain or hail every day for nearly six weeks. This is very pleasant when one knows of the beautiful barracks we had to live in. These were 100 feet long by 20 feet wide, dirt floors and sieve roofs. These barracks were built by German prisoners and the roofs were covered with tar paper, but just to carry on their low-toned tricks, which are typical of the Boche, they perforated the entire roofs with nails so that it did not show until it rained, and then we had shower baths right in our apartments. The boys had to prop up their half-shelter tents inside the barracks to keep dry. Later, when the thermometers went down out of sight and we nearly froze stiff, we were issued two small wood stoves, one to be placed at each end of the barracks. When these stoves were well regulated and assisted by a favorable wind and there was plenty of wood, we could get a little heat if we could crowd within three feet of them. But the most cheery part of it all was that the boys had to go on detail every second morning and hike three miles into the woods and carry wood back for these stoves and the kitchen.

As we sat around the barracks telling lies and stories, and so forth, we were surprised with a batch of *Clinton Items* which just arrived. Some of the boys who could not get first call on one of the *Items* sat around and nearly had nervous prostration, for the boys who had them were reading from beginning to end and not missing a single line. One fellow wanted to make a bet that he could recite almost every advertisement on the paper by heart. Even the ads looked like late news to us. Jack Knowles received a copy of his famous *Hull East Wind*, so the Cape boys had the latest news also.

On October 12th, Captain Connelly, Lieutenants Lane and Adams, and Sergeant Howard J. Cummings left camp at 6 A. M. for a course at the 1st Corps School at Gondrecourt. During the absence of Captain Connelly at the 1st Corps School of Instruction on Advanced Warfare, 1st Lieut. Edgar R. Densmore was in command of "K." On the return of Captain Connelly

from the above course, Lieutenant Densmore was then assigned to the school, it being necessary that all officers attend for a certain period in order that they might adopt the new system of warfare as taught by the French and English.

October 14th brought the first sad news from home to any of the boys. Father O'Connor notified Bill Moynihan, of Maynard, one of our crackerjack soldiers, that his mother had been called to her heavenly reward. Poor Bill was all broken up, but he received the news like a real soldier.

October 15th gave us another pleasant day. We marched from our camp to the City of Neufchâteau at 7.45 A. M., to be received by Marshal Joffre and General Pershing. On arrival in the city shortly after 8 o'clock, the Company took a position along one of the city streets in company front, and stood at rest awaiting the arrival of the guests. It rained most of the morning and cleared around noon. About 2 o'clock it started to rain again, and still we retained our position on the road; darkness came on and at 6.30 word was passed along that the guests had arrived and for us to stand erect and look our prettiest. This, of course, was an easy task, for outside of being drenched to the skin and with nothing to eat all day, we were in perfect shape. At last the Marshal and the General had reached the head of our line, and we were to be reviewed by the highest officer in the French army and the ranking officer in the American army, quite an honor.

As is always the rule with high officers, when traveling they are accompanied by a score or more other officers, ranging down to second lieutenants. The review at last had started, and we were being inspected in the dark with the only rays of light, that made it possible to know that troops were on the street, coming from an automobile following the party. As our General walked along, not once did he as much as turn his head so that he might see our Company, but hiked right along about his business; and the only inspecting or reviewing we received was by a few of the second lieutenants with the General's party. From that time on we were through with generals, and our affections ran toward the much-abused and overworked second lieutenants.

At last we have been assigned regular instructions in warfare. The 162d Infantry French Regiment were designated as guardians during preparations for our entrance into the trenches.

The officers and men of the 162d taught us the composition and uses of grenades and other trench weapons and trench maneuvers. The first day on which this French Regiment and our 101st Regiment met was the starting of a great friendship which still exists.

When we reached the French training grounds, the Colonel of the 162d formed his men in line; our men did likewise; the regiments saluted each other and then the French soldiers came over and all shook hands. The 162d was considered one of the bravest and most splendid outfits in the French army. Previous to our meeting it had been recruited eleven times and had lost over 22,000 men. After one battle it had but twenty-two men left.

On October 17th, while at the French training grounds, we witnessed a very thrilling aerial battle. Our planes destroyed six German planes during this battle, and drove six others down out of control. In one of the planes driven down and captured, the pilot of the plane was a lad of only sixteen years, and his observer was only thirteen years. These facts we later learned from a French officer.

Hard times, no pay, and no supplies have driven the boys to stealing coffee from the kitchen, grinding it with stones, and, using toilet paper for a covering, they rolled cigarettes. These are tough lines, but, as the saying goes, "Necessity is the mother of invention." This was necessary because small packages of Bull Durham were costing twenty-five cents each, or could be exchanged for ten two-cent stamps at a certain welfare canteen.

For the past two weeks we have been drinking our coffee raw, as there has been no sugar, and of course we have not had any milk since our arrival; but today we are a bit harder hit than ever—no coffee at all, no bread, or no hard tack; just plain beef stew.

On the evening of October 20th an alarm was given that an air raid was expected, and all lights about the camp were ordered out, but nothing out of the ordinary happened. The following morning we learned that five monster Zeppelins, after an attack on London, were lost in a fog and went off their course, heading toward the interior of France. As soon as these Zeppelins were discovered, our aviators went up, and after a short battle brought one of them down, just outside of Neuf-

château. This machine had accommodations for forty-two passengers, and carried three months' stores.

On October 23d, we went by auto trucks to a town called Midreveaux, for practice in laying out and digging trenches. This was the beginning of a long session of excavation. The poets have sung of "The man with the hoe," but where, oh! where is the poet who can do justice to "The lad with the pick and shovel"?

It was about this time that we met a lot of the Colonial troops of the French army. Among the most interesting of these were the Algerians. These colored troops, whom we later met more frequently, were a peculiar race. They were used more for moping up in battle than for any other purpose. These Algerians possessed many queer habits and beliefs, among which was that if they had in their possession some portion of the body of their enemies, they would go straight to their heaven. In Neufchâteau there were several of these Algerians, who were in the hospital recuperating from wounds, and on their tour of the city they made the acquaintance of our boys. Our boys and they became very good friends, and of course the desire to learn English struck them. The boys agreed to teach them, but, sad to relate, it was not always the purest of English, for slang phrases and an occasional emphasizing phrase were mingled in. One Algerian, who insisted on chumming with the boys, was told his long sneezing name meant in English, "Cat's Paws." On one occasion when "Cat's Paws" was about, the boys arranged a meeting between him and our two chaplains. When introduced, the Algerian immediately proceeded to try out his English; but before he had gone far, our chaplains were gasping for breath, for he was using an English far from anything Brother Shakespeare ever dreamed of.

Of course, even in hard times, one must have diversions, so on October 25th Pinkey Crothers announced this as his birthday. Just twenty-one years ago this cold world was blessed by the arrival of our "Will." He passed the day peacefully, reading two-months-old *Literary Digests* and borrowing butts. A more elaborate celebration was planned but postponed to a later date because of lack of funds.

On October 26th we received our first individual instructions



LIEUTENANT NEAL H. FISHER

Sailed across with K Co Was selected to return to United States as instructor.

Although Neal did not remain with the *best* Company all through the jam, he was always one of the boys, especially in athletics.



DOUGLAS R. ROSS
Of K Company, winner of the Distinguished
Service Cross

in the French automatic weapons. These instructions were under the direction of Sergeant Dyrcke, a member of the 162d French Infantry. This man was an expert, and told many thrilling tales of the early days of the fight. In one battle in which he participated, he was caught in an advance trench with water to his waist, and had to remain there for thirty-five days. When they were choking for water they had to drink the water in shell holes close by, which their comrades had been lying dead in for many days. The Boche would take all French girls and childless married women between the ages of fourteen and thirty years, and many of the younger, good-looking girls were forced to act as orderlies to the Boche officers.

Like all organizations, "K" had its star boarders. Among our stars was one lad called "Mother Eaton." His appetite was only exceeded in dimension by Bruce's feet, Paddy Purcell's mustache, or Mike Cunningham's list of debts. One evening the boys gathered around the cot of "Mother," and among themselves planned on going to the kitchen to get a feed of hamburger which was left after supper. The plan worked like a charm, and at once Eaton suggested that he be allowed in on the feed. In a few minutes one of the boys handed Eaton a dish with the hamburger on it, with instructions to go in a dark spot so that not many of the boys would be wise to the late feed. In a few minutes loud laughing was heard, and the sound of pebbles bouncing on the floor announced that "Mother Eaton" had been given a feed of sand and mud.

On October 28th we had our first snow storm of the year. October 29th we received the first mail for more than three weeks, and only a small bundle of letters was received. Those who did not get a letter were standing about envying the lucky ones. One does not know what a real down-hearted feeling is unless he has been at war and seen a few of the boys getting letters from home and he received none. To add to our sadness, we had been looking for the paymaster for quite some time. Along with the few letters received this day were a few *Clinton Daily Items*.

The weather was now very cold, wet and disagreeable. In the *Items* received we read of the terrible sufferings of the boys at Ayer, Mass. (Camp Devens), caused by the shutting off of

the heat plant. Just then all our boys got together and drew up a set of resolutions, extending their sympathy and reprimanding the authorities for not issuing individual heaters or fur coats at the home cantonments.

On October 31st two great events took place. We were paid a visit by the paymaster, and our shower baths were completed and ready for working. As for the pay; well, that night was an event long to be remembered. Air raids inside the barracks were numerous. Hob-nailed shoes were used instead of aerial bombs. As to the baths—when Mike Madden asked Hughie Hanna if he had taken a shower bath, Hughie said: "No, why? Is there one missing?"

After getting paid, the boys got together and contributed five francs each to a fund, and a committee was designated to go to Neufchâteau to purchase a piano. Al White, who was a human auto piano and song bird, did the choosing. Al is without question, in the minds of the Company, one of the cleverest piano players in the army.

November 5th, the first cloud hung over our Company, for we received word that William Johnson, of Hingham, had died on October 29th. On the night we left St. Nazaire, young Johnson was taken sick and had to be carried back to the city hospital in St. Nazaire. Poor fellow, we all certainly felt bad, for he was our first loss.

A large detail of men from K Company was sent to the corral to take the mules and horses to the brook for water, and then to clean them. They were told to take their pick, so on arrival at the corral (Leo) Pat Ellery found a dead mule, so he said he would pick that one. Hence, he was out of the detail.

On our arrival in Rubeuville we were confronted with a very difficult job—Sanitation. Rubeuville, like most of the villages in the northern part of France, was real old and antiquated in its customs, and especially so with reference to sanitation. In nearly every home the barn in which the family cows, horses, pigs, and hens were kept was adjoining and leading off from the family kitchen, and often these pets spent much of their time in the kitchen. When the manure was taken from the stable it was usually piled in front of the house, and in many cases directly under the kitchen or parlor window. It can truly be said that

these peasants were artists at arranging the manure in piles. They took great pride in seeing that all corners were squared and looked neat. It has been said that you could almost judge the wealth of the people by the amount of manure in front of their homes. The more—the wealthier. The streets were unclean. Refuse was thrown about carelessly, etc. It now evolved to the American *soldats* to make the village a model of sanitation. Details were taken from each Company in the battalion and given scrapers and heavy brush brooms, and put to work clearing the ankle-deep mud from the roads. Stone walks were built and incinerators made in which to burn all refuse. In a short time the improvement was so great that the French people were bewildered. They had not been used to such cleanliness of all quarters. When our battalion left Rubeville there was a vast difference in its general appearance from that before our arrival. Our white wings had gotten in their good work.

On November 8th we were given a very interesting lecture by Major Carlo, of the English army, on "Bayonetry." He read a copy of a proclamation issued by the Kaiser entitled "Butchery as a Duty." This was a pleasant little essay on "Cut him deep and often," rather interesting.

During the early stay in France, not being entirely satisfied with the regular menu presented by our Uncle, the boys made many visits to various French homes in the villages and also to the small French cafés. It was very humorous to see our boys with their small book on "How to Converse in French" held in one hand, making wild motions with the other, and then giving impersonations of a hen cackling in an endeavor to secure some eggs. About the only phrases which were learned immediately by the boys were "Have you got?" and "Please give me." It was here that the "Gimme Club" was originated. One of the first members of "K" to master the French language was the old standby, Timmy Wallace. After about one month at burning the midnight oil, and attending classes in the village café, Timmy became so proficient that he could ask the pretty barmaid for any number of bottles of beer from one to three—this by raising one or three fingers and mentioning the word "beer."

On securing a feed in one of the above-mentioned cafés, you were presented with a fork, but no knife. Every soldier was sup-

posed to carry his own knife. This was a queer custom, and it was hard for us to get accustomed to it. At first the long French loaf was much abused by being torn to pieces. The boys suggested that inasmuch as the French are supposed to be great lovers of peas, that each man was to carry his own knife, because he could then know exactly how to balance the peas with it and thus prevent them from rolling off.

We were now issued our first underwear in France. We donned the new fleece-lined garments of real army type, and the Germans never kept us half as busy as that underwear. On November 10th our Regiment paraded for General Edwards. On November 11th, after working all night getting things about the camp to shine, we shined our shoes, so that we might line up on the muddy village road to be inspected by Generals Pershing and Edwards. The impression made by General Pershing on the boys on this visit was anything but favorable. His remarks and actions were about as sarcastic as could be made.

November 12th we learned of the initial skirmish between the Americans and the Boche, which took place on October 25th between the Artillery, and on November 2d between the Infantry. Our men had just taken over a position on the line, and were in only ten minutes when the Boche attacked them. A real hard fight followed, and twelve of the Americans were taken prisoners; but all twelve were so badly wounded they could not continue, which accounts for their capture. This fight was by men of the 1st Division, which was a splendid outfit and always made good wherever they were put in to fight.

On arrival in France we found a terrible shortage of sweetmeats; and not receiving sugar or candy in the rations, we had a great craving for candy, so most of the boys wrote home requesting that large boxes of various candies be sent to them.

An order came through ordering the transfer of James A. Brickett from "K" to Divisional Headquarters. Jim was placed in the office of the Judge Advocate General of the Division, and he certainly made good with a bang. Jim was later recommended for a commission, but, like the cases of a large number of other good and deserving fellows, the wheels of reward were slow, and the commission did not come through until long after the armistice. Jim's brother, Ralph M. Brickett, was later transferred

to Division Headquarters along with Harold F. Barnes. Ralph was later commissioned a Second Lieutenant.

On November 15th we were greeted with a very pleasant surprise. The clouds opened up and a ray of sunshine actually burst forth, the first sun we had seen for more than three weeks. By this time the boys had decided that the poets had too strong an imagination when they were writing of "Sunny France," for we had found about as much sun in France as we found silver in the "Silvery Rio Grande" on the border.

This day I received a large box containing twenty pounds of fudge made by the girls in Miss Nellie Moran's cooking class of the Clinton High School. I could hardly believe such wonderful candy ever existed. These little girls were wonderful to go to all this trouble and expense, but if they could have heard all the very complimentary things said about them by the boys as I distributed the candy they would feel well repaid. November 18th Companies K and M played a game of football. K Company won, 12 to 6.

Each night about 9 o'clock the Catholic boys of "K" would assemble in one of the barracks and recite aloud the Rosary. Many boys from the other companies of our battalion joined in this practice. One thing the boys always kept in mind was their religious duty, whether it was Catholic, Protestant, or Jew. They felt it would make the folks at home happier if they knew they were faithful to their duty to God. And they were faithful.

November 19th was a big day. K went to the village of Frebercourt for instructions by the French officers in the new formations for battle. We learned that the date of our going into the trenches had been set, and all the boys were happy. On the return of our heart-breaking sergeant from school yesterday we learned that what has been said about cooties is all too true. The Sergeant stripped down and we had our first experience in shirt reading. This day three of our boys were put under quarantine for scarlet fever.

November 21st saw quite a scare on the scarlet fever and half of K Company is now under quarantine. When the word was passed around that the barrack was converted into a pest house, a mighty cheer arose from the occupants, for it meant that the boys would not have to get up early mornings and there would be no drills or work.

When they were sure of being caged in, a few of the boys ran down to the mess shack and took the piano up to the pest house (barrack No. 1) so that they might keep up the gleeful spirit. Three cases of scarlet fever developed among our boys, and one case of Infantile Paralysis in the company stationed with us.

All the men under quarantine were forced to eat in a separate line at the back door of the mess shack. These suspects, which by this time were composed of nearly half of K Company, were nicknamed the "Germ Brigade." Dolly O'Toole was caught in the quarantine and was having things pretty soft as to work and so forth; said he knew a fellow who had a bottle of measles germs which he could borrow as soon as the scarlet fever died out. This he thought might be a good plan to keep him on the "bunk fatigue" detail, which means nothing more than nothing at all to do. The quarantine was not lifted until November 28th.

On November 25th we were visited by a terrific hail and wind storm. The wind blew the roofs off several of our barracks.

November 27th, like a gift from heaven, a load of soft coal was delivered to the officers' barracks. This was left out in the snow, which now was nearly two feet deep, until after dark. Of course to use general etiquette, which is required in a case where a private or Non-Com is planning to steal from his superior officers, it is customary to wait until after dark before taking. This we did, and considerable soft coal from the officers' one-half ton was used for heating purposes in our private barracks. The above-mentioned coal was the very first we had seen since leaving home.

November 29th, "Thanksgiving Day." For this day great plans had been made. Each company was furnished with a turkey dinner and all the "fixins." Athletic games were held, and everything that might tend to make the day a cheerful one; but, try as they would, it was hard for the boys to keep their minds on any but the folks at home. A Thanksgiving in France at war is not a Thanksgiving. There was a big football game between the 101st Infantry and the 101st Engineers (formerly 1st Corps Cadets). 101st Infantry won, 8 to 0.

During the course of the game, one of the officers of the Engineers thought his team was not getting a square deal, so after a slight argument with Chaplain George Connor, of the M. P.'s, who was acting as referee, he pulled off his sweater and rushed

into the game. As he reported to play, one of the buglers in our band sounded Officers' Call. In the very first play this Engineer Officer was knocked out, and as they carried him off the field, the same bugler sounded Taps.

The 162d French Infantry were guests at the game. The French colonel said after the game, "It is wonderful—but it is no game."

On November 30th, 1st Sergeant John F. A. Melledy and Supply Sergeant Paul L. Devaney left the Company to attend an officers' candidate school at Langres. The members of the Company lined up and gave the two boys a grand send-off.

December 2d it started to snow and continued at intervals every day until December 7th. December 4th we were marched from the barracks to a hill two kilometers away for trench drills, digging, and camouflage instructions. This was known as Hill No. 361. It was a real stony and heavy-ledged hill, and afforded plenty of exercise when trying to dig trenches. The pick and shovel did not always work as gently as one would like. Day after day the companies would march to the hill and have various maneuvers. The weather at this time was very cold, and the ground covered with snow; it was a real taste of war. The men did not have gloves, and shoes were not very plentiful, so standing around in the snow and water from early morning until late afternoon was severe on the men.

Before daybreak each morning the Company would line up for a meal of well-done bacon (two pieces) and a supply of hard tack, and then march to Hill No. 361. After maneuvering and digging there until late afternoon, the companies would be dismissed to return to their barracks and line up for supper, another sumptuous feed of two or three well-done slices of bacon and more hard tack. It is too bad we all couldn't look at the hard tack like Willie Pitts. The first time he saw our Mess Sergeant giving out hard tack, Willie immediately announced, "Oh, boys! we are going to have cookies for supper." After two weeks of this drilling in the snow and wet our shoes and clothes were in bad shape. At night, the boys would take off their shoes and leave them near their bunks, the shoes would freeze, and on several mornings when they could not get them on they were compelled

to put a piece of paper in the shoes and set it on fire to melt the ice. They could then pour out the water and put them on.

Talking about bacon reminds me of a good one: Late one evening, one of our real "hash hounds," who lived always looking forward to his next meal, asked Sergeant Bill Roach what he was going to have for breakfast. Jim Kirby, always alert to add his bit of humor, broke right in and said: "What do you want to ask that question for? Why don't you ask, 'What kind of bacon?'"

On December 5th the turn for stevedore work fell to the lot of K Company, each company taking it in turn. This work was performed at the railroad yards in Neufchâteau. While in the Neufchâteau yards, a number of troop-trains bearing French soldiers entered the yard and stopped for a few minutes. I was told that when one train started a number of French soldiers rushed to a stack of American mail bags which were on the platform and, grabbing up eight bags of American mail, threw them onto their train and disappeared. A report was immediately entered and word was telegraphed ahead, but only a few empty sacks were found. This was a splendid form of showing thanks for our haying joined France in her cause.

On Sunday, December 9th, after dinner, two football teams which had earlier in the week been selected repaired to the battle grounds to see which platoon in the Company was the best. The first platoon was named the "Bucket of Bloods" and the second platoon the "Cut Throats." The platoon officers made several bets on their favorite platoon, and soon the mud was flying. The game had not been in progress long when it was decided that both teams had at least chosen their proper titles. It was a pleasant little game—that is, as pleasant as one might expect when hob-nailed shoes are worn. The "Bucket of Bloods" won, 36 to 0.

December 15th we had a visit from the Hoover Congressional Committee, Messrs. Mitchell, Lord, and Reed. They remained with us for two days studying conditions, food, and other things.

A very familiar trip for our boys on Sunday was to visit Domremy, the home of "Joan d'Arc." Domremy is a very small village, about eight kilometers from Neufchâteau. The home and church in which Joan worshipped are still standing, and are in excellent condition. A large basilica, which is being built in memory

of Joan d'Arc, is on the very spot, on the high hill overlooking the village, where she had her vision and was inspired to lead her troops.

At this time the mail man was heaping mail and packages on us in large quantities. Every night parties were held and old times talked over, and, in real soldier fashion, thanks were extended to the donors. Each donor was voted a good fellow.

Christmas was now close at hand, and absolutely every mind in our Company turned to the folks at home. You could hear the lads saying: "Gee! I hope my Mother and the rest of the folks are not lonesome or worrying about me."

Christmas arrived, and although everything was at hand to make the day pleasant, it was hard to feel that way. If it were not for all the grand packages we received it would have been a dark, gloomy day. The Company was given a real good holiday feed. In the evening the cooks prepared a special meal for the Company officers and sergeants. It was a genuine banquet, for our Mess Sergeant and cooks certainly could prepare a corking meal.

The new year, January 1st, 1918, started in with a howling blizzard and freezing weather. It was so cold that while washing up at the town watering trough the water froze on our hands before we could dry them.

January 2d saw the first pay day of the new year, and of course that evening we had the usual "Pay Day exercises."

After the snow and freezing weather came another rainy spell, and this caused a deep slush to form, which was ankle-deep. We had rubber boots, which were issued a short while before, but these were not to be worn.

Each company had to have its own interpreters, for the French people seemed to be awfully slow in picking up our style of French. "K" was indeed fortunate, for there were several of the boys who could *parlez Français*, but the two main standbys were Edward (Ted) Martin and Alexander E. Fluet. These boys were experts, and they were often called into action to help, even to the lending of their assistance in strengthening the tie between a few of the more fortunate (?) boys and the village queens. It must have been great to make love through an interpreter.

January 18th produced the first spark of excitement since

our arrival. A fire broke out in one of the lofts occupied by some of the boys, and in a very short space of time the flames had gained quite a headway. The entire population was out at the very first announcement by the village bells that trouble was in their midst. The French Town Major rushed back into the house to get from the vest of his Sunday suit the key of the shed which stored the fire-tub. The fire chief, no other than the town cut-up himself, rushed about trying to give orders and get down to business. By this time the shed was opened, the fire-tub out, and, with about thirty doughboys pulling, the bus was soon on the scene of the conflagration. The cover of the well was removed and a number of buckets secured. These were filled from the "old oaken bucket which hung in the well," and each pail was passed from one to another along the line until it reached the tub, where all the water was deposited. In a short time, by steady and speedy work, the flames were under control, and work on the pump of the fire-tub let up. The hand-tub was dated 1847, and this was the very first time it had been used at a fire. The hose which was attached to the engine was of leather. All in all, it was a great day for our boys, because of the excitement; and for the inhabitants, because they knew they would be well paid for their losses.

On January 16th, during rifle and grenade practice, a grenade exploded and blew up the tromblon, injuring one officer and two sergeants. These were the first casualties during our training.

January 19th saw the first serious blow strike Company K. It was on this day that Captain Peter F. Connelly received his orders that he was to be transferred to a new line of work. Captain Connelly left Company K that day with a sad heart, for he loved those boys whom he had been with so long and who had worked so faithfully under him until Company K was one of the best outfits in the A. E. F.

On January 21st we received orders to turn in all surplus equipment. This indicated that a move was near at hand, and all were happy, for, like all Americans, we were swollen with conceit. We had an idea that the generals were not aware of our ability as fighters, and that if we were only put up in the lines for a few battles, there would be nothing to it. The Germans, as soon as they knew we were facing them, would throw up their

hands and say "Kamerad." On this same day we received our first mail since Christmas Day.

January 24th, the kitchen belonging to Company L was burned out and on investigating the cause it was learned that the cooks served bacon for breakfast and also for dinner and were preparing bacon for supper, when the boys were tipped off and they were bound to prevent it, so they simply set the kitchen on fire as a protest. You may lead a horse to water, but you can't make a doughboy eat bacon three times a day.

We now knew that the time for our going into the lines was near at hand. The boys all attended divine services, so we were now ready for orders of any kind. Many took baths in small bacon cans of water and put on the new underwear just issued, and some of the boys suggested that we sew ourselves in for the winter.

On January 31st the order was issued and put into effect that all the old campaign hats would be discarded and all would henceforth wear the *bonnet de police* (overseas cap).

February 1st, Sergeant Howard J. Cummings and myself were notified that we had been commissioned as Second Lieutenants, dating from January 29th. We were both discharged from Company K to accept our commissions, and on our acceptance were both assigned temporarily with K Company. The following day was spent by us in shopping tours, trying to buy Sam Brown belts and other equipment which might prove to the men that we were honest-to-goodness brand-new Second Lieutenants.

February 3d our entire Regiment marched to Neufchâteau and assembled in the square of Joan d'Arc. Here a large stand was erected on which Chaplain M. J. O'Connor offered up Mass and Chaplain Lyman Rollins gave a very stirring sermon. It was an impressive service. Directly after the service, General Edwards presented to Colonel Logan a set of colors which were donated by the Governor and his Council of Massachusetts and sent by the Governor to the 101st Infantry in France.

February 6th. The big event has at last happened. Orders were issued that our battalion would make up packs and at 4 o'clock fall in, ready to move out. At this announcement the boys cheered and sang and made merry. One would think it was a picnic they were going to instead of into battle. At 6 o'clock

the bugle announced Assembly, and within a few minutes we were marching through the muddy streets of the village on our first lap of the journey.

As we marched away, all the inhabitants were out with lanterns waving a last farewell, and in nearly every case the older people were crying, for they realized only too well what we were about to face, as they had suffered their share from the effects of the war. Our boys bid them a fond good-by, and many made promises that if they were spared they would pay a return visit to the village.

As the line cleared the bridge leading from the small village, a prayer was offered up by the boys that God in his mercy would protect all and give us the courage to do our duty properly. At last the freight yard was reached and we were huddled together in the famous 40 or 8's, and on our way to a point somewhere, we knew not where.

After being huddled into the space allotted our Company, the signal was given, and away we started. Leaving at 8.30, we rode all night and the next day until 9.30 at night, when we reached the detraining point, Braine le Château. We hiked at once to a camp about seven miles distant, and were billeted for the remaining few moments of the night. It was a stiff hike after riding so long in the crowded cars, but all were anxious for our new experience. Hard as our portion of the hike was, we had a simple task compared to the first and second battalions of our Regiment. They were hiked from the same detraining point right up to the front; the first battalion marching twenty-four kilometers and the second, eighteen. The first battalion was placed in the front line and the second in the support line.

One incident which occurred during this trip in the trains:— A member of M Company, of Hudson, was sitting on an old box in the doorway of his car and fell asleep. During his sleep another train coming in the opposite direction rattled by with great speed; the noise frightened the sleeping lad, and he jumped up and walked right out of the car door and against the fast moving train on the opposite track, putting his hands through one of the car windows and then falling to the ground between both trains. We all felt that he surely met his death, but reports that reached us later said the only injury he received was two broken or sprained ankles.

The following afternoon (February 9th) at 3 o'clock, orders were given to break camp, and at dusk start for our position, which was in the Reserve line. The hike was a tough one, for we had to cross fields and climb hills which had recently been blown up during a terrific battle. It was about 11.30 P. M. when our destination was reached, and right here was one of our greatest surprises of the war. When we reached the crest of the hill our "dug-out" was pointed out to us; it was necessary to go down a steep incline for about one hundred yards to reach its entrance in the side of the hill. On reaching the entrance we marched into the dug-out in a column of squads. First to behold electric lights, then a stable containing about twenty horses and many wagons, a blacksmith shop, a canteen, a hospital, and a chapel. Our impression of a dug-out was a small hole in the ground covered with a few feet of dirt, but this dug-out certainly "started our wonders," for it could accommodate nearly twenty thousand people.

This particular spot was originally a "chalk-mine" (*Rouge Maison*). The story we later learned was that German firms had contracted with the French Government for this chalk and, shortly before war was declared, complained to the French that the chalk which was used for dolls, etc., was being mined poorly, and requested leave to put their own German workmen on the job. This request was granted, and the Germans arranged the mine so that later it might be used for an army post.

This position was at the very edge of the famous Chemin des Dames section which had seen such terrific fighting. This at one time was one of the beauty spots of France, for on it the kings and their ladies enjoyed long strolls. Thus it gained its title, "Chemin des Dames." In October, 1917, one of the most bloody battles of the war occurred on this Chemin des Dames plain. For fourteen days the French continued to bombard the hills which were held by the Germans for more than a year and were now strongly fortified by them. During these fourteen days the French had their cannon lined hub-to-hub for a great distance, and at the end of this time, by a marvelous bayonet attack, they drove the Germans back and won the hill and plain.

As a result of this battle, on the side of the hill just out-

side this famous dug-out entrance, were buried close to thirty thousand bodies. The dead were so thick here it became necessary to dynamite the hill to cover the bodies. This number of bodies may be exaggerated by the French officers who told us, but on a warm day the stench was such that we felt it must be true. One of our boys saw a good pair of leather boots sticking out of the ground, and, on approaching them, was elated at his luck until he pulled them up and found a leg in each boot.

We remained in this position for seven days. One of our greatest difficulties was to secure rations, which had to be brought up from the rear. On several trips it was necessary to take the horses and mules out of the wagons and have the men pull and lift the wagons over the shell-torn roads and up the hill.

In our dug-out the French, to show their appreciation and joy at their victory in winning back the Chemin des Dames, carved a very beautiful chapel out of one section of the chalk. There was an altar, statues, images, and passages from Scripture, all carved on the walls. It was an impressive spot. The chapel is dedicated to Our Lady of Victory. In this chapel Father O'Connor said Mass on our first Sunday in the lines, and Colonel Logan acted as altar boy; several of the boys acted as soloists. On this same day Chaplain Lyman Rollins also offered up services in this dug-out, and all the boys were present. Both chaplains gave splendid sermons and prayed that above all the boys would be granted courage to carry on their task as they and the folks at home would like to have them.

From our position here we could see many air battles and artillery duels. On our second day we witnessed a German scout plane dart out of the clouds and set a French observation balloon on fire. The observer jumped in his parachute from the balloon and landed safely. After setting the balloon on fire, the German plane headed toward the German lines, but two French planes which had been lying in wait took up their position and attacked the German, sending him crashing to earth a kilometer from where he hit the balloon.

On February 12th, Lieut. George Corbin (of Worcester) returned to the Regiment from Officers' School, as did Lieut. Edgar R. Densmore, of K Company, and on their arrival Lieutenant Corbin was placed in command of K Company and Lieutenant Densmore transferred to G Company.

About 6 A. M., February 18th, a reconnoitering party consisting of Lieutenant Corbin, three non-commissioned officers, and myself went forward to look over the front line position which "K" was to take over in a few days. It is always necessary that a party from each unit go forward to inspect the new position, get all instructions, see maps, and find the shortest and safest way to bring the troops into their new position. The relief of units in the front line is a very dangerous movement, for the least sound of moving men or extra noise places the enemy on his guard and makes him extra cautious and often causes raids to be made or a barrage of artillery to fall in the hope of catching you unaware. To reach our front lines it was necessary to pass through miles and miles of trenches, through barbed-wire lanes and over a ground filled with shell holes, leaving hardly a square foot of solid earth.

Putting up barbed-wire entanglements in front of the advance trenches is also very interesting. An Australian officer describes a wire detail very closely in the following lines: Like black shadows they sit back on their heels in the trench. They are but a handful, and to most this game is new. All are thinking—some doubtless praying. It is past midnight. They may not see another dawn.

An abrupt "Stand by!" and each man lifts a coil of barbed-wire or a bundle of screw pickets. A fervent "Good Luck!" from the near-by sentry, and the men crawl singly over the parapet, and, like ghosts, vanish into the blackness.

The game has started.

Out in No Man's Land the ghosts work rapidly and silently; no need to speak; each knows his task.

Like a spark, a star shell shoots up into the sky, and as it bursts into a flare the ghosts remain rigid—kneeling, crouching, or standing. Movement means discovery, probably death. The star shell slowly floats to the ground a few yards from the ghosts, and dies out. At its final flicker, like a machine set in motion, the ghosts spring into movement. Time is precious, and these interruptions are frequent.

Less than a hundred yards away comes the occasional spurt of fire from the rifle of an uneasy Hun sentry, and the bullet whines overhead.

Suddenly a machine-gun rattles out and the rapid splatter of bullets hitting the ground a few feet away. The ghosts vanish. The game is now exciting.

Prone upon the ground the small party lie, a few panting heavily from excitement. Each has his rifle thrown forward, every muscle tense. Their thoughts? Who can guess? The officer in charge feels the tension acutely. Were they seen? The situation is "up to him."

His low-spoken "Some game this, boys," reassures the men, and they breathe more easily; but the tension does not relax.

The machine-gun again rattles out—a low sigh of relief from the party, who instinctively feel they are not now in the line of fire. The zip of the bullets is heard to the right and high.

"Carry on," quietly says the officer. The ghosts reappear and the wire entanglement rapidly grows.

Their task completed, the ghosts file silently back. A sibilant "Halt!" from the sentry; a muttered password from the officer. The ghosts pass one by one over the parapet, and the game is finished.

Back at home in the trench they are no longer ghosts—just stout-hearted lads who know that it is good to be alive. For they can see the dawn of the new day brightening the sky in the east.

It was sad to look over this once beautiful section and see places that were once splendid villages and now only small rubbish piles; and in several places there does not remain even as much as a rubbish pile, for there is not the least sign of a village having been there, the ground being perfectly clear from even *débris*. The only proof of a house or village is by its being indicated on the maps.

During the fighting in this particular section in 1916, when the French had made elaborate plans for their attacks, greater success would have been attained but for the unfortunate incident of the "Austrian Mistress." A high French official had an Austrian mistress in his house, and when she learned of the proposed attacks with which the Allies had hopes of ending the war, she communicated all the information to the Austrian agents; so when the French reached a certain point in their



**Daddy (General) Edwards standing beside large gun captured by
26th Division**



**SERGEANT EDWARD W. BRADY on left ; CORPORAL
JAMES F. (DOLLY) O'TOOLE on right
Two Croix de Guerre members of " K."**

attack they were surprised by the enemy and fell into a trap and suffered tremendous losses. Had these attacks gone through as planned, it was felt the war would have come to an end before 1917.

One incident that happened on February 5th, the day of the entrance of our Division into the lines, is well worth relating. It was on this day that the Germans first learned that there was effected some kind of a change in this section of the line. On the west edge of the Aisne Canal there was a small wooden bridge which had stood for some time, and troops from the German side had been allowed to go to this bridge to get fresh water; and by not being disturbed it was considered a friendly agreement not to bother the Frenchmen who had been going out in front of their lines to another well. On the above date the divisional observers reported to our batteries that for a start they might eliminate this bridge and shatter the so-called friendly agreement. The first target chosen was the foot bridge. The first shot fired landed about five yards east of the bridge, and the second in the center of the bridge. This was a shock to the Germans, and they decided that some mistake had been made, so they rebuilt the bridge that night; but on the following morning all doubt of a mistake was dismissed, when our boys with one shot once more demolished the bridge. Our boys have now and forever decided that there can be no friendly agreement in battles or war. It is either you or the other fellow, and the other fellow learned this to his sorrow later.

Early on the morning of the 14th, Lieut. Dave Brickley was leading his platoon, of the Machine-Gun Company of our Regiment, out of the lines after seven days of very little excitement when a barrage fell and boxed them in. Dave sure had his hands full, for it was a tough job trying to handle a lot of mules, with shells falling on their heels, as well as look after his men. Several mules were killed, but not a casualty occurred among the men. On this date a very thrilling air battle took place near our position between five German planes and one French plane. The lone Frenchman was on patrol duty when the Germans swooped on him and a lively time followed. The Frenchman drove down two Germans and then escaped to his own rear. Later, the same afternoon, a number of Germans flew over and

dropped three bombs very close to our dug-out. Needless to say this caused a great scramble by the boys, who were lounging outside the dug-out, and in the mad scramble of dodging into a shell hole several fellows landed on top of one another, one landing on my leg and wrenching same. It was here that I decided that Bainsfather's Cartoon of Bill and Alf saying, "If you 'nows of a better 'ole, Alf, go to it," was all too true.

This date marks the historic event of the issue of our first "cootie cream." It also marks the second of the discovery of said "cooties in our midst." Little did we realize what a lot of inconvenience we were to be put to by the above pests.

On February 16th our joy was great, for we were ordered to go by platoons to the Town of Vailly, at the foot of the hill about one kilometer to the rear, to get a bath and to separate ourselves from our newly-acquired companions. On our reaching the bath house, which had been put up by the Croix la Rouge (French Red Cross), we were disappointed to find it not working, as the pipes in the boiler, steaming plant, and water tank were all frozen. We were told, after an hour's wait, that it was no use and to return that afternoon; but, like all outfits, we had our "handy man" around in the person of Dolly O'Toole. Dolly decided he could remedy it all, so he set to work and before he finished he had turned every wheel and valve in the plant. All the boys ran out and waited to see Dolly and the boilers go heavenward, but through good luck rather than knowledge of boilers something gave, and, in a little while, we were having our long-promised and much needed bath.

About 19.30 o'clock (7.30 P. M.) the advance guard of K Company, which included Sergeants Martin H. O'Malley, George Mealy, Corp. Stanley McLeod, Corp. John P. Kane, and myself, started for our new position in the line. After roaming a few kilometers out of our way, we finally reached the P. C. (Post of Command) of our first position in the fighting line about 24 o'clock. The place which was assigned to K Company was located directly in front of the west edge of the Aisne Canal. Our subsection was laid out in a large ravine which formed a sort of horseshoe effect, our two advance positions being out near the ends of the shoe and the P. C., or Company Headquarters, about where the cork of the shoe would be.

The distance between our advance posts and the German lines was about 600 meters, with the ruins of an old farm lying between us. There was a French unit on our immediate right and another on the left. This was the formation all along our particular section, as the Regiment was placed here with the French troops for preliminary training in trench warfare.

For our advance party to reach the point of entrance to the P. C. of the new position, it was necessary to go down a very steep hill a distance of about fifty yards. The hill was so steep that a rope was provided and tied to trees from the top of the hill to the path into the P. C. On our attempt to descend by means of the rope, it was dark, and we lost our footing. To us it was a joke, so we allowed our spirits to burst into laughter. As soon as we reached the foot of the incline, a French officer met us, and on our answering his challenge, he informed us that he was sorry we came at this time, as they were being attacked by the Germans.

Our little party prepared immediately to lend our aid to the outfit located there, and as each one of us (ambitious, but rookies in the game) looked out ahead into the trees and shrubbery, it looked to us as though each twig was a German. After great excitement and anxiety, much on our part, it turned out that all the fuss was caused by two Americans losing their way coming in from the advance post.

Early next morning our detail drew a sketch of the assignment of platoons, so that one of the advance party would meet each platoon, and guide it directly to its assigned position.

The famous City of Laon, which was a great German headquarters, was directly in front, at a distance of approximately fifteen kilometers. While we went about our new position on the 17th studying the terrain, we witnessed the French and American artillery bombard the City of Laon.

At 22.35 o'clock (10.35 P. M.) K Company arrived and, without any great fuss or delay, all men were taken to their posts. From the time the Company arrived within range of sound of the enemy, not a word was spoken; and if breathing could be stopped, I am sure there would have been no breathing for fear of the enemy hearing it. All instructions and orders were given by guides in a low whisper. One would think the enemy were within a few meters of us.

On the 18th we were treated to our first real shelling. About fifty shells fell very close to the Company Headquarters, but no casualties occurred, even though the men on guard were on several occasions covered with dirt and stones. Directly over the entrance of our P. C. there was a small statue of the Blessed Virgin, placed there by the French troops, and although many shells broke close, no damage had befallen it. This was a good omen, and the soldiers certainly had faith that the statue was a symbol of good luck.

To get food to the line it is necessary to send a carrying party of about thirty men per company back through the trenches, to a point where it is safe for the kitchen detail, under directions of the mess sergeant, to bring up the marimeat cans in which food can be kept warm for hours. Our first ration detail reached the distributing point, and when the food was turned over by our congenial and "always on the job" Mess Sergeant, Bill Roach, the boys started back for the line. About halfway through a heavy German bombardment fell in our line as a reprisal for an American bombardment earlier in the day. The boys were all very cheerful during this bombardment, and they were heard to remark, "Isn't it the darb?" Late the night of the 18th we had our first "gas scare." A gas guard is kept on duty all the time, where men are stationed in the lines. At the P. C. on the above night, Mike McKiege (a former captain in the Sinn Fein Army in Ireland) was the guard. A klaxon horn is the usual signal when there are signs of gas, but at the P. C. no horn was available, so a large dinner bell lay on the shelf of the stall used for the office inside the dug-out. This was to be rung in case of gas.

In the dug-out was a long corridor, with two-tier wooden bunks running along the side, leaving only about two feet for a passageway, and on these bunks the guards slept. On the night of the 18th, when the rocket announcing gas was sent up in our advance trench, Mike McKiege rushed into the dug-out crying at the top of his voice, "Gas, Gas!" and, grabbing the large dinner bell, he ran down the narrow passageway, with both hands executing a healthy swing of the bell. At the first cry of gas Jim Crowley (later called Mayor Crowley, for his knowledge of dope on mayors of cities all over the U. S.), who was sleeping

about halfway down the aisle, awoke and slipped his feet out of his bunk; but being only half awake, he was having difficulty getting his mask on, with his head bent low and his chin out. He was beginning to dread the gas, when Mike and his swinging bell reached him. It being dark, one of Mike's swings landed the bell on the top of Crowley's head, and with a loud cry he tumbled back into the bunk and began to yell, "I'm gassed." Later the First Aid men put two stitches in the spot where Mike's bell had gassed him.

We were now enjoying all the various novelties of trench life. We had often read and heard of the trench and dug-out rats, but one has to live with them to know them. These rats were in reality as large as many cats, and often they would walk out in the trench, stop, and look up into your face with a stare as much as to say, "You, old fellow, are a stranger around here." Many of the boys have sworn they caught these lovely creatures trying on their helmets, but the most pleasant feeling of all is to be asleep on your bunk and be awakened by one of them running across your face. It must have been some fellow who lived in the trenches who first said: "It's a great life if you don't weaken; but what chance have we, for when laying out the calendar they made six out of every seven days weak (week) days."

Among the usual duties that go with trench warfare is the system of patrols. Each unit in the line must constantly patrol his front to keep the enemy from coming up and gaining information of his doings and of surprising and probably taking one or more men back as prisoners. It is the duty of all organizations to know, at all times, what troops are opposite them in order that the Intelligence Branch may know the enemy troop movements and the quality of fighters they are facing. To gain this information, patrols are sent out to take prisoners, and if this is unsuccessful a raid (*coup de main*) is arranged and the enemy positions penetrated, so that the necessary information may be gained.

After an organization goes into the front lines for the first time, there is always a desire for thrills. Every fellow feels that he would like to realize the feeling of "one of those thrills that come but once in a life time" by going over to the enemy

lines and returning with one of the enemy dangling from the end of his bayonet. An order is given for a patrol, and more than enough volunteers are found. All arrangements are completed, the men are well supplied with ammunition, grenades, trench knives, rifles, and bayonets. As the hour of departure draws near, the officer in charge of the patrol assembles his men, and all go to the point of departure in the front lines. The H hour is at hand, the officer gives the signal, and with a whispered "So-long" and good-luck farewell from the boys who remain in the trench to hold the line, they hop up on top of the parapet, and are on their way toward the enemy lines. Our own barbed-wire must be passed through, and now they are in "No Man's Land." Now, it is a case of the greatest precaution. One slight sound might give the enemy the information that a patrol is out, and this will draw fire from the opposite lines.

As you advance in the formation arranged before the start, you exploit every shell hole, in all clumps of bushes, back of large stones, etc. Your eyes are straining in an endeavor to discover any movement in front of you, and in a short while your imagination is working and every blade of grass or bush turns into Boche. The enemy is constantly sending up flares, which illuminate the entire terrain. These lights are used to discover, if possible, whether or not there is anybody prowling about in the front. As soon as one of the flares goes up, the report of the gun firing it can be heard; if the patrol is quick, they fall to the ground and remain prone until the light fades, which time varies from five seconds to three or four minutes.

As you fall to the ground in many cases you fall across dead bodies that have been exposed for many days, and it is impossible to move, for every stir would be detected. On the burning out of the flare, you crawl on your stomach over the bodies and *débris*, and if all is quiet, you arise and advance in a crouched position. If a flare is sent up and lights before you have a chance to get down, you stand in a statue-like position with face toward the ground and hands behind your back. You will thus look like part of the terrain, or shrubbery. A single move will secure a volley of bullets. It is perfectly safe to stand up if the flare is in front of you, but if it is in your rear, you are out of luck, for the light would then silhouette you against the sky line. You are now within

a few yards of the enemy wire; machine-guns sputter and sweep the front of the wire. This he does intermittently for precaution. You now crawl forward on your stomach until you reach his wires. The men designated creep along the wire to see what condition it is in, and if any new work has been done recently. This will give information as to his activities, and whether or not this point is being held strongly. As you lay there with nerves alert, and hoping against hope that you will not be discovered, one man wants to cough; he stuffs his mud-covered handkerchief into his mouth. Another man wants to sneeze; he strains his energy trying to hold the sneeze back, and he finally succeeds. The mission is accomplished, the signal is passed along, and the patrol start to withdraw.

As they withdraw, a small group is left a little in the rear to cover the withdrawal and to prevent the patrol from being surprised by an attack from the rear. When halfway back in "No Man's Land" some one stumbles over a stray grenade, and it explodes. Immediately there is a series of flares sent up by the enemy. He opens his machine-guns and throws several grenades from his front line. The patrol is now prone in the mud, in water-filled shell holes, and among the corpses. All remain motionless. After several minutes, the fireworks cease and the signal is given to proceed to our lines. After giving the prearranged signal to our own outposts, they crawl over and through our wires, and are once more back in our own trench. A sigh of relief is given.

The boys who remained in the line shake hands and embrace the returned ghosts to show their joy at the safe return. The men are covered with mud; their equipment is covered with mud; every man is pale from the excitement, and all admit they had obtained their desired thrills. The officer checks up and finds that one man is missing. The officer and two or three volunteers return into "No Man's Land," and after several minutes of searching find the missing buddy lying in a shell hole where he had crawled after being hit by a machine-gun bullet. On learning that the wounded lad cannot walk, one of his buddies carries him on his back to our lines. Everybody is happy and all have the spirit of the old story, on the return of the prodigal son. A hurried examination is made, and it is found that a bullet pierced his knee. He is rushed to the First Aid Station, where

temporary relief is given. The officer makes out his report and includes great praise for his brave men, the members of the patrol return to their dug-outs, and after a few minutes of telling their experiences to their pals, they lie down on the (chicken) wire-covered bunks and fall right off to sleep, a tired, weary, but happy lot.

The intelligence sections of the various armies have in their possession the complete history of every unit in the enemy's organization.

Each army, as a rule, knew of the general plans of their enemy, almost as soon as the plans were drawn up. In other words, the English knew when the Germans were to attack and the Germans knew when the English were to attack. It then became a battle of wits to throw the other fellow off by a variance of decoys, etc.

It was on the second day in the line that the long-looked-for moment of thrills arrived. An order was received from the commandant of the French battalion in command of the sector asking that one officer, two non-commissioned officers, and seventeen privates be selected for a patrol to go out from our lines that night. It was to be a reconnaissance patrol, the duty of which was to proceed to the front of the enemy position and reconnoiter to gain information of the condition of the ground, his wires, etc. This information was to be used in a short while to lay plans for a raid on this very point. Several officers asked permission to take the patrol, and our Company Commander, Lieutenant Corbin, assigned me to the duty. I at once asked for volunteers, and in a very few minutes three times the necessary number of men had begged to be allowed to go, so the entire patrol was organized and plans completed for the party, as the boys called it.

At 19.30 o'clock (7.30 P. M.) I gave the order for the start over the top. Every man in the party had previously adjusted his equipment so that there would be no rattling; hand grenades were distributed; each man made certain his automatic pistol was loaded and in good working order, and all bayonets firmly set and every helmet covered with cloth to prevent noise when crawling through barbed-wire, and also to act as camouflage. In front of our position there lay four double rows of wire, and fifty yards in front of that there were two more double rows

of it. As a general rule, each row of wire is constructed with a chicane, or lane in it. But this wire had no such lane. As soon as the order of "Up and At 'Em" was given, every man was on his nerves' end, and away they started with the whispered good luck of their buddies in the trench they had just left. Then the difficult task of climbing through the wire started. Any one who has never crawled through a few yards of barbed-wire has no idea of the great number of jabs and scratches one can get from those lovely pointed barbs. We were having splendid luck for a while. All except two of the patrol had gotten through the last strand of wire when the thrills started to come in bunches. It was at this moment that the enemy opened a barrage right onto our position, and the stunts that it took the Frenchmen nearly four years to learn we learned in four winks of an eye. I hollered "Duck," and I hadn't the word even half out when every man was down in a shell hole and hugging Mother Earth with a clasp that would have made any of the girls back home envious. The number of peculiar and weird thoughts that come into one's mind at such a moment are too numerous and uncanny to record. My first impulse after striking the hole and trying to pull it in after me was to turn up my coat collar to protect my neck. That, of course, sounds foolish, but it is a typical thought. Why, I have seen boys get in under an ordinary half-shelter tent stretched over the trench seeking protection from the shells. It is like the old story of the drowning man grasping for the straw. This barrage lasted twelve minutes, which seemed like as many weeks. When the barrage lifted the patrol started to advance toward the German line; but after going about 150 meters, we were greeted by another shelling, this time not so severe. There were about twelve shells, all air-burst high explosive, breaking directly over us. This let up, and the advance was started again. We were now nearly 500 meters from our own lines, and directly in front of an old ruined farm house. In this house the enemy had placed for some time a machine-gun post from which they had a direct line on our trenches. Our duty, on this patrol, was to take a position around this house, and five men were to go inside to learn if it was now being used. This mission was accomplished, but no enemy was found, so the journey was again taken up.

The patrol continued until the enemy wires were reached. Our task was now to learn the condition of his wires, etc. So the patrol was divided into small groups. Each group being assigned a certain section to guard, so that no enemy patrols could come out and surprise our party. While at his wires another spasm of shelling took place. He dropped fifty-four shells in a straight line directly back of the patrol, and many of these shells contained gas. Our fears began to arise, for the prospect of fighting in a strange territory with gas masks did not appeal to us; but, like a hand from heaven, a strong breeze blew up and drifted the gas to our rear. This made it unnecessary to wear the masks. The mission accomplished, the signal was passed and the patrol started back for our own lines. After as much difficulty as before we passed through our wires and down into our trench. The first thing was to check up and look for casualties, but luck was with us. Only one man was slightly wounded. He received a cut near the right eye.

Two nights later another patrol was ordered, this time to go up to the edge of the enemy's first line. I asked the boys who were on the first trip if they cared to go again, and even in view of the terrible experience of the other patrol, every man with one exception said, "Count me in on it." Of course we all will admit that our appetites for thrills were somewhat appeased by the night before, but no man wanted to miss a scrimmage if one was to take place. Patrols seemed to produce the most exciting moments outside of an attack, for there is so much to worry about. Every blade of grass grows into a German; a fellow wants to cough and it means death if he does, so he stuffs his dirty glove or his handkerchief into his mouth to smother it. Oh, boy!

About one hour prior to starting out on the above patrol the Ration Detail made their appearance, and along with the "always looked for eats," there were several bundles of mail.

The person who has not received mail while living in a dug-out on the firing line, can never really appreciate to the full extent what the word "*Mail*" means. Among this mail was one large package addressed to me, so the boys all gathered around and decided that we would have a little party before our adventure. While the knots in the heavy rope were being untied by anxious fingers, all sorts of visions of angel cake, fruit cake,

various kinds of fudge, and perhaps a roast chicken, were in the minds of the boys as they stood around. In life, Fate plays many strange tricks. At last, the knots were untied, and the covering removed, and "Oh, boy, what lovely stockings and Turkish towels were found!" Even with this disappointment, the home address on the outside of the bundle looked like a late news item in one of our local papers.

On February 21st, at least nine air battles took place directly over our position. About 11 A. M. this day, three French or American planes flew over our position and into the German lines at a very high altitude. We were quite surprised to see articles being dropped from the planes, which gave the appearance of a sort of snowflakes; and greater still was the surprise, when the wind carried several of these articles right into our position, and we found that they were propaganda papers, being a speech by President Wilson on his fourteen points, and so forth, printed in German.

On this evening, a billeting party was sent to the second line to prepare for the relief and the moving of K Company to that position. In order to reach this second line, it was necessary to cross over the famous Chemin des Dames road, which was being heavily shelled and was all torn up. About two hours prior to the relief of the Company, which was to take place at 21 o'clock (9 P. M.), warning was given that the Germans were about to attack our position, and all men were ordered to stand to; and as in all cases, while in the lines, the orders are very explicit that every man stand fast and the position was to be held at all cost—fight to the last man. But, much to our relief and delight, this attack did not materialize.

About 19 o'clock, Lieutenant Cummings received word from Company P. C. that he was assigned to a school of instruction at Gondrecourt; he to leave immediately. One of the men of the first platoon, of which he was in command, volunteered to show Lieutenant Cummings a short cut back to Company P. C.; but while *en route* to this short cut, they were both lost. On his approach through the brush, one of the outposts discovered two forms in the dark, and immediately set up an alarm. It was through the good headwork of Lieutenant Cummings that they both were not shot. It was quite a scare to all concerned.

At 22.30 o'clock the Company was relieved by L Company of our Regiment. K Company was then going back to the second-line position, a distance of about one kilometer, and was quartered in a large dug-out called the "Pantheon." This was also, formerly, a large chalk mine. After the relief of K Company, an order was issued for Lieutenant Duane and twenty-two men to proceed immediately for the German position, to reconnoiter along with a French patrol, who were to advance on our right. Our duty on this patrol was to guard the entrance of the small bridge crossing the canal, and to protect a French lieutenant who was to cross the bridge and make certain of the safety for the passing of troops, which bridge was to be used the next night for a raid, and on which our present patrol was to accompany the French troops. It was to be the first raid executed by the American troops along with the French. This patrol went out at 21.30 o'clock. It succeeded in accomplishing its purpose, and met with no difficulty, although at one time a German patrol was seen; but, if a combat took place, the purpose of our mission would have been lost. The Germans were allowed to retire without any difficulty.

Our patrol returned to the new position at 24.40 o'clock, nearly exhausted and covered with many inches of mud. Shortly after the patrol started, rain began to fall, making it a difficult and exhausting task; but not a single casualty occurred during the entire trip.

On the night of February 23d, the raid mentioned above was to take place, but about 7 o'clock (A. M.) a French messenger arrived at our headquarters, handing me a message from the French Commandant, stating that the proposed raid was postponed, owing to the fact that a French unit on our right had executed a raid at 5 A. M. and were accompanied by American troops from other companies of our Regiment. They succeeded in taking many prisoners.

The Headquarters of K Company at the present time, "The Pantheon," was located eighty feet under ground, and contained narrow-gauge railroads, the cars being hauled about by small burros. Great sport was found by the boys, for they soon discovered that if food was given to the burros, they would refuse to move from the spot when ordered by the Frenchmen. The

food was given to the little animals when the Frenchmen's backs were turned, and it took some time to discover the cause of the unusual balking by the favorite burros.

On February 24th our position was being heavily shelled by the German artillery and considerable damage was done. About 200 yards to the left of our present position was located the Fort de Malmaison, which was considered one of the strongest forts in France, but at this time was a heap of ruins. In one section of these ruins was located a French ammunition dump. One of the shells from the enemy artillery landed squarely on the ammunition dump, and caused a great explosion and a wonderful display of fireworks.

After the bombardment, a group of our boys reported that they had seen a dud (unexploded shell) in a field where they were putting up barbed-wire, some distance from our headquarters, with wording painted on the side of the shell, "For the American soldiers."

Once more we were treated to a happy surprise when mail was distributed with the rations.

On the night of February 25th the Ration Detail arrived in the dug-out, and immediately a great cheer was sent up when it was discovered that a real honest-to-goodness turkey supper awaited us. True, there were not the fancy arrangements which one would have at home; but my word can be taken that this turkey, with its present arrangements, was treated as roughly as any bird could be, even in the Waldorf-Astoria.

By this time our newly acquired friends, the "cooties," were getting in their desperate work, and the dug-out looked like a reading room in a large library. Nearly every man with his shirt spread over his knees, straining his eyesight, as well as his thumb nails. One of the boys invented rather a handy scheme of procedure to capture these pests. He used a candle and put a drop of candle grease over each one. This would encase them and he later went over and collected all the grease and its contents. This was a time-saver, and also did not allow any escapes.

February 26th two observation balloons were brought down close to our position—one a German and the other French. In another French balloon, located to our right, the observer feared that a German plane, which was hovering near, was about to get

his balloon and shoot it down, so he leaped out and landed with his parachute; and, much to our surprise, the German aviator did no harm to the balloon, and it remained aloft until it was pulled down later.

On February 27th the *boyau* (communicating trench) in front of our dug-out was blown up by the German artillery and a large shell, which proved to be a dud, fell at the edge of the entrance of the dug-out. If this shell had exploded, the entrance would have been completely closed in. About this time the boys were encountering much difficulty in trying to heat their coffee with the use of candles. When candles were not issued, another scheme used was to take a small can of dubbin, which was issued for water-proofing shoes, put a piece of string or cord in it, and use in lieu of a candle. Gun oil was also used in the same way.

On February 28th a heavy snowfall greeted us. On this same night K Company was relieved by M Company, 102d Infantry. As the Company was about to leave the "Pantheon" and start to the new position in the third, or reserve line, a terrific bombardment fell directly into our position, some very large shells falling at the entrance of the dug-out. This made it difficult to leave, but after carefully timing the shells, we left in small groups and proceeded along the Chemin des Dames road to the new position, which was in a small, devastated village.

After a long and tedious hike, we reached the position in the Town of Celles, which was to be our location in the reserve for the coming week, at least. This small village, which had been shelled and blown up for three years, at the present time consisted of a few cellars and several skeleton buildings. Some of our boys were quartered in these buildings, which were merely shells of their former walls, and during the morning of March 1st, when the boys were out putting up barbed-wire and other necessary work, the roofs of three of these buildings caved in, covering the bunks occupied by the men and all their equipment. It was a turn of good fortune, and another proof that a man is better off out working, for if this accident had occurred during the time the men were asleep on their bunks, at least twenty of them would have been killed, or badly injured. The only inhabitants left in this village were a tribe of very large and healthy rats, which made it difficult for the men to protect the reserve rations, which were usually left tied up in their packs.

On the morning of March 2d I received instructions to take my platoon and go down to the general dump, secure barbed-wire, pickets, picks, shovels, and other material; and to go out to put up a new line of defense in front of our present position. Being a stranger in the town and no traffic cops around, I proceeded down the road with the platoon, and at a crossroad saw a number of French soldiers under command of a French lieutenant. We stopped and after several weird attempts at French, my arms falling by my side from overwork in an endeavor to secure information as to the location of the dump from this French officer, in my splendid French vocabulary, I lost all patience and used another language in which I was a little more proficient. After using several strong words of this language, I said I wished — — — that some of these Frenchmen could only understand my French, or speak English. Then, my surprise and embarrassment were beyond description. The little French lieutenant used very splendid English and said: "Why in hell don't you Americans use your own language, and we French fellows probably could understand you so much clearer than your chopping up of the French language! The place you are looking for is about fifty yards down the road." After that I always made it a point to try my English first. If that didn't work, then I used the arm movements.

Speaking about languages, our boys always said that just two languages were universally spoken by our American soldiers, they being English and profane. During the course of the war, I am sorry to admit that the latter probably had a shade better as for length of service, and so forth.

In this Town of Celles, the church still had three walls standing. The roof and other wall, as well as the altar, had been blown to pieces. It was a sad sight to see what remained of the images and the pictures which were painted on the walls having been desecrated.

Father O'Connor said Mass in this ruined church on Sunday morning, March 8d.

Several of the boys were not feeling very well, and were finally evacuated to the hospital by the battalion surgeon. Among these was Bob Hunt. Bob had been suffering from a bad cold and fever for several weeks, and was finally sent to the 103d Field

Hospital, which was located in the City of Soissons. After two weeks' treatment at the field hospital, Bob complained strongly of the food which was given him, and demanded that he be discharged and returned to his Company. The food had been very poor for more than a week, but the final break came when he was served canned tomato soup in pans which very recently had contained oil. This caused the above demand for discharge. On being discharged, no transportation was available, and with more than a two days' hike ahead of him, Bob and two others started along the highway. After making about half the distance, and being foot-sore and weary, an M. P. was met in a small village. The M. P. stopped Bob and his pals and demanded to see their pass or discharge paper from the hospital. Not having either they were hiked the full distance back to the field hospital, there to secure their paper and once more start on their journey to their company in the lines. Bob said the hike was worth the effort, just to get away from that food.

On March 4th our Company marched five kilometers to a French "Human Renovating" Station. There we received a bath—the first water available for bathing in five weeks. All during this time, the boys had been sewn up in their heavy underwear. After our so-called renovation, it was necessary to put back the same underwear, but even this little relief was appreciated by all.

March 6th the Regiment was marched a distance of twelve kilometers to a large field just in rear of the lines to pass in review before a French general, who was to present decorations to a number of the boys of our Regiment that participated in a recent raid. This field was situated just in the rear of the Town of Chessemy (Aisne). It was quite a treat to us to watch the old general, after pinning the Croix de Guerre on the breast of each of the boys, then kiss them on the cheek. After the review the boys decided that women should be generals, instead of men, as long as this custom prevailed.

Among those decorated at this time was Rev. Osias J. Boucher, a Knights of Columbus chaplain, who was serving with our boys. Father Boucher insisted on accompanying the boys on the raid, and for his excellent work was now being decorated. Father Boucher was the first chaplain in the entire A. E. F. to be decorated.



Remnants of hotel in Soissons



The results of a heavy shelling on a village—City of Ham



“ Bud ”

The canine mascot of “K” with his valet, Sergeant Roach, and his assistant, Sergeant Cummings. Bud was gassed in action and died Over There.

March 7th, at 18.30 o'clock (8.30 P. M.) we left the Town of Celles and marched to a new position called the "M. D. Shelters," these being a number of demolished trenches with little or no covering for the men. There originally had been a number of dug-outs in this place, but owing to the heavy shelling, those had caved in. In many cases the men simply spread their blankets out and slept on rows of shells, which had been left by the enemy when they were driven from the plain of the Chemin des Dames.

During their dull moments the boys did a great deal of writing to relatives and friends at home. All of these letters had to be censored and signed by the officers of the Company. Many books and stories could be written from the witty remarks and funny sayings which many of the letters contained. One fellow in writing to his mother, telling her about the unpleasantness of his association with the cooties, described them to her, and said: "Gee, Ma, they are awful. I hope you will never have them."

About ten yards from where K Company Headquarters was situated was a German cemetery, which, of course, added to the pleasantness of our residence.

Prior to leaving Framingham, Mass., an Irish terrier (blooded) was presented to the Company as a mascot by Philip H. Gibbons, of Berlin Street, Clinton. This dog, true to his breed, would rather fight than eat, although he was very fond of eating. The great difficulty which Mess Sergeant Bill Roach had was in keeping him out of gang fights. If wound stripes were given to dogs for each scar obtained in a fight in France, Bud would have been covered from head to foot with wound stripes. The greatest sport which Bud found was chasing rats through the trenches. He was a very efficient rat eradicator. None of these pests ever bothered the dug-out where Bud was residing. He remained with us during the trip over and later participated in several battles. Bud was either stolen or strayed away. Some say the gassing which he received during our stay in the lines in Chemin des Dames affected him so he may have died from same; but Bud did not return to the United States with us, and the boys were very sorry to lose him.

When a stranger is in a strange land, what greater joy could

there be than meeting a fellow townsman, and especially an old friend! About noon of March 8th, while going along the Chemin des Dames road, a number of boys met Captain George Parker, son of Attorney Herbert Parker, of Lancaster. Captain Parker was in command of C Battery, 101st Artillery, and was much loved by all his men. The Captain later made a visit to the Clinton boys, and a very splendid hour was spent talking about home ties.

On March 10th, about 20 o'clock (8 P. M.), a heavy burr was heard in the skies. Within a short time we were aware that a great number of *aéroplanes* were flying directly over our position, headed toward Paris with the intention of executing a raid on Paris. In a very few minutes the sky was flooded with great streams of light from the *aërial* search lights, there being eighteen or twenty of these lights endeavoring to locate the planes, so that the anti-aircraft guns might get in their work; but all this without result, as locating and destroying planes at night is an almost impossible task.

The following day, official reports stated that sixty *aéroplanes* had raided Paris, leaving a casualty list of 150 dead and wounded civilians.

As one looked over all these lights in the skies, one could not help but cast one's memory back to Coney Island, and, of course, such pleasant thoughts always helped some.

David Rome, of Hingham, was on gas guard. A few yards away were the remnants of two old trees. After standing out in the cold for several hours, Dave's mind began to roam back to America, and he was thinking what a splendid sight the Statue of Liberty would be, when suddenly he was aroused by a loud shriek and screeching coming from the direction of the trees. After several minutes of weary, watchful waiting with bayonet alert, and the bolt of his rifle set, it was discovered that the voice and screeching came from an old owl in one of the trees. Dave said he never did like owls, anyway.

On the night of March 18th equipment was packed, packs slung, and the Company marched into the front line position. This time "K" was located in the Town of Filain. We realized that this was formerly a town only because it said so on the map;

otherwise, no one would recognize it as such. It looked like ordinary *débris* seen in the dumps in the cities or towns at home. Only a few months before this particular location was the scene of terrific fighting, and at present indications looked for an *en-core* of the same thing. The dug-outs used were formerly old wine cellars (now without wine). All movements going to and from the front lines were made after dark. As one fellow said, "We are living the life of a burglar, for you have to sneak in and sneak out again before daylight."

The boys were huddled in the various dug-outs. In one instance, one whole platoon, consisting of fifty-one men, were crowded into a dug-out which had accommodations for twenty-two. One fellow said that he was going to write home immediately and tell his mother not to send any more socks or sweaters, but to please send a hammock, so that he might hang it from the ceiling and thereby dodge elbows and knees while taking a wink or two.

On the night of March 14th the first platoon was ordered to furnish a patrol to go out to a small clump of trees, a distance of about 200 meters, and locate the position of a sniper's post, which had been doing much damage. The sniper had a direct line of the door of Company P. C., making it dangerous to enter or leave, especially during the daytime. A sniper was also located in the same vicinity, using a thirty-seven millimeter gun. It was exceptionally poor for our health while located in this section. The patrol was under the command of Lieutenant Schoonmaker and Sergeants Brady and O'Malley, with fifteen privates. Lieutenant Schoonmaker was a very brave and fearless officer, and on all occasions men were always glad to be numbered on a patrol which he was to lead. They had perfect confidence in him, for his cool head and dashing courage. The sniper's post was located and destroyed by this patrol.

The last two days, heavy shelling was carried on by the artillery on both sides. Much of our barbed-wire was destroyed by this shelling, so on the night of March 15th it was necessary to send a party out to repair the damaged wire and to strengthen our position.

On the morning of March 16th, just as day was breaking, the hum of a German motor could be heard, and in a very few

minutes a German aviator circled around, flew down to within a distance of about seventy-five meters above our trenches, making two trips up and down over the trenches, and on the second trip opened his machine-gun, firing directly into the trenches. This same stunt was followed out the following morning by the same aviator. It was the most daring stunt of aviation we had seen up to this time. A great many men endeavored to shoot him down, but without any success. His plan was to draw fire from our machine-guns, which would disclose their position, and allow the enemy artillery to fire on them.

On the evening of March 16th, after an all-day bombardment by the enemy, a gas attack was started, the German artillery laying a barrage of gas directly between our position and that of the 102d, 800 meters on our left. He continued to raise the artillery, passing the gas between the two positions, our position and the 102d, thereby forming a perfect screen of gas. He would then extend his range to the rear of our positions, making it difficult to bring up food or ammunition. This gas attack continued for a period of thirty-six hours, being much milder during the last ten hours. The Company of the 102d on our left suffered 168 gas casualties. Not a single casualty of gas occurred in K Company during this time. This shows that gas discipline in our Company was very good.

During the early part of this attack the gas guard in front of all dug-outs was strengthened. Great precaution was necessary. Gas curtains were lowered and sprayed with the preparations furnished, and in cases where no preparations were handy plain water was used. The man being on gas guard and relieved was not allowed to enter into the main dug-out. Directly inside each dug-out blankets hung as gas curtains. Three to five feet beyond the first was another curtain. The space between curtains was known as the safety chamber. The gas guards after relief would remain in this chamber until their clothes were thoroughly free from the gas fumes. Many cases of gassing were caused in the French and English armies during the early stages of the war by men whose clothes were saturated with gas entering dug-outs and remaining there, thereby causing the comrades who were asleep unconsciously to become gassed. On the start of this gas bombardment, word was passed along that all posts and every

man must be at the alert. This for fear that the enemy might follow the gas and execute another attack on us. Mingled with the gas shells were many incendiary shells, one of these shells landing into one of our machine-gun positions, setting the camouflage over the guns on fire, and causing some anxiety to our men. The machine-gunners, under the command of Lieutenant Dave Brickley, took off their coats and several used their shirts to smother the flames, and in this way succeeded in extinguishing the fire.

A small observation post was located fifty yards in front of our main trench. This was being held by Corporal John Savage and Privates John Quilty and James M. King.

During their watch three large shells landed within ten feet of where they were located, but, fortune being with them, all three were duds (unexploded shells). Although these shells did not explode, the anxiety of waiting for the explosion was plenty of cause to shake even the strongest of nerves, but all three boys stuck to their post until relieved.

Early in the morning of the 16th, a warning of a proposed gas attack was discovered in the form of small toy balloons which sailed over our position from the enemy lines. These were often sent up in anticipation of a gas attack in order to learn the direction and speed of the wind. Gas is usually sent over when the velocity of the wind runs from three to fifteen miles an hour.

On March 17th, St. Patrick's Day, our Regiment, bearing many traditions from the above Saint, felt that this day should be celebrated in some manner. So at 4.30 o'clock A. M. our artillery decided that a reprisal was due the enemy for their contribution of gas. At the above hour the American artillery opened one of the most terrific bombardments we had ever seen, starting directly in front of our wire and extending at short intervals until the entire enemy lines, for a depth of five kilometers, had been combed by gas, high explosives, incendiary and shrapnel shells. There was joy in our lines as we witnessed the damage being done by the artillery. On the start of the bombardment the German lines were completely lighted with very-lights, which were used as signals. If the Germans had any one thing that was beautiful, it was their lights. On this occasion most appropriate ones were used, which we felt were quite in coöperation with our

celebration, they being a great variety of green lights and many snake rockets. We felt these two were quite appropriate to St. Patrick's Day. For two days smoke could be seen rising from the German positions, caused by incendiary shells.

On March 19th, at 22 o'clock (10 P. M.), K Company was relieved by a company of French soldiers. On being relieved we marched to the support position in the Town of Vasseny, reaching there at 4 A. M., the 20th. At 5 A. M. on the morning of the 20th, the Germans made an attack on the position which we had just left, and were repulsed.

On the night of the 20th, the French, who had just relieved us, executed a raid on the enemy lines, penetrated beyond their third line trench, and the success was far beyond their expectation. On reaching their final objective, two carloads of special raiding troops (enemy) had just arrived, with the hope of executing a raid on the French lines. The French immediately collected all the enemy from these two cars and marched them back to the French lines, there being seventy-nine prisoners in all.

On March 21st, at 2.30 o'clock A. M., the Germans started a terrific artillery drum fire which extended from the left of the position just evacuated by "K" all along the English front. This drum fire continued for eight hours, and was followed by their terrific infantry attack of the 21st. We felt indeed fortunate for having the good luck of just being relieved. At 2 A. M. this day we left Vasseny and marched to Braine. We rode all day on our cars *de luxe* (freight), reaching Braine le Château at 2 A. M., the 22d.

March 22d. Here we detrained and started on another tour of France, sight-seeing (on foot). After hiking 22½ kilometers we reached the Village of Thiel, about 10 o'clock. Here we were billeted for the rest of this day.

On reaching Thiel we learned that at 10 o'clock, the 21st, the depot at Braine, which we had left at 7 o'clock, was bombarded by German artillery, destroying the depot and a great deal of our baggage which it was not possible to move in time.

On March 23d, at 9 A. M., the hike was continued, passing through the Town of Nully, Doulevant, "Donmartin la Petite," arriving at "Donmartin la France" at 16 o'clock (4 P. M.). We billeted in this town that night. On the following morning, March

24th, this being Passion Sunday, a Military Mass was held in the village church, it being attended by the entire battalion. The regimental band played during the service. As Father O'Connor read the Mass, Colonel Logan read the Passion from the pulpit. In the afternoon our band gave a concert, which was a great treat for the inhabitants. Chaplain Rollins held his service in the public square, and the whole Regiment attended.

On Monday morning, March 25th, the hike was resumed, leaving Donmartin at 7.30. On this hike we passed through Moran-court, and reached the City of Joinville at noon, Joinville being the big brewery city of France. During this hike great plans were laid on what was to take place on the stop in Joinville. Timmy Wallace had been fingering over a half-franc piece in his pocket with great visions of a cool bottle of beer at the end of his hot march; but when things came to pass, and Timmy extracted the one-half franc, to his chagrin he found that it was a small medal which he had instead of a half-franc. So Timmy was then forced to use his power of persuasion on one of his friends, who was in a position to get two bottles, splitting 50-50.

March 26th, the Company left Joinville and proceeded on the hike, reaching the so-called rest area, Trampot, about 11 A. M. March 27th.

As one outfit passed another, the first question always asked was, "What outfit, buddy?" Shortly after dusk, one evening, just as we were coming out from a stiff battle, we passed some troops on the road. One of them hollered out, "What outfit, buddy?" and Stanley McLeod replied, "The 101st Painters and Paperhangers." Some one else said it was Y. M. C. A. replacements. On each occasion it was a new name.

March 28th, the Company was ordered to secure the baggage which had previously been stored in this village.

March 29th, orders were given to collect and repack the baggage and turn it back for storage as the rest period was then over, this being nearly twenty-four hours for rest.

At 6.30 o'clock, April 1st, Easter Sunday, trucks arrived at Trampot. The Company was piled into the trucks, and immediately rushed to the Toul front, this being necessary in order to relieve the First Division, which was to be transferred to another

sector, for things looked a bit gloomy, owing to the stiff attacks being made by the Germans. The Company arrived at the Town of Roulecourt at 18.30 o'clock. We remained here in the support position until April 12th, then moving to the Village of Buconville. The Company entered the trenches at Boqueteau, a part of the Buconville sector, at 1.20 A. M., April 13th, relieving the units of the First Division. This position was held for several days. Then the Company marched to Xivray. We remained in these trenches, which were in very poor condition, for sixteen days and nights. Men would stand on watch all night in water above their knees, and when relieved at daybreak would return to their dug-outs, leaving only a small outpost in the advance positions. It was then necessary to pump the water out of the dug-out before the men could sleep.

It was during our stay in Xivray that Austin Ryder had his name placed on the tablet with great men of famous sayings. In our present trenches, the mud and water was nearly hip-deep. About the thirteenth or fourteenth night, and during a rain-storm, Austin Ryder began to feel peeved; so, turning to one of the non-commissioned officers, he exclaimed in his rich touch of Irish brogue: "Here we've come 3,000 miles to fight those birds over there and now we are stopping in these holes within a hundred yards of them! Are we afeared of thim, or phat!" Austin wanted *action*.

During the night of April 19th-20th, the Germans put over a terrific bombardment, consisting of a great deal of gas, on the Town of Seicheprey, this being held by 102d Infantry. The bombardment continued for about five hours, and was followed by an attack on the town by the so-called "Hindenburg Traveling Circus," consisting of about 1,200 selected troops. The town was taken by the Germans, inflicting great losses on our men, they being nearly five to one superior in numbers; but the courage and devotion displayed by the men of the 102d Infantry and 102d Machine-Gun Battalion were beyond description. The fight continued all day the 20th.

During the heavy bombardment by the enemy in preparation for the attack on Seicheprey, a very heavy shelling of gas fell on Xivray and Rambucourt. I Company, which had been located in the Village of Marvoisin, was being relieved, and on its way to

Rambucourt, when this gas started. Many casualties were caused in I Company. One whole platoon was trapped in a field and was in desperate straits. Bill Roach and a ration detail from "K" happened along and directed and led these men to their village. Several gas casualties occurred in "K" on this occasion.

On the morning of the 21st, two companies of the 101st Infantry were sent forth from the support line under the command of Capt. Thomas F. Foley to act as counter-attacking troops. These counter-attacking troops had to pass through the German barrage to reach the position just in the rear of Seicheprey, but through the good judgment and cool-headedness of Captain Foley, not a single man was lost. About noon of the 21st, the Germans were driven from Seicheprey. This attack was a German success, but for their twenty-four hour possession of the town, they paid dearly; about 350 German dead were found in and about the town. American casualties were quite heavy, and a great number of Americans were taken prisoners. This was the first attack made on American troops; and although the general opinion is that no victory can be claimed by our troops, the Germans learned to their sorrow the kind of material our army was made up of. They realized for the first time the unlimited courage of American men and the great fighting spirit which they possessed.

When talking about the trenches, those who have not at one time or another had an abode in them always form a mental picture of a set of beautifully dug-out lines with all kinds of bracings and improvements. This idea, of course, comes from seeing the training camp trenches. But those are things that at the front never happen.

The front line trenches sometimes consist of roughly dug lines with caved-in sides; often shell holes are connected up in rough form; in fact, any place that will act as a covering point to keep the men from too great an exposure, is called a trench.

Instead of the dry bottoms seen at the camps, many trenches in the lines are regular bogs; water in some is three feet or more deep, and the mud is almost impossible to wade through. In general, the living conditions of most front line trenches are inhuman, for between the water, mud, rats, and vermin, as well as the enemy—only a few yards away—one has plenty to keep his mind occupied.

At one point on the Toul front, a great engineering competition took place. The front lines of both sides were on the slope of two small hills, and during the rainy spell both sides were flooded with water. At one point the Boche ran a sap through his line and over into our trench and pumped the water from his front line right into ours. This was a good trick, but one good turn deserves another. On noting the terrible amount of water in our trench, it was discovered from whence it came. The sappers from the Headquarters Company were called on and, choosing a point about fifty meters below the place of the Boche water pipe, they run a line over and into the Boche line; then a pump was attached and the same water, with what we had ourselves, was pumped back into Jerries' line. It was a case of take and give.

To show how alert it is necessary to be at all times in the lines, there was a distance of at least two kilometers between the Town of Seicheprey and "K" position on the left. To protect this space from enemy possession, a patrol of ten men were sent each half hour from both positions. One of the real novel incidents of the war happened one night while the 102d Supply Company had a wagon going over this road with beef and other supplies to the company in the front line. The Germans had worked their way up to this road. On the arrival of the wagon, the enemy bounced on and captured it, but not until the driver, who drew his automatic and killed five of the enemy, was taken a prisoner, wounded. The mules were killed, so the enemy pulled the wagon over the fields and into their own lines.

On a later date another wagon was sent over a road to the right of the Town of Seicheprey. The driver mistook his direction and turned over the wrong road, and drove directly into the German lines. It must have been a sweet surprise to have a load of beef and American mail and other supplies delivered right to their dug-out door.

Among the real characters of our army were the mule drivers, better known as mule skimmers. Their tasks were quite varied and, although they were not in the front lines, they were subjected to many narrow escapes; for let it be known that the average army mule is no playful pet. One driver warned me as I was passing his team of mules one morning, "Look out, Captain,

don't go too close to that off mule, for she can kick the head off a cent."

On May 1st, a billeting party was sent from Xivray to the Town of Mandres (Meurthe et Moselle) to arrange for the moving of our Company. Late this night the Company was relieved and marched back to Mandres.

On May 3d, Lieut. Howard J. Cummings, who had been acting as Battalion Gas Officer, was promoted to Regimental Gas Officer.

During the recent fight at Seicheprey, all the trenches were broken, so it became necessary to repair them. On the night of May 3d, K Company furnished the digging detail to repair these trenches and dig new ones. They returned at daybreak, about 4 A. M.

During our stop in this town, the Company acted as a burying detail for those who were killed during the last fight. We buried about seventy-five of the boys of the 102d Inf. Chaplain Rollins read services for all of the burials. On the placing of the bodies in boxes, which was the custom for burial, Sergeant Ed. Brady, who had charge of the listing and recording of these burials, received a great surprise. On taking out the identification mark from one of the bodies it was found that he was also a Sergeant Edward Brady from C Company, 102d Infantry. A firing squad, under command of Corp. Walter Gutmann, fired the volley over the graves as the bodies were lowered.

In order to protect the right flank of the Town of Seicheprey, it became necessary to reinforce the American position in the Bois de Remier, which was a distance of one-half kilometer from the town. So, on May 6th, I was ordered to take a detail of twenty-five men to these woods and put up a complete new set of barbed-wire reinforcement. While putting up these wires great machine-gun lanes were made, so that the enemy on entering the woods might step into the lanes, which looked very clear for passage, and machine-guns properly set would mow them down. Several German and American dead were found while putting up the wires, these remaining from the Seicheprey Battle of April 21st.

In the Town of Mandres, there was just one French inhabitant, this being an old woman who lived in her partly demolished home, which had been her abode since childhood. This woman was a very kindly and motherly lady of about sixty-five years.

On two different occasions she had been evacuated from the town, but upon her pleadings with the French officials, she was allowed to return. A large shell-proof dug-out was built by the American engineers on the street across from her home. As soon as shelling would start, this old lady would run across and into her dug-out. She, at all times, carried a gas mask slung over her shoulder, and it many times became necessary for her to wear it. It was great to see our boys around asking the old lady if there was not something they might do to help her, and the boys took advantage of every opportunity to share their food with her.

On the night of May 7th, seventy-five men from K Company were ordered down to dig trenches at Seicheprey. At 19.30 o'clock the detail left their billets. It was then raining very heavily. To reach Seicheprey it was necessary to go around Dead Man's Curve and through the Town of Beaumont. Within a few minutes after our start the rain was coming down in torrents, and the thunder and lightning were terrific. In going around Dead Man's Curve, the lightning flashed frequently, almost blinding the boys and at the same time a heavy bombardment was laid along the road by the enemy. The detail reached Beaumont safely, but with great difficulty. It was a wild night between the flashing of the big guns and the lightning. It was a bit uncomfortable and one was not able to judge from which way the firing was coming or going. No work could be accomplished under these conditions, so the detail reported back to their billets. On our arrival at the billets we found that Chaplain Rollins had arranged with the Red Cross to furnish hot chocolate, which was very much appreciated. They also furnished us with new socks which also added to our comfort, for every one was drenched to the skin.

Sunday, May 12th, was Mother's Day. On this day, as on all other days, the boys devoted most of their thoughts to their dear mothers, both at home or departed. A great deal would be given by many of the boys if they could extend their Mother's Day greetings in person. Several of the boys had, through the Y. M. C. A. and Salvation Army, sent cables of greeting in advance. It was in this Town of Mandres that our boys first met the dear old Salvation Army.

On our early meeting the Salvation Army, two girls were

running the canteen, furnishing doughnuts, coffee, pies, and so forth. They were later relieved by a man who was well along in years. The canteen used was in an old barrack, but this was hit by a shell and destroyed, so he moved his goods to an old cellar under a ruined house. This cellar was dark and dreary, but the spirit displayed by the Salvation Army lad (fifty-five years old) made it seem bright and cheerful. Our boys volunteered to do the detail work, such as pumping the water out, cleaning the lamps, etc. Our boys said the doughnuts, pies, etc., given by the Sallies were the only foods we got which did not come in tin cans. In letters home the boys advised trying the bouncing qualities of silver on every Sally's tambourine.

A very strange incident happened in this cellar. One Sunday morning while Chaplain Rollins was holding service there, it being one of the few safe places about, the enemy began to shell. A young fellow from "K" was passing close by the entrance of the cellar when a shell landed a few yards away. This young fellow dove into the Salvation Army canteen right in the middle of the Chaplain's sermon, and with great fright at his narrow escape as he landed in a great pool of water, just inside the door, he exclaimed in a very loud tone, "Christ!" The Chaplain, who was always alert to take advantage of all openings, said: "Greetings. You've come to the right place." The young man, who rarely used any but the very choicest of language, said that he meant it for a prayer.

It was while in this town, too, that the famous Dolly O'Toole's Doughnut Patrol did duty. The Y. M. C. A. suggested that if we were able to secure flour, sugar, and lard they would make doughnuts to be distributed on "Mother's Day." After much persuasion we were able to get 100 pounds of sugar, 20 pounds of lard, and 2 bags of flour. We then learned that the Y. M. C. A. could not secure a cook to make the doughnuts. Hence, a cook from G Company, of Worcester, volunteered. The night before "Mother's Day," K Company marched into Seicheprey, relieving G Company. Dolly, with two other men, returned to Mandres to secure the doughnuts which were "K's" share, and the man in charge of the canteen said he was very pleased to be able to give them their share, which amounted to twenty doughnuts. Dolly, in his usual "emphatic" language, occupied the major portion

of two hours in letting the secretary know what the boys thought about him, his system, and the organization which he represented. This not being the first incident of this kind certainly did not tend to create any better feeling between the "Y" and the boys in the lines.

Directly in front of our sector was Montsec, a large hill which commanded a view of our whole front. In the rear of this hill was located a tremendous amount of artillery. As we stood in the trenches and looked up at Montsec, it seemed as though an observer on top of it could almost look down into our throats and see our Adam's apples. We were told that the French at one time in the early part of the war took the hill from the Germans and held it only about thirty-five minutes, losing nearly 30,000 men in doing so.

May 14th, the Company moved from Seicheprey to the support position, which was in the Rahanne Woods. On the relief of "K," several non-commissioned officers were left in the lines to show the new unit all details, and so forth. Among those left was Sergeant John J. (Mooney) O'Toole. About 2 o'clock (A. M.), great confusion was heard on the right end of Mooney's sector. On the suggestion of the officer in command, he being of another regiment, O'Toole and a sergeant of the new unit proceeded to where the bursting grenades took place. On the way through the trenches they were held up by a sentry, who challenged them. On giving the passing signal, which consisted of two taps of the hand on the pistol holster and repeating a verbal signal, the sentry dropped his rifle and with both hands clutched O'Toole around the throat. O'Toole, not knowing the meaning of this, threw his arms about the man's waist, and used his knee to good effect, knocking out the sentry. This was a good stunt, for O'Toole, who was about five feet, four inches in height, certainly did not let size interfere with his progress. He proceeded to where the trouble was, and found most of it was imaginary. He gave some good advice to the men on that post. He then returned and found the big sentry just coming to. He asked him why he attempted to take hold of him after giving the signal and the sentry replied, "I am hard of hearing and I thought you were speaking German."

Our stay in the Rahanne Woods was quite a relief from that strain which we had been under up to this time, it being the first

time in many weeks that the boys were able to move about with their heads above ground and to talk in a loud voice.

On May 21st, for the first time since we reached France, our battalion was treated to an entertainment by real honest-to-goodness American talent. Miss Elsie Janis, stage star, came and gave a full hour's entertainment, singing, dancing, and telling stories. It was a great day for the boys, and we all appreciated Elsie's spirit in coming so close to the lines and entertaining us.

On May 27th, General Passaga, Commander of the 32d French Army Corps, spent several hours watching the rehearsal of our battalion for the first "All-American" raid to be executed on May 30th. These rehearsals had been going on for several days. The General was very much impressed with the spirit of the boys, and said he felt sure that the raid would be a success.

The entire day of May 28th was spent rehearsing, and that night at 10 o'clock a final rehearsal was held. All was now in readiness for the big affair. The boys had chosen the famous saying which originated at Verdun during the terrific fighting in 1914, when one badly wounded Frenchman called to his dying comrades, who had been hit with shells which landed right in their midst, to fight on, "*Debout le Morts*" ("Up, you dead, and at them"). He succeeded in holding back a whole company of Germans who were advancing in an attack, and almost single-handed he held his section of the line for several hours.

On the morning of May 30th, Mass was held near our quarters by Father Farrell, of the 101st Artillery, and directly across the path, a distance of about fifty yards, Chaplain Rollins held service for the Protestant boys. Every man in the battalion attended either one or the other of these services. A very beautiful sermon was given by both Chaplains, the subject of which was "Courage." Most of the boys received Communion. After the distribution of the paraphernalia to be used this night, the remainder of the day was spent in resting up. The raid was to take place west of the Town of Seicheprey, passing over a very dangerous terrain into the German lines on the east edge of the Town of Richecourt and to the west of Leahyville. Rumor had it that this position was being reinforced with troops in anticipation of an attack. The intention of this raid was to get general information and find out if this fact was true.

The following is the final order issued for the raid:

HEADQUARTERS

3d Battalion
101st Infantry

MEMORANDUM OF EXERCISES. May 29, 1918.

1. At 21.30 the Engineers will have six gaps cut in our wire, three for each group (represented), with tape running back to point of assembly.
2. The Liaison Officer will arrange to have a man at each gap in wire and a man at each 75-meter interval in the prolongation of the line to the enemy's wire. Also relays of runners at each 500 meters.
3. The troops will entruck at this cantonment at 20.45. On arrival at destination they will detruck quietly and proceed to the assembly point. After a short rest they will proceed to a point 50 meters in front of our wire, where they will arrive at 22 o'clock. The men will be cautioned not to expose themselves, and to crawl.
4. Flares will be sent up at 10-minute intervals from 22 o'clock.
5. Group A Lt. Dunbar on reaching objective will fire Red Very-Light.
Group B Lt. Schoonmaker on reaching objective will fire Green Very-Light.
6. At H plus 27, signal to return will be a snake rocket from Battalion Headquarters.
7. All helmets must be burlapped. During the advance all rifles will be slung. All bayonets must be blued or smoked.
8. Engineers will blow gaps in enemy wire.

By order of MAJOR HICKEY

Lt. Dunbar
" Schoonmaker
" Johnson
" Bennett
" Duane
" Price
" Strong

JOHN J. RILEY, Lt. Adjt.



**Dug-outs in Chemin des Dames Sector
Support position**



Those who did not cry “Kamerade” and surrender are there yet



RHEIMS CATHEDRAL

Note the condition of the building, and see how the figure on the crucifix is left standing even with the arms shot away. This same thing has happened in many of the shell-destroyed churches.

On May 30th, at 21 o'clock, the entire raiding party was loaded into ten trucks. The boys had previously been supplied with grenades, automatic pistols, trench knives, and clubs. Some of the boys wound barbed-wire about the end of the club, and a more dangerous looking weapon could not be imagined. The trucks proceeded to the Town of Mandres. Here, the entire party detrucked. All watches of group leaders were synchronized. As soon as observation would allow, the raiding party marched in groups to the Town of Seicheprey. The men who carried the torpedoes for blowing up the wire proceeded the party on the hike. It was a happy party, although not a single member failed to realize the seriousness of the whole affair. As we left our billets to start the trip, the officers and men who were left behind bade us good-by and good luck and promised to pray for the entire crowd.

Soldiers, of course, always believe in "Signs." Some of the signs which bade fair for good luck were the insignias on the trucks which carried us forward. Each truck train, like the Regiment, had its own insignia. We noticed on a number of trucks which were used that the Liberty Bell, Bunker Hill Monument, and the Four-Leaf Clover were painted. We, therefore, decided that the old Liberty Bell shall ring again and the spirit of Bunker Hill must prevail; and with the luck brought by the Four-Leaf Clover, that crowd of boys could lick a whole army. Hence, they went forward determined to win. Leaving the Town of Seicheprey, we went to the jumping-off point, and at 1.30 all was in readiness.

There was now a whole hour to wait for the eventful moment. All muscles and nerves were at tension, and an hour seemed a long time to lay on that ground with the Boche throwing up flares to light the terrain. A single movement might give the party away and betray the whole show. There is a very deep thrill always attached to a wait for the signal to go "Over the Top," but it is like the little fellow with a terrible toothache. He suffers greatly and is sent to the dentist to have the tooth extracted; but as soon as he takes hold of the knob on the dentist's door the pain disappears, and the youngster feels better. When you start "Over," it is a new and wonderful sensation.

To make passage into No Man's Land possible, and without

detection, it was necessary to cut large gaps in the wire in front of our position. Therefore, a detail was sent out with large wire clippers, and they had to work with great precaution, as they were under observation and machine-gun fire was sweeping that part of the line at intervals of ten minutes.

One of the great essentials to the success of all engagements is the line of liaison (line of communication). All branches participating must be in communication with each other, so that those in the rear will be informed of the success or failure of the exploit, and thus in case of need reinforcements can be sent up or more artillery can be used upon a certain point, and resistance therefore reduced. In a raid such as this nearly every form of communication is used. Lieut. Mark King, of the Headquarters Company, and four assistants worked for four hours laying a line of telephone wires from Regimental Headquarters down to the front line. This was to keep the Colonel informed of every move by our attacking troops. The actual distance from the temporary headquarters of the Colonel to the point of departure of the raid was one kilometer ($\frac{5}{8}$ of a mile), but the telephone men laid nearly ten miles of wire, it being necessary to lay about five different lines, so that in case one or more wires were cut by shell fire, at least one would remain intact. Owing to the difficult ground, which was filled with shell holes and mine craters, the wire men had difficulty in getting connection ready for the start of the party. The hour of departure drew near. Word was passed by the Major requesting the phone box be brought to him, but the return message was that no telephone connection was ready. There was much strong language and some confusion and excitement. Messengers were sent over the sector in search of the line-man in charge, but with no success. It was now within two minutes of starting time. Would the phone be there for the first message? Just one minute remains, and up rushes a little lad with phone in hand and reports to the Major that connections had just been completed, and at this moment "H" hour arrived and the Colonel was notified by phone that the boys were ready to start on their way to German territory.

The party now being ready, adjusted equipment, fixed bayonets, and with a slightly nervous feeling awaited the signal. "H" hour, which was the starting time, was set for 2.30 o'clock. At

2.05 the men, carrying along the 30-foot torpedoes, passed through our wire and took up a position twenty-five meters in No Man's Land, ready for the signal to start. At exactly 2.30 o'clock, one 75-millimeter shell soared over our heads, and then the heavens opened. Never in our lives had we heard such a noise before. The sky was completely illuminated for kilometers. More than 200 pieces of artillery of all caliber were used for this barrage. A box covering both sides and back of the section to be raided was covered by artillery. In addition a barrage was placed on the first line position and advanced in jumps of fifty meters until the entire area was combed. In addition to all this, 72 machine-guns under the command of Major John D. Murphy, of Natick, also covered the side brackets and back of this barrage, thereby preventing any enemy supporting troops coming from the sides or rear into the raiding area.

On the signal of the first shell of our barrage the boys leaped out of our trenches and over the top with a yell and were on their way. No Man's Land was crossed, German wires blown up, and the first line reached without any great difficulty. This position had been built for an anti-tank defense, the trenches being 10 feet wide at the top and 10 to 11 feet deep. Our first difficulty came in crossing these trenches. Some duck-boards were carried, but it was necessary for most of the boys to jump into the trench, boost their pals up on the other side, and then pull their pals up out of the trench with the aid of their rifles. Many of the enemy were met and disposed of in the first and second lines. The Germans who were found in the concrete dug-outs were first asked to come out and surrender, and if they refused to do this, one of the torpedoes made in small square boxes, containing 20 pounds of TNT powder, was thrown in, and the entire dug-out blown up. Prizes of several hundred francs were offered to the one man or one group who took the largest number of prisoners; also a trip back to America with Chaplain Rollins was offered. All these offers were forgotten the moment the boys came in contact with the enemy. They rather followed instructions given them by our Brigade Commander, General Traub, who suggested that they might kill all but one, and he would give sufficient information.

On reaching the final objective, the rocket signal was sent up and all troops began to withdraw. The withdrawal was covered

by two flanking groups of the automatic rifle men. At 8.25 all men were reported out of the German position. Our casualties during this raid were two killed and five wounded, with one missing. William Dunphy, of "K," was never seen after entering the lines. No account of him has ever been received. Several prisoners being taken back to our lines by the boys showed signs of fight, and the result was that they remained in No Man's Land, dying there of bullet wounds. One lone prisoner was allowed to survive, and he only for the reason that he became very agreeable after his capture. It is said that during this raid more artillery was used than in the entire Battle of Gettysburg, it being termed as the "Million Dollar Raid."

It was a scream to see all the boys who were in the Town of Beaumont as the one poor little lone prisoner was being led up through the streets. Every fellow that was near enough tried out his German. The most of it was confined to "Wiegehtes." The little fellow, who was later termed the original million dollar kid, was frightened almost to death.

What is a Raid? (The French call it *Coupe de Mad*). When information is gained by our Intelligence Branch that a new outfit has taken up a position directly in front of us or that extra activities are taking place on our particular sub-sector, arrangements are made and strong patrols organized and sent into No Man's Land in an endeavor to capture prisoners or to secure definite information. It is the duty of the commanding officer in each sector to know at all times just what unit, the fighting strength, and quality of troops which face him. If the patrols sent into No Man's Land fail to gain the required information, then a raid is ordered. The size of the raiding party varies from about twenty to four or five hundred men, depending entirely on the difficulty of the terrain and the approximate strength of the sector to be penetrated.

The above raid, which was the first All-American raid conducted in the A. E. F., had a strange significance. It was Memorial Day, and on this very morning back in America our old buddies of the Grand Army of the Republic and the veterans of the Spanish-American War were decorating the graves of their comrades. This morning our boys were decorating with great reverence the graves of our buddies who had recently died and were

now lying in a little cemetery just back of the small village nearby. As the boys placed their token of love on the rough mound of earth with a prayer for the lad resting beneath the mound, little did they realize that before another dawn had come upon us some of the decorators might also be numbered on the immortal roll of honor and probably rest side by side in this same little cemetery.

No man in the world could ever fittingly describe every angle of so small a thing as a little raid like this, but a humble effort may in part show a few phases and allow the reader to use his imagination for the remainder.

Having learned of the proposed raid, a very eminent correspondent proceeded to Regimental Headquarters and requested permission of the Colonel to accompany the raiding party into the German lines. Realizing the danger which faced the party, the Colonel suggested, "You stay right here at Headquarters during the show, as that telephone on the Adjutant's desk is really the web center of all things occurring in this sector tonight." The correspondent accepted this suggestion and remained. He then wrote a description which in part is his impression of what he saw and heard.

At just 2 o'clock this morning, the Colonel summoned me to come to the roughly built table in his dug-out and explained the night's plans. The Colonel, smoking a long pipe, sat in front of a map on which he conducted an exposition.

"Here," he said, placing his finger on a section of the line marking the American trenches, "is the point of departure. That's the jumping-off place. These X marks running between the lines are the enemy wire, and here and here and here we blow it up. We reach the German trenches at these points and clean up. Then the men follow the enemy communicating trenches, penetrate 300 meters to the east edge of Richecourt, and return.

"Our H Hour is 2.30. It's now 2.10. Our raiders have left their trenches already; they are out in No Man's Land now. The engineers are with them, carrying explosives for the wire. There are stretcher bearers in the party to bring back our wounded, and also signal men right behind them with one telephone. Reports from that wire are relayed here and we will also be kept informed by runners. The whole party has thirty minutes in which to crawl

forward and place explosives under the wire. They will have things in readiness by 2.30, and then the show begins."

Five minutes before the hour set I stepped out of the dug-out and looked at the silent sky toward the front. Not even a star shell disturbed the blue-black night. The guns were quiet. Five minutes more and all this was to change into an inferno of sound and light, flash and crash. There is always that minute of uncertainty before a raiding hour when the tensivity of the situation becomes almost painful. Has the enemy happened to become aware of our plans? Have our men been deprived of the needed elements of surprise? But for thousands of meters behind us we know that in the black battery pits anxious crews are standing beside their loaded pieces, waiting to greet the tick of 2.30 with the jerk of the lanyard.

Suddenly the party trembles. Through the dug-out window facing back from the lines, I see the night sky livid with light. A second later and the crash reaches our ears. It is deafening. Now we hear the whine of shells as they burn the air overhead. The telephone bell rings.

"Yes, this is Boston." The Adjutant speaks into the receiver. We listen breathlessly. Has something gone wrong at the last minute?

"Right, I have it," says the Adjutant, hanging up the receiver and turning to the Colonel. "X4 reports that the barrage dropped on schedule," he adds.

"Good," says the Colonel. "Now, gentlemen, here is what's happening. Our shells are this minute falling all along the German lines, both in front of the part selected for the raid and on the flanks. Now, then, this section of the enemy's position is confined in a box barrage which is pounding on his front and is placing a curtain of fire on his left and his right and another in his rear. Any German within the confines of that box will have a damned hard time getting out of it, and so will any who try to come through it to help him."

"Boston talking." The Adjutant is answering over the telephone. He repeats the message.

2.33. "All wire blown up right."

"Fine!" says the Colonel. "Now they are advancing and right in front of them is another rolling barrage of shells which

is creeping forward on the German lines at the same pace our men are walking. They are advancing in extended order behind it. At the same time our artillery for the last three minutes has been dumping gas and high explosives on every battery position behind German lines. That's called neutralization."

"Boston talking." The room grows quiet again as the Adjutant takes the message.

2.36. "Y1 reports O.K."

"Everybody fine and dandy," the Colonel observes, smiling.

"Boston talking." Pause.

2.39. "G7 reports enemy is sending up three red rockets east of A10. Operator thinks it's a signal for outposts to withdraw and also for a counter barrage."

"Too late," snaps the Colonel. "There is a reception in Hades waiting for 'em right now."

2.41. "Verree good beginnings," remarks a short, fat French Major, who sits beside the Colonel. He represents a French army corps.

2.43. "Boston talking. Kernan reports everything quiet in his sector."

2.45. "Boston talking." The Adjutant turns to the Colonel and repeats, "Pittsburgh wants to know if there is much coming in here."

"Tell them nothing to amount to anything," replies the Colonel. As he stops, one German shell did land so close to the dug-out that the door blew open. An officer steps to the opening and calls out into the darkness,

"Gas guard!"

"Shell anything?"

"Nothing, sir. Think they are only high explosives."

2.47. "Boston talking. Enemy sent up one red rocket, one green rocket, and then three green rockets from 5-14." The Adjutant repeats.

"Be ready for some gas, gentlemen," says the Colonel. "I think that's Fritz's order for the stink. Orderly put down the gas covers on the doors and windows."

2.49. "Boston talking. Z3 calls for barrage."

The Colonel and Major turn to the wall map, pointing out Z3 position.

"Hum," says the Colonel, "counter attack, hey? Well, the barrage will take care of them; but get me Watson on the line."

"Connect me with Nantucket," the Adjutant asks the operator. "Hello, Watson! Just a minute." Turning to the Colonel, "Here's Watson, sir."

"Hello, Watson!" the Colonel says. "This is Yellow Jacket. Watch out for a counter attack against Z8. Place your men in readiness and be prepared to support Michel on your right. That's all. Get me Mr. Lake," he adds to the Adjutant.

While the Adjutant makes the connection, the Colonel explains the quickly planned flanking movement on the map. "If they come over there," he says to the French Major, "not a damned one of them will ever get back alive."

3.00. "Boston talking. X19 reports gas."

3.04. "Boston talking." Pause. "X10 reports gas in Bois des —."

3.06. "Boston talking. Hello! Yes! No, nothing coming in here to amount to anything. Just had gas warning, but none arrived yet."

3.07. "Boston talking. Yes. All right." (Is turning to the Colonel.) "Operator just received the message from storming party (so far so good)."

"Not bad for thirty-seven minutes after the opening of the operation," remarks the Colonel.

3.09. "Boston talking. Watson reports all quiet around Z8 now."

"Guess that barrage changed their minds," remarks the Colonel.

With my gas mask at alert, I walked out for a breath of French air. The guns were roaring in the rear, and from in front came the sound of shells arriving on the German positions. The first hints of dawn were in the sky. I returned in time to note the hour (3.18) and hear:

"Boston talking. Reports enemy dropping lots of shells from B4 to B8."

"Trying to get the boys coming back, hey?" remarks the Colonel. "A fat chance. They are not coming back that way."

3.23. "Boston talking. Z3 reports that barrage is called for in their sector because the enemy has advanced within 200



Reading the home papers

Even the advertisements were late news items.

Corporal James Mohan on ground; Lieutenant Duane and Lieutenant Cummings reading *Clinton Daily Items* and *Boston Posts* nine weeks old, just in rear of front line.



"K" mess shack at Bois-de-Ranzier (Rear of Hattonchatel). The crew in the picture are world's champion beef-stew makers (the only member missing is Cooper's Bat, which was always used to mix stews).



Miles of these communicating trenches had to be passed through before reaching the front line.



Searching the skies at night for enemy planes. Sometimes as many as twenty of these lights were used at one time, and it was a wonderful sight.



French tanks going up to position to start attack



A direct hit on a German tank. The shell hit directly in center of tank.



American boys following tanks at start of attack



A Company Kitchen back of the lines (1 Company Detail)

yards of his first positions. Evidently wanted to start something, but the barrage nipped them and they fell back fast."

3.25. "Boston talking. Two green and two red rockets sent up by the enemy from behind Richecourt."

3.28. "Boston talking. All O.K. in Z2. Still waiting to hear from Michel."

"I rather wish they had developed their counter attack," says the Colonel. "I have a reserve that would certainly have given them an awful wallop."

3.30. "Boston talking. More gas in Bois des B——."

3.37. "Boston talking. Blank white stars reported from ——."

"They must be on the way back by this time," says the Colonel, looking at his watch.

3.38. "Enemy now shelling on north end of town, a little gas."

3.40. "X1 reports some enemy long-range retaliation on."

"They had better come back the other way," says the Colonel.

3.42. "Signal man with party reports everything O.K."

"We don't know yet whether they have had any losses or got any prisoners," the Colonel remarks, "but the mechanism seems to have functioned just as well as it did in the last raid. We didn't get a prisoner that time, but I sorter feel the boys will bring back a couple with them tonight."

3.49. "G9 reports some of raiding party have returned and passed that point."

"Come back pretty quick, don't you think so, Major?" says the Colonel, with some pride. "Must have returned over the top."

3.55. We hear fast footsteps on the stone stairs looking down to the dug-out entrance.

Two men enter, carrying something between them. Sweat has streaked through the charcoal coating on their faces, leaving striped, zebra-like countenances.

"Lieutenant Blank's compliments, sir," says the first man. "Here's one of their machine-guns."

"Who got it?" inquires the Colonel.

"Me and him, sir."

"How did you get it?"

"We just rolled 'em off of it and took it."

"Rolled who off of it?"

"Two Germans, sir."

"What were they doing all that time?"

"Why, sir, they weren't doing anything. They were dead."

"Oh, very well, then," says the Colonel, "how did you happen to find that machine-gun?"

"We knew where it was before we went over, sir," says the man simply. "We were assigned to get it and bring it back. We expected we'd have to fight for it, but I guess our barrage laid out the crew. Anyhow we rushed the position and found them dead."

I went out with the machine-gun's captors and walked with them to the road. Daylight was pouring down into the ruined village street up which marched the returning raiders without a thought of order. They were a happy, gleeful party. As they approached, I saw the cause for some of the jocularly. It was a chubby little boyish figure, who sat perched upon the right shoulder of a tall, husky sergeant.

But there was no smile on the face of the thus-transported object. His chubby countenance was one of easily understood concern. He was not a day over sixteen years old, and this was quite some experience for him. In fact, he was one of the German prisoners, and these happy youngsters from across the sea were bringing him almost with as much importance as though he had been a football hero.

"Juggers, here's the Colonel's dug-out," one voice shouted. "Put him down to walk now."

Little Fritz was lowered to the ground. He caught step immediately with the big sergeant, and took up the latter's long stride with his short legs and feet encased in clumsy German boots.

"For the luvva Mike, Tim," shouted an ambulance man, "do you call that a prisoner?"

"Sure. He does look like a half-portion," replied Sergeant Tim, with a smile. "We get two hundred francs for a whole one. I don't know what we cash in for this one."

"Sergeant, I'm not kidding," came one serious voice. "Why turn him in as a prisoner? I like the kid's looks. Why can't we keep him for company mascot?"

The discussion ended when the sergeant and his small charge disappeared in the Colonel's quarters for inevitable questioning. Several wounded men were lying on the stretchers in front of the First Aid dug-out, waiting for returning ambulances and passing the time meanwhile smoking cigarettes and explaining how close each of them was to the shell when it exploded and "got 'em."

But little of their talk was devoted to themselves. They were all praise for the little chaplain from New England, who, without arms, went over the top with "his boys" and came back with them. It was their opinion that their Regiment had some sky pilot. And it's mine, too.

During the artillery preparation for this raid considerable gas was used by our artillery, it being laid in the Town of Leahyville. Unfortunately, there was a change in the wind direction a short while before the hour set for starting, and the wind carried the gas through a small ravine back into our own lines and back onto our raiding party. There being so much smoke and fumes from the bursting shells that the odor of gas was not detected. The result of this was that at 11.30 on the morning of May 31st, the first of the boys showed signs of gas poisoning. Within the next twenty-four hours 368 out of the 400 who were on the raid were either evacuated to the hospital or treated in their quarters for phosgene gas poisoning. Several died as the result of this experience. Among them was Robert A. Murray, of "K." Murray was laid at rest in Menil-le-Toul, and his grave was looked after by Jim Bricket, who was stationed in this town with Division Headquarters. Two of the boys who were killed during the raid were killed by our own grenades. One of the boys, a grenadier, was carrying a bomb bag over his shoulder with about twenty-five grenades in it. A cotter pin dropped out of one grenade and this released the firing cap, thus setting the bomb off; this one set most of the grenades in the bag off, and the fellow carrying them had his whole side blown off. One of the boys rushed to his assistance, but was too late to help any but just in time to be hit with fragments of delayed grenades, and later died on the field.

June 2d, K Company once more moved up to the reserve position in and near the Town of Bernecourt.

Of all the weapons used by the Americans, I am of the im-

pression that the Germans were most fearful of our trench knife, this being a very dangerous weapon to those who were to come in personal contact with it. The trench knife was made with a wooden handle grooved to brace the finger hold. This, with a steel guard protected by pointed projection and the blade, was about ten inches long, triangular shaped, with all three points as sharp as a razor blade and the end ranging down to a needle point. In using the trench knife, after making a thrust at the enemy, should the blade come in contact with part of his equipment, making it impossible to perform its regular duty on the enemy, the man then made an upward thrust, using the knuckle guard somewhat in the same fashion as the old brass knuckles used by the thugs of previous days. One good story connected with the trench knife came to light when several boys were talking over the results of a certain raid executed by our battalion. A member of G Company was listening very intently to one of the boys telling of his buddy, who thrust the trench knife into one of the enemy as he rounded a turn in the trench. The lad lost his grip on the trench knife and the victim continued to run, but only for a short distance, when he staggered and fell against the side of the trench, dead. In explaining how this man ran with the trench knife thrust in his side, the G Company boy immediately exclaimed, "What, did the blinkety-blankety-this-and-that-Boche get away with that perfectly good trench knife!"

The usual routine work was done each day, the Company furnishing trench digging and barbed-wire details. The Germans had a very bad habit of continually shelling this town. The Company Headquarters was located in a small, corrugated-iron covered shack about 25 feet long and 10 feet wide. During one of these shellings a 77 landed directly in front of Company Headquarters, several pieces penetrating the corrugated-iron door. One piece, about three inches in diameter, after passing through the door, hit Hughie Hanna in the stomach, but, very fortunately, the heavy army web belt stopped the blow. This belt was cut almost in two, but Hughie was not injured, only jarred a bit. After this piece of shell hit Hughie, it bounced from his very elastic stomach across the room and into the lap of Company Clerk Charles Bent. Bent was only slightly injured. This is just one of the many close calls which the boys had.

On the next couple of days more shells landed close by, inflicting wounds on the Company soup gun (rolling kitchen), but "fortunately" the beef-stew range fender was not injured. At the close of festivities in November this soup-gun possessed seven wound stripes.

On the night of June 7th, one of the billets occupied by M Company in Bernecourt was hit with a shell and caved in. One of the large beams which held up the ceiling fell and crushed several of the boys, killing one fellow. The rescuing of the injured from this house was made very difficult by the continued shelling, but Major Bayne-Jones was on the job and did wonderful work. Too much praise cannot be given to this medical man, who was always out in the thick of every engagement, and no place was too dangerous for him to go to assist boys. One time he was offered a promotion from the Medical Corps into the Infantry. This was offered as a reward for his brave acts. He was later decorated with the Croix de Guerre. He had previously been awarded the British Distinguished Service Cross.

June 11th, Divisional Citations were distributed to a number of men who did good work in the recent raid.

On June 12th, a large review and decoration ceremony was held at Roymeaux. Among those decorated by the French General on this occasion was Sergeant Edward W. Brady, Corporal James F. (Dolly) O'Toole, and Private Adelbert Bresnahan. These boys were decorated with the Croix de Guerre. One little incident which I have overlooked in reference to the recent raid executed was that which happened to Dolly. On reaching a dug-out, during a raid, it would be suicidal to stand in front of the entrance requesting those inside to come out, so one man stands on each side of the entrance, and, when possible, one man stands over the entrance and calls for the enemy to surrender. The incident to which I refer is one where Dolly was designated to stand over the door of the dug-out, which was of concrete and built into the side of the trench. In the excitement, one of the boys, with twenty pounds of TNT, heaved the same into the dug-out before Dolly could remove himself from aloft. The result was that Dolly rode twenty feet into the air and landed into the lap of the fellow who threw the torpedo. He had one rib crushed

and was badly shaken up, which gave him three weeks in the hospital.

Later on, medical officers who had recently landed from the United States were assigned to the hospital of which Dolly was the star patient. In his anxiety to know all about the front and what takes place during raids, etc., one of the new officers asked Dolly how far into the German lines he had gone, Dolly telling him slightly beyond the third line. He wanted to know how it was possible to get in so far, and Dolly's reply was, "They issued bicycles for each raid."

One of the most prominent men at the ceremony of decoration was Chaplain Lyman Rollins, of our Regiment. Chaplain Rollins was a member of the raiding party, and for his conspicuous bravery and devotion was now receiving his reward—a Croix de Guerre. There never was any activity that the 101st Infantry took part in that this Chaplain was not in the thick of it, and he was one of the most prominent chaplains in the A. E. F. When it came to handing out a sermon in real honest-to-goodness "he"-language, Chaplain Rollins had no superior.

On June 12th, warning was sent to all units to be prepared for a proposed German Projector Gas Attack, but the attack did not take place.

Many stories drifted to America, telling of the terrible moral conditions in France and of how our boys were exposed to the temptations, and also their terrible flirtation with the French drinks. Although I am not qualified to judge the morals of men, I can assure the mothers, relatives, and friends of practically all of the boys with whom I came in contact that their morals were very splendid, and I daresay in many cases the boys kept more on the straight and narrow path than if they were back in America. The chaplains and officers dwelt considerably upon maintaining the moral standard of the army, and our boys lived up to this standard in excellent shape.

June 13th, Capt. Thomas F. Foley, G Company, of Worcester, a man always loved by the men of Company K, was assigned to command the Third Battalion, of which K Company was part.

On June 16th the enemy made a strong attack on the Town of Xivray, which was now five kilometers on our left. The enemy

was repulsed with heavy loss. During this attack they continually shelled our position, and also the towns in the rear, for a distance of ten kilometers. As the shells soared over our heads, sailing for the rear, the boys all exclaimed that at last the enemy had used good judgment in handing the men in the rear a little touch of war, for many of those there hardly knew there was a war going on.

A wooden shower bath, which had been erected in the Town of Bernecourt, was being used on this afternoon. When the shelling started, a whole platoon of men were under the showers. After four or five shells landed close to the frail bath house, it was good sport to see the boys rushing out and through the streets with their clothes under their arms, headed straight for their shell-proofs. A windy day on Boylston and Tremont Streets, Boston, never had a thing on Bernecourt that afternoon.

On June 19th, at 2 A. M., our engineers, who had been preparing for the last ten days, sent over a Projector Gas Attack on the enemy of 1,000 shells, each containing thirty pounds of Chloropicrin Gas. It was a beautiful sight to watch the flash of the powder as these shells were sent over. It was later learned that terrible damage was done by the gas, for at the time of the sending over of the projectors, an entire battalion was in process of relief. This gas covered an area in depth of five kilometers. During the retaliation which the German artillery put over, one shell landed directly outside the window of Regimental Headquarters, and on its bursting a great many fragments were thrown into Colonel Logan's office. One large piece landed directly over the head of a chair in which Colonel Logan had been sitting less than two minutes before. Another piece hit Capt. Harry Comerais on the hand, he losing three fingers. Another piece hit Lieut. Bill Blake back of the ear, inflicting a four-inch wound. To prove that there is humor, even in the most serious event, Lieut. Pat Healey, on seeing Bill Blake's wound, decided that the thing necessary was a tourniquet, so he immediately proceeded to put a tourniquet on Blake's neck; but Bill protested.

Another incident which occurred during the shelling concerned Hughie Hanna, who had been acting as Battalion Runner. He was standing outside the battalion office. I asked him to deliver

a message, and in less than ten seconds later, two large shells landed in almost the exact spot on which he had been standing.

At 22.45 o'clock, on June 26th, our entire battalion moved from the present area, marching through the Town of Anceville, and entrained on a nice little scenic railroad which carried us through fields and woods and reached the City of Toul at 6.30 o'clock, June 27th. On detraining at Toul, the hike was started, and after covering a distance of fifteen kilometers, the Town of Blenod-le-Toul was reached. We remained in this town for the next three days. That was quite a pretty town, and very clean. It was a change from what we had been finding in most towns and villages where we had stopped. The people were very kind to us, we being the first American troops in this section.

At 7.45 A. M., June 30th, we left Blenod-le-Toul and marched to the City of Toul, entraining at 14 o'clock for an unknown destination. Rumor had it that our Regiment would parade in Paris on July 4th. Other rumors had it that we would be billeted near Paris.

Early the morning of July 1st, when we reached a small suburb nine miles from Paris, we thought that rumors for once were correct; but our hopes were soon shattered, for our stay here was only long enough to switch engines and start out on a new line. We then reached the Town of Trilpot, a suburb of the City of Meaux. We detrained here and marched to the Village of Nan-teuil-les-Meaux. While detraining a very pretty girl dressed in the very latest fashion came over and watched the boys unload the baggage and remove the wagons from the cars. Many of the boys, not having seen such a pretty maiden for some time, proceeded to "make eyes," passed witty sayings, and so forth, but without any great success. The young lady seemed interested in all that was said and done, but would not take up a conversation with any one. About an hour after leaving our presence, several of our boys who went to the café in the Trilpot Depot were greatly surprised to see this same maiden walking between two French gendarmes (policemen). They watched proceedings, and fifteen minutes after the gendarmes brought her into the French Town Major's office, to make her appearance before the Prefect of the Police, the same two gendarmes came out and this pretty girl was still with them. But now she carried her hat and her very beauti-



LIEUTENANT HOWARD J. CUMMINGS, OF "K,"
who on July 23, 1918, received a compound fracture of the skull while assisting in rescuing men who were wounded by enemy fire. He has recovered from his injury.



CHATEAU-THIERRY BRIDGE
 Blown up by Germans to prevent the Americans crossing



Vaux, the town in which "K" was located at the time of the July 15th attack and from which point the apex of the big Marne offensive started.
 It was on the West Edge of this town that the first "K" boys fell in action, July 14 to 19,

ful blond wig in "his" hand. It turned out that this was a German spy. Later we learned that he was shot that same day, this privilege being given to an American soldier.

During our stay at Nanteuil, with Regimental Headquarters in the City of Meaux, an air raid took place. Seven aerial bombs were dropped in both of the above towns with the loss of nine lives, all children.

On the warning of these air raids, all the inhabitants rush for the bomb-proof cellars, which were built as protection against such raids. During the above raid the inhabitants took to these bomb-proofs. The following morning the air raid was the chief topic of conversation, and it was then learned that at least half of our boys had slept through the entire raid.

July 8d, feeling that K Company should be represented in the City of Paris for the 4th of July celebration, Lieutenant Cummings and I, after securing permission, designated ourselves as a committee of two to go to Paris and represent our home town. How well this was done I will leave to your imagination. We stayed out the night before and carried on a real celebration, just as our friends would like to have had us do. We remained in Paris until 6 o'clock, July 5th, at this time returning to the City of Meaux, where we entrucked with the Regiment. After a six-hour ride, we detrucked and marched to a woods located back of the Town of ——. On reaching these woods the boys immediately threw off their packs and falling on the ground, thoroughly fatigued, fell asleep. This sleep was short, for within two hours it was necessary to wake the men and start them digging a new line of trenches. This was the support position, and was the farthest advance of the Boche in his June drive. Shortly after our arrival in this position, we saw our first refugees leaving their homes, fleeing to the southern part of France—old men and women pulling carts loaded with what furniture could be placed thereon. Behind these carts and wagons were the animals. It certainly was a sad sight and drove the war home to us, for it reminded us of our dear folks at home, and we thought what might have been the feeling if it were our folks instead of these poor French people.

On the night of July 7th, a reconnoitering party from each company and battalion left by camions for the front line. We arrived at our destination at 4 o'clock, the morning of the 8th.

We reconnoitered the Villages of Vaux and Monneaux, the 9th Infantry, 2d Division, being at the present time located at these positions. It was the Second Division which stopped the Germans on their drive towards Paris in the middle of June. They were now to receive a well-deserved rest.

The Towns of Monneaux and Vaux were situated directly on the Paris Boulevard. On the night of July 8th, the entire Regiment moved into this present position, one platoon of K Company going into the Town of Vaux and three platoons acting in support. The advance points were held by the First Platoon of K Company and three platoons of M Company, the latter being under the command of Lieut. William Fitzgerald, of Worcester, a nephew of Rev. Edward J. Fitzgerald, of Clinton. Lieut. Ed. Price was commanding "K's" platoon. To reach the Town of Vaux it was necessary to pass through the Town of Monneaux, a distance of about 500 meters. This was an open stretch, and the enemy was situated on Hill 204, which was directly over the Town of Vaux, the latter resting in the hollow. From the hill to the right of Monneaux and Hill 204, snipers worked continually, covering the road between the two towns. Hence, great precaution was necessary in passing over it.

From our entrance into the lines at this point until the morning of July 15th, the usual front line activities took place. Patrols were sent out. Small skirmishes with the enemy were frequent.

The most disagreeable thing of all was the continual enemy artillery fire. They used considerable gas, for the reason that the present positions held by our Division were situated in hollows. Hence, a heavy concentration of gas could be placed down. We received a 24-hour diet of these shells, with the exception of a few moments that the enemy artillery-men stopped for refreshments. And in speaking about gas, many stories have been told of the dreadful effects of gas in its use during the war; but to one who has come in contact with it, and who has actually seen its terrible results, words are inadequate to describe it.

I listened with great interest to the story of the first gas attack of the war. It was launched against the Canadian soldiers at Ypres early in April, 1915. The soldier who related the story to me was in the Scotch Unit on the right of the Canadians at the time of the attack. With no means of protection, those poor men

just rushed at the Boche and ignored the fumes which were being shot at them, and the effect was hideous. In a few moments men were rolling on the ground, choking to death; others had their eyes almost burned out. In all, the Canadians suffered about 15,000 casualties from this gas. After this attack and subsequent ones, new devices were being perfected to protect the men, and when the United States entered the war, we were fortunate to have a gas mask that was near perfection itself.

There were many forms of the poisonous gases, and many schemes used in delivering the gas. There was the projector shell (each shell containing about thirty pounds of gas), the regular artillery shell, hand grenades, and cloud gas. The cloud gas was contained in cylinders, usually placed in grooves in the front line trenches, and with tubes attached leading over the top of the trench. At a given signal the cylinders are opened and with a loud hiss the gas is sent on its way into the enemy lines. This gas rolls along at a height of about six feet and in the form of a cloud. The effects of the cloud gas are terrible, for it gives the men in the front line only a few seconds to put on their masks. On one occasion the effects of a cloud gas attack were felt in the enemy lines to a depth of twenty-five kilometers. The projector gas penetrates nearly five kilometers. The depth of effect depends entirely on the wind velocity.

The regular gas shell can be identified from the other explosive shells very easily by the burst. The gas shell lands and bursts with a sort of splashing thud instead of the usual sharp report, as with the others.

The enemy used many tricks in sending over their gas. On many occasions they sent over the gas known commonly as "Tear Gas." This would affect the eyes and make it difficult to see for a long period. They would follow that with the commonly called "Sneezing Gas," which would keep one sneezing for a spell, and after putting on the mask it was a difficult feat to keep it on, owing to the sneezing. After the above slightly harmful gases, and while the men had their masks off for relief, they would follow with their mustard, chlorine, or phosgene gas, and either of these would cause the desired effect if all were not alert.

It was difficult to detect gas at times if one was not familiar with it. One gas had an odor similar to new-mown hay. Another was like sweet chocolate and many other appealing odors.

On the arrival of gas shells in the sector, an alarm was given by the sounding of klaxon horns. This alarm would be taken up by the groups on the right and left and rear. In the event of a cloud gas attack the alarm was given by the sounding of a strombos-horn. This horn could be heard for a considerable distance, and allowed those in the rear to get their masks on. If at night, a red rocket was sent up from the front lines as a warning.

The following report gives an idea of one of the methods used for shelling with gas:

PREFERABLE HOURS FOR FIRING YPERITE SHELL

Translation of a German Document: From French Xth
Army Bulletin, August 28, 1918

The following document, captured on the army front, shows that the Germans choose preferably the late hours of the night to fire their yperite shells, in order to take advantage of the evaporation of the morning hours to increase the chances of poisoning.

To the 222d Division.

August 11, 1918.

The IXth Army telegraphs:

Firing with yellow-cross shell being in order for your unit tonight, I quote you the following passage extracted from the Study of the Chief of the General Staff, II, 93,494, of August 7, 1918:

"Bombardment with yellow-cross shell will be executed preferably between 1 and 4 A. M. At first the bombardment compels the enemy to wear his masks. A few hours later, when the presence of the gas is no longer revealed by the odor, the enemy will probably take off his mask, but will be overcome later, when the sun rises, by the action of the evaporation. For this reason the principal lines of resistance of the enemy—especially groups of dug-outs, machine-gun replacements, and observation posts which have been located, as well as battery positions—should be bombarded with yellow-cross shell whenever the weather permits.

"Every attempt of the enemy to nullify the effects of our night gas bombardment in the morning should be neutralized by volleys of rifle, machine-gun, minnenwerfer, and artillery fire."

To pronounce the technical names of the various gasses, one would suffer almost as much as he would from the effects of

the gasses themselves. Just a few of the chemicals used by the Germans:

Allyl Isothiocyanate
(Allyl Mustard Oil)

It is a lachrymatory and respiratory irritant, affecting especially the eyes, nose, and throat.

The vapor is 8.3 times as heavy as air.

Benzyl Bromide

It is chiefly a lachrymator, but also irritates the respiratory organs. The vapor is 5.7 times as heavy as air.

Bromoacetone

This mixture is a lachrymatory and respiratory irritant, even in low concentrations.

The vapor is 4.5 times as heavy as air.

Brominated Methylethyl Ketone
(Brome Ketone)

It causes lachrymation, and is to some extent a respiratory irritant, in that it causes a burning sensation in the throat, but no feeling of constriction in the chest.

The mixed vapors are about 6 times as heavy as air.

Bromine

The effects of bromine are much the same as those of chlorine. Bromine is, in addition, very irritating to the eyes, even in low concentrations.

Bromine is soluble in water, and is readily absorbed by alkalis, alkaline sulphites, and thiosulphates.

Bromine vapor is $5\frac{1}{2}$ times as heavy as air.

Chloracetone

It is a lachrymator and asphyxiant similar to bromoacetone, but not so powerful.

The vapor is 8 times as heavy as air.

Chlorine

Chlorine is chiefly a respiratory irritant, although in high concentrations it affects the eyes also. It causes spasm of the glottis, burning of the nose and throat, and, at a later stage, bronchitis and œdema of the lungs.

A man exposed to a low concentration for a time is likely to develop bronchitis. In a concentration of 1-10,000, the struggle for breath becomes acute and it is probable that a man would be incapacitated within five minutes.

The gas is $2\frac{1}{2}$ times as heavy as air.

Chloromethylchloroformate
(Palite)

It is chiefly a respiratory irritant, resembling phosgene in its effects. It gives off acid fumes, acts slowly on metals, and decomposes in contact with water.

The vapor is about 4.3 times as heavy as air.

Chloropicrin
(Nitrochloroform)

Chloropicrin is a lachrymator and a respiratory irritant. Repeated exposure causes increased susceptibility. It induces cough, nausea, and vomiting, and in high concentration may cause unconsciousness. Secondary effects are bronchitis, asthma, shortness of breath, weak irregular heart, and gastritis. It may cause acute nephritis.

The vapor is 5.7 times as heavy as air.

Chlorosulphonic Acid

The liquid produces dense white fumes in the air, is irritant and corrosive, and produces severe burns when it comes in contact with the skin. It is decomposed by water with explosive violence.

Dichlorodiethyl Sulphide
(Mustard Gas)

This oily liquid is now very largely used in German shell. It has but a faint smell, resembling that of garlic or mustard.

This gas is characterized by the absence of any immediate effects (except in some cases irritation of the nose) and by its serious after-effects. In the milder cases these after-effects may be limited to nausea, vomiting, inflammation of the eyes, and slight bronchitis, while the skin on various parts of the body may become reddened or blistered. In the most severe cases the larynx, bronchial tubes, and lungs may be seriously inflamed, and there will be widely spread burns on the skin. A prolonged exposure to a low concentration causes the same general effects as a short exposure to a higher concentration.

There is usually a considerable period of delay before these after-effects manifest themselves. In the majority of cases the inflammation of the eyes does not become apparent until an hour or two after exposure to the gas, and it is sometimes postponed as long as twelve hours or more. No cases of permanent injury to the eyes have been reported. The inflammation of the eyes and of the skin clears up fairly rapidly under treatment.

The vapor is 5.8 times as heavy as air.

Diphenylchloroarsine

This is a yellow solid of slight odor, which is used either alone or mixed with "Diphosgene" and chloropicrin in high explosive shell.

In small amounts diphenylchloroarsine causes intense sneezing. Large amounts cause painful irritation of the respiratory tract.

Hydrocyanic Acid
(Prussic Acid)

This substance is a "paralysant." Moderate quantities cause vertigo, headache, palpitation of the heart, nausea, vomiting, and difficult gasping respiration. The next stage is spasm, then collapse. With inhalation of large quantities, death ensues practically immediately.

Methyl Chlorosulphonate

It is a lachrymator and asphyxiant.

The vapor is about 4.3 times as heavy as air.

Phenylcarbylamine Chloride

It is a lachrymator and somewhat of an asphyxiant.

The vapor is about 6 times as heavy as air.

Phosgene
(Carbonyl Chloride)

Phosgene is a colorless gas, which is used, mixed with chlorine, for cloud gas attacks. It is used as pure liquid phosgene in trench mortar and other shell. It is mixed with trichloromethylchloroformate and with diphenylchloroarsine.

Phosgene has a peculiar odor, described as that of "musty hay." It acts chiefly as a respiratory irritant, but is also lachrymatory. The effect differs from that of chlorine in that, in small concentrations, its influence is limited mainly to the terminal air cells of the lungs. This effect leads to œdema of the lungs, accompanied by interference with the passage of oxygen inwards, and consequent cyanosis—a grave condition—and often death. It usually takes some hours for the serious symptoms to develop, and in the interval there may be no sign of danger. The first symptoms are dizziness and cyanosis on exertion. Phosgene incapacitates a man more slowly than the same concentration of chlorine, but is more poisonous in its after-effects.

Phosgene may be recognized by its odor. Tobacco smoked subsequently by a man lightly gassed by phosgene has an unpleasant and objectionable taste. This is the well-known phosgene tobacco reaction.

Sulphur Trioxide

This is a white solid, which is used, mixed with chlorosulphuric acid, in hand grenades, and also in shell containing high explosive. It evolves dense white fumes.

Sulphur trioxide is irritating to the nose, throat, and lungs, but its effect on the eyes is negligible.

Trichloromethylchloroformate
(Diphosgene)

"Diphosgene" is an oily liquid, with a disagreeable, suffocating odor. It is largely used in shells, replacing "Palite." It is mixed, as a rule, with chloropicrin and phosgene.

The physiological effects of "Diphosgene" are almost identical with those of phosgene. It is less lachrymatory than "Palite," but more suffocating and more toxic.

The vapor is 6.6 times as heavy as air.

Trioxymethylene

Trioxymethylene is an imperfectly crystalline solid, which has been found to a small extent in specimens of "mustard gas" from shell.

The vapor is very irritating to the throat and lungs.

The total quantity of poison gas used by the Germans on the Western Front was very large, and probably amounted to several thousand tons every month. On one stretch of front alone it was estimated that a million gas shells of various kinds were used within thirty days.

One of the saddest sights of the war was to see the men who were badly gassed being taken to the dressing stations, groaning and squirming in agony, with their bodies burned raw by mustard gas, their eyes burning, clutching their throats as they were gasping for breath. It was indeed a sad picture when one thought of the contrast of these same boys only a few days before as they marched up in the direction of the lines, singing, whistling, and with a gay spirit as they swung along the highways. They now looked so different as hundreds of them came back to the field dressing stations, some walking, dragging their tortured bodies along on exhausted legs, others being carried on stretchers, and a few of the blind being guided by less seriously wounded buddies. The scenes of gas cases in the hospitals were also pitiful ones. Ward after ward was filled with these gassed forms, some with oxygen tubes in their mouths in order to maintain what little life there was left, others with arms strapped and bleeding from incisions made just above the elbows in order to free all the poisonous black blood in the system. The after-effects of gas are to be feared much more than the effects of most wounds.

During our early training in gas warfare, defensive measures for personal protection were taught. Great stress was laid upon the fact that it was absolutely necessary for personal safety to shave daily and keep the face clear, so that the mask would fit snug and not allow gas fumes to penetrate through the edges. With these thoughts in mind, every man shaved

daily, and all decided that no chances would be taken. The letter of the law was carried out. Shortly after our arrival in the lines, several of the older French outfits were met, and here we found many of the Frenchmen, who had been in the war for four years, wearing long beards. Our boys stared in amazement and then decided that their first guess was right—that when the call comes you just must answer it, and shaving daily was no great barrier.

The Town of Veaux possessed a railroad which connected Château-Thierry and Paris, the railroad station being on a high banking over the town. Belleau Woods, in which the Marines made their famous fighting name, was situated one kilometer on the left. The railroad bridge a short distance from the station crossed the Paris road, and this point was considered of great value.

Our boys were ever alert to play with the Boche at his own game, and as time went on and experience was gained, they invented several very useful little devices. One of the stunts was the sending out of patrols and laying of traps in No Man's Land. Grenades were set out with strings or wire attached. These strings were then tied to long sticks of wood or other *débris*, which the enemy were liable to step on or trip over, and cause the grenades to explode. At one time a large number of German potato mashers (grenades with long wooden handles similar to a potato masher) were placed about seventy-five meters in front of our barbed-wire. The strings were attached to these mashers, which were on a line covering our whole Company front, were carried forward to our own line, and placed in the trench. If an enemy patrol was out in front, they were allowed to advance until they arrived between our wires and the grenade-traps, and then the string was pulled, setting off the trap. At the same time all the men in our trench opened up and the patrol was in a bad mess. Only those who had charmed lives escaped whole.

July 12th, we heard of a message which was intercepted about a week ago from a Boche colonel to his headquarters in the rear. He said, "Those damn Americans are harder fighters than the British or Canadians ever were." That's the lesson the boys were teaching.

On the night of July 14th there seemed to be exceptionally

heavy shelling laid on our positions. At 3.30 o'clock on the morning of the 15th a heavy barrage was started by the enemy. It continued until 4.30, and at this moment was followed by an attack. On the start of the attack our boys sent up the rocket signal requesting a barrage. Less than one minute later, our artillery was playing on the German lines. The attacking forces drove in in large numbers, coming from various directions, centering their attack toward the railroad station.

Fierce fighting took place with one platoon of M Company on the left edge of the town, it becoming necessary for this platoon to withdraw about 100 meters, leaving the left flank of K Company's platoon open. A large detachment of the enemy swung in on the left of "K." The right groups of the town held fast, making it impossible for the enemy to take the railroad bridge. After one hour of stiff fighting, a great deal of which was hand-to-hand and with odds of ten to one, the enemy succeeded in gaining a position in the railroad station. No sooner had they gained the station, than the platoon from "K" and one platoon from M Company reorganized and made a combined attack. M Company men cleared the banking to the left above the station and drove the Germans back. One section in "K's" platoon took a position on the right of the station and opened fire on the depot, making it impossible for any one to pass between the station and the banking without becoming a casualty. At the same time, members of "K" crawled up the side of the banking in front of the station and opened a barrage with grenades. Some put grenades through the windows and others were thrown far up, so that they would pass down through the broken roof and into the rooms of the station, and thus drove out or killed every German located in the station.

One member of the German party seemed to be immune to all rifle and grenade fire. There seemed to be this one man running at regular intervals between the banking and the entrance of the depot, a distance of ten meters. Every time this man or number of men passed, a heavy concentration of rifle and automatic fire greeted him. Although apparently hit many times, he never seemed to be affected or become a casualty. After daybreak, on the driving out of the Germans and the reoccupying of the position by our boys, it was found that it was a large

stuffed dummy that was used to draw fire, and on examination, said dummy was completely riddled with bullets.

After driving back what few men were located near the depot, our lines were once more reoccupied, and a distance of fifty meters of the German lines taken, we having our outposts there. Our troops now took possession of the group of houses on the left edge of Vaux. These houses had been occupied by Boche during the time the 9th Infantry were in the town.

The group which executed the attack on the depot and did such splendid work was under the direct command of Lieutenant Price and Sergeant Martin H. O'Malley, with them being Sergeant Christopher Sullivan, John Maroney, David (Duke) Templeton, Reginald Bates, Michael J. Tierney, Douglas Ross, Reginald Beal, Francis Krause, Ernest Bryant, Arthur Irwin, Lester Curtis, James Kirby, Edwin Armstrong, Alfred Hall, James Creswell. This group stook the bulk of the fighting for some minutes, and on their retaking of the depot, it was found that about sixty dead Germans were in and near the depot.

This group also assisted at the defense of the railroad bridge crossing the Paris Road. Of course, this entire battle was not fought alone by "K" and "M" Companies. Much splendid work was done by L Company, of Natick, who were situated on the left of "K," and I Company, of Boston, on the left of L Company.

During the attack, Edwin Armstrong, Lawrence Litchfield, William Burgwinkle, Mike Suzinski and Michael J. Tierney were badly wounded. John J. McKenzie and Paul Mansfield, both of whom were acting as stretcher-bearers, were taken prisoners. These two men were in the act of dressing wounds of their comrades when they were taken.

The heavy shelling which preceded the attack was responsible for the death of George Mealey, Everett Minigan, and Charles S. Myers. Of those wounded, Tierney, Litchfield, and Armstrong were the most serious, Armstrong having got in the direct line of the enemy machine-gun and Tierney being hit on the side of the head by a German grenade. While rounding up the wounded, several boys came across Tierney lying in a shell hole. After examination they thought him dead, and threw a blanket over him. A short while later, more men passing by the same shell hole lifted the blanket to look at Tierney, and discovered a slight movement.

They then took off one of their woolen putties and wound it about his head. Very little hope was entertained for his recovery, for later reports received from the hospital said that he would be disabled for life, even though he should survive. Armstrong died at a hospital in Le Ferte the following day and in his death "K" lost one of its old standbys. Ed. Armstrong was a happy, congenial buddy and a corking good soldier. Litchfield, although badly shot up, recovered and returned to the company.

As soon as he was hit, George Mealey became excited and started to run through the wheatfields toward the First Aid Dressing Station in Bourboulín. On reaching the dressing station, it was found that one piece of shell had gone through his back and punctured his lung. The exertion of running was such a strain, and he had lost so much blood, that his chances of recovery were very poor, and he died the following day.

Everett Minigan was hit at almost the same instant as Mealey. A piece of shell fragment pierced his back just below the left shoulder blade. As soon as he was hit he turned to his pals and said, "Boys, give me a drink of water, for I guess that I'm all in." The boys did everything within their power to assist him, but in a very few minutes, with a bright smile on his face, he bade the boys "Good-by" and passed away.

The other victim of this shelling was Charles S. Myers. As he was preparing to go over the top a shell landed within a few feet of him, and he was killed instantly.

All these boys were buried by the lads of "K." There are many duties a soldier is called upon to perform, but the one that is hardest of all is the burying of his pals who have fallen in battle. Not only do happy moments of companionship flash over one's mind, but the thoughts of those dear ones at home who probably at that very moment are awaiting a letter or praying for the safety of the lad who has given his all for his God and Country and is now lying in a blanket or a plain wooden box about to be lowered into the ground of a strange land, thousands of miles from home and loved ones.

There is no Taps sounded and no ceremony; the only volley fired over his grave is by the Germans as their machine-gun bullets whiz overhead. The plain pine box made by the Company mechanics is lowered into the roughly dug hole. With

helmets in hand, the boys say a prayer—and if ever prayers in this world come from the heart, they are these—and then the box is covered. Thus another plot of French soil is made sacred by the body and blood of a real American hero. As soon as the grave is covered and a rough cross is placed over it with the hero's iron helmet on top and one of his identification tags tied on the cross-arm, the boys take up their rifles and bayonets and return to their grim task.

As the casualties occurred we dreaded the effect they would have back home. It is not always the man who is wounded that deserves the most sympathy. The man who goes through the various battles seeing his pals picked off wounded and killed has to contend with a terrible mental strain, not a case of fear of being killed; but as the others fall he wonders how long he will have to wait for his wound, and will it be as bad as the other fellows'?

On receiving word at Headquarters of the above attack, Captain Foley, Battalion Commander, immediately organized his Headquarters, laid plans for liaison between Battalion and Regimental Headquarters, and from Battalion Headquarters to the front line. He proceeded immediately through the wheat fields from the Town of Bourboulín over the Paris road and into the woods on the left of Vaux. Here he established his Headquarters, and then ordered a counter attack. The counter attack was made with great success. After the counter attack, and the American lines being once more established, Captain Foley went about through the Town of Vaux and the other positions held by his battalion, encouraging his men and praising them for their wonderful work. He gave special commendation to the members of "K," who had stood the bulk of the attack.

It was during this engagement that Lieutenant Fitzgerald was killed, he being out in the front with a small group of bombers attacking a group of about fifty Germans. After cornering the Germans, he ordered them to surrender. They all threw up their hands, crying "Kamerade," but one German, concealed behind a building, used his revolver, shooting Lieutenant Fitzgerald in the back of the head, he dying instantly. The fellow who had been acting as the Lieutenant's orderly and who was

with him during this fight, was driven almost insane by the loss of his officer; and, turning about, he thrust his bayonet into the assassin several times, putting him among the rest of the "good ones."

During this attack, 1st Lieut. George Moyse, of Waltham, was in command of K Company. Lieut. Edward Price was in command of the first platoon. Lieutenant Price had direct supervision of all the "K" boys who were in the thick of this attack. During the entire Battle of the Marne (Château-Thierry) Lieutenant Moyse was in command of "K;" Lieut. Edward J. Price was in command of the first platoon; Lieut. Stephen T. Schoonmaker was in command of the second platoon; Lieut. Donald S. Francis was in command of the third platoon; and Lieut. Leo A. Adams was in command of the fourth platoon.

Owing to the great exposure in the positions held by the entire battalion on the line, it was not possible to prepare meals either in the Town of Vaux or Monneaux. So the rolling kitchens were placed in the woods in back of the Town of Monneaux, at a distance of about one kilometer. Meals were prepared here and carried to the men in the lines by ration details. This was a very difficult and dangerous task, for hardly a single detail passed through without at least one casualty per trip.

Never was there a more faithful and willing crowd than the mess sergeants, cooks, and K. P.'s in preparing meals and sending them to their pals in the line. For K Company, Ed. Reddy was a trump. The "K" boys always felt that if it were possible to have meals, "Breaky" (Reddy) would have meals there for them; and when no meals were furnished, there was very little complaint, for they felt that it was impossible to secure them.

On the starting of the above attack, all the cooks and K. P.'s of K Company and the other three companies of our battalion organized into one platoon. As soon as they had organized, doing this of their own free will, they immediately sent word to Captain Foley that they were all ready, and requested that they be allowed to accompany him to the Town of Vaux and participate in the counter attack.

This spirit, and the wonderful spirit displayed by the men in the line at looking after their buddies who were wounded, is far beyond words of praise. The fellows who were fortunate enough to escape without wounds or being gassed, insisted upon placing themselves in exposed positions to carry in their buddies and get them back to the First Aid Station. No thought was given to their own difficulties, but these wounded pals had to be taken care of.

The effects of the attack were dying out, and things were becoming normal once more, until about noon, when several German machine-guns took up positions directly opposite K Company's location. These machine-guns were able to enfilade the posts held by "K," making it almost impossible for the boys to make any move during the daytime. This thing became acute, and a quick consultation was held. Sergeant Douglas Ross, calling to several of his pals, decided that the machine-gun nests must be dispersed. So Ross, accompanied by Ernest Bryant and James R. Kirby, proceeded to crawl forward about 14 o'clock (2 P. M.) with the intention of capturing or driving out the above-mentioned machine-gun nests. These boys had gone about twenty-five yards when an opportunity presented itself, and all three opened fire. Two of the five Boche machine-gunners were killed, but by this time all three "K" boys were in a very dangerous position, having very little means of cover. They again attempted to attack the nest, advancing on hands and knees, when all of a sudden a sniper who had hidden in another nest fired, and Kirby rose and said, "Good-by, Doug." He then fell backward dead, being shot through the heart. The other two boys returned safely, but with great difficulty. This was an act of rare courage, and all three should have been decorated for same. Later Ross was presented with the Distinguished Service Cross for this and other acts of bravery during the above attack.

To reach the front line with reinforcements, Captain Foley was compelled to take the reinforcements and counter-attacking troops across a large wheatfield which was directly under observation by the Germans. This was always a very dangerous performance, but the thoughts of danger were far from the minds of either Captain Foley or his troops. He was determined that

all Germans who had reached the American lines be killed or captured, and the lines once more reestablished. While crossing through this wheatfield on my second trip, it being necessary for me to return to Battalion Headquarters to establish the liaison by runners, I was carrying a number of bandoleers (sacks carrying extra ammunition) when a sniper put two holes through the canvas straps less than two inches under my knuckles. Needless to say, Mother Earth and I became very close friends. I endeavored to hug same tighter than ever. When a fellow is prone on the ground with snipers' bullets whizzing within a distance of only a few inches over his head, he feels that every blade of grass is holding his body at least a couple of feet up from the ground. It is anything but a grand and glorious feeling. While trying to avoid the bullets of the snipers, we crawled through the wheat in an endeavor to get back of a small knoll which might be some protection. After crawling on our stomachs for about twenty-five meters, we reached what from a distance looked like a nice clear spot; but found ourselves right in a group of about fifteen dead Boche and three dead Americans. These men had been dead for two or three weeks and were now in a decomposed state. Any person who has never crawled into a nest like that and been compelled to remain there for some time, being almost choked from the stench, cannot appreciate what a weird sensation it is. In burying these dead it is often necessary to wear gas masks, owing to the odor.

A member of the 26th Division, Photographic Section, who was on his way to take some moving pictures-of-action, accompanied us through this field and had the very pleasant sensation of having at least one hole shot through his camera. During the attack a large number of prisoners were taken. These were marched back to Battalion Headquarters, and as usual the detail bringing them back secured many souvenirs.

There had been several rumors that the German Government were complaining that their men who were taken prisoners were not treated with consideration as per the rules for prisoners of war. This was simply propaganda, for when the above prisoners were taken to Battalion Headquarters, they were then presented by the Y. M. C. A. Secretary with a package of American cig-



General Von Hindenburg bulldozing his boys



Street scene near St. Mihiel after attack



So this is Paris !

**View of Boulevard taken from steps of Madeleine Church
in the heart of Paris.**



Community Center, Rubeville (Vosges)

All hands meet here to drink (water), wash, and gossip



The Americans made a wonderful impression in the Paris celebration of July 4, 1918.



K Company at drill wearing gas masks. These make mighty uncomfortable veils.



Courtesy of *American Legion Weekly*

Punishment that was a pleasure

arettes and a bar of American chocolate. This was quite a contrast to the treatment accorded to our own men in the lines, who, on account of not being able to secure the money, were denied these luxuries by the same Secretary for the past two weeks.

Prisoners taken later during the Château-Thierry Drive, who were members of the same organization as those participating in the attack, informed us that their regiment lost approximately 500 men who had been killed, wounded, or captured during this attack.

Perhaps it would be well to give a slight explanation of the reason for the above attack by the enemy. About 16 o'clock (4 P. M.), July 14th, the Germans started their second big drive to smash their way into Paris. This attack was to take place along the front from Château-Thierry to Rheims, and as is the usual plan for an attack of this size, some scheme is devised whereby the enemy might be induced to withdraw certain portions of their troops from certain points to be attacked, thereby weakening the line. So, this attack taking place from Château-Thierry to the right, the Boche executed a diversion attack on the left of Château-Thierry, the bulk of which was against the Town of Vaux. The enemy artillery, having started at 16 o'clock on the afternoon of the 14th, continued until about 21 o'clock (8 P. M.), at which time the attack started. The French and American troops along the entire front being attacked, fought desperately, and not only retained their original line, but in many places advanced and drove the Boche back several kilometers.

On the night of the 15th the enemy artillery was exceptionally active for several hours. During this artillery activity there was a heavy thunder and lightning storm. It was a weird sensation to watch the flash of the guns mingling with the flash of the lightning, and hear the roar of thunder and cannon as you waited in the muddy shell holes awaiting another attack from the enemy. Two patrols sent out to secure information lost their bearings, as the electric storm interfered with the working of the compasses carried by the men on the patrol, and they came very near entering the German lines.

About 23 o'clock (11 P. M.) a battalion of the enemy was discovered opposite our present line, evidently with an intention to

attack. Word was sent to our artillery and a heavy barrage was laid on the very spot where this battalion had assembled. The enemy dispersed and withdrew. All day, the 17th, "K" was subjected to heavy shelling with gas and high explosives, this in retaliation for the enemy losses of the 15th. During this afternoon final orders were received by the officers for the monster counter offensive to be launched by the Allies. Late in the evening, word was passed to the men that they would prepare for the attack which would start on the morning of the 18th. The necessary extra ammunition, flares, etc., were distributed. The boys destroyed all mail and other identification marks in their possession which might be of value in identifying our units in the event of capture by the enemy.

When final instructions for the attack of tomorrow were issued, one of the men who was most affected in feelings was Chaplain Boucher. Father Boucher gathered all the boys who were available together in the old barn at Taffourney Farm (which was Battalion Headquarters) and after giving words of encouragement, all the boys knelt down on the manure covered floor and Father Boucher gave them a general absolution. He then offered up a prayer for both the Protestant and Catholic boys, for in time of battle, there is but one religion with the men about to enter the battle, and that is a soldier's creed. "All for one (God) and one for all." Father Boucher was a very much loved man, for he lived in the front lines with the boys continually, and the boys of his battalion never went on raids or attacks without him.

The plan of attack by the Allies was to pivot on Château-Thierry, extending on the right of Rheims and on the left of Soissons. The Town of Vaux at this time was to be the moving pivot of the line. The 101st Infantry being the right extreme of the line in the Town of Vaux, and the French unit having their extreme left joining the 101st, the movement was to be made as a pincers. The movement started from Soissons and Rheims closing in, thereby forming a pocket, each moving in succession from left to center and right to center.

On the morning of the 18th, the attack started. The movement continued during the day with success.

On the 19th, at 16 o'clock (4 P. M.), the signal was passed for the center of the line to advance, narrowing the pocket. The signal was given, and our boys started to advance. We had not gone very far when we were confronted by an enfillading fire which seemed like fifty machine-guns. To advance, it was necessary to go up a steep banking and across an open plain. The enemy were situated in a woods directly in front, and it was in these woods that the heavy machine-gun fire was located. Our line advanced about 100 meters. Our losses were so heavy that it was necessary to hold the line and consolidate until artillery assistance could be secured. Our position was also subjected to a heavy minnenwerfer fire. These minnenwerfers are very deadly, and oftentimes are called "Flying pigs." The shells range in size from three to fourteen inches in diameter. When the order was issued for our point of the line to advance, one of the first men to step up out of the trench and into the open was Sergeant William S. Carlyle. He was directing his section of automatic rifle men when an explosive bullet from an enemy machine-gun struck him and killed him instantly. In the death of Bill Carlyle the boys of "K" lost an excellent soldier and a whole-hearted bud-die. His platoon mourned the loss of a brave leader and the Company the loss of one of its oldest and most fearless soldiers. Lieut. Donald Dunbar, of Springfield, and Lieut. James Mansfield, of Concord, were both killed within a few minutes after the start of this attack.

In preparing for the attack, Captain Foley was lying prone on the ground, answering the telephone, which was brought forward by the signal corps men and was several times completely covered by sand caused by the landing of the minnenwerfers. A Runner who had just come through with some messages from Regimental Headquarters concerning the attack, also brought several letters which had been at Headquarters for several days. One of these letters Captain Foley opened and found it was from his brother and contained some very good news. While reading the letter between machine-gun bullets and minnenwerfer shells, he repeated one passage in which his brother told how happy he was that the war was so nearly over and was pleased to know that we were having it easy. This caused a laugh, for such news as

the letter contained could not be imagined at this moment. I suggested to the Captain that it was much better that the people at home did not know the real news, for it would cause them a lot of extra worry.

Several prisoners were taken at this point, and under great difficulty (several punches in the jaw, etc.) were made to disclose the location of the "minnies." On discovering the exact location of these, our artillery very shortly put them out of commission.

At 4 o'clock on the morning of the 20th, once more the advance was started. This time orders were that nothing in the world was to stop our troops. The right end of our line swung along the Paris road toward Château-Thierry, connecting with the French troops on our right. Original orders had it that the Americans would take the city, but the French had requested that they be allowed the honor of taking the city, and this was accorded to them. So, with the French in the city and Americans on both edges, thus was Château-Thierry captured. The attack continued up the sloped-in front of Vaux along the Paris road, through ravines, through woods, and over a wide stream. The resistance was now confined almost entirely to machine-gun and minnenwerfer fire, the Boche retreating and fighting a rear guard action. By the determined attacks of our troops, all these hindering points were wiped out, and the occupants either captured or killed; and on account of the losses in our ranks during the early part of this engagement, the great majority of the enemy were listed among the latter class. Very few prisoners were taken during the entire Marne Battle.

It now was apparent that the enemy felt the power of the Allied punch and was withdrawing. He was successful in carrying off considerable of his larger guns, but still a great deal of artillery material was left behind in the rush. After four hours of fighting, the outskirts of the City of Château-Thierry were reached, and a small community located here was partly demolished. This section passed through, there faced us a long and almost perpendicular hill which had to be climbed. The hill looked as though it were straight up and down, and to a lot of boys who had been fighting for many days with no food or rest, and with the usual load of accouterment resting on their backs,

I assure you that the climb was not a very welcome one. But hill or dale makes no difference in the heat of an attack, and after the heart-breaking climb we faced another set of woods. These were cleared and a few prisoners taken, they being older men who assured us that they did not fire against our troops (their usual cry), and were there only because they were forced to remain by the officer of their battalion, who threatened to shoot them if they retreated. Our boys were now on the plain on the hill overlooking the city, and on the west edge of the city (Château-Thierry). This city, although in the hands of the enemy for some time, and having been shelled frequently, was not as badly demolished as some cities and towns we had been in. The outer edges of the city suffered most. When first taken a great number of elderly French inhabitants were found, who had been there all during the stay of the enemy. They were forced to live in cellars while the Boche lived in the luxurious quarters of the large homes. In the cathedral of the city, which had been wrecked considerably, were found bundles and heaps of loot which had been taken from the houses of the city. It was stored in the cathedral, awaiting an opportunity to ship back to Germany. Much of the real art of the city that was not stolen was daubed with paint and grease or spoiled in other ways, thus showing the spirit of the enemy.

Many lights were left burning in the houses, indicating that the Boche left in a great hurry. A halt was made in order to reorganize and prepare for further advance. While rounding up prisoners through the woods and farmhouses on the hill overlooking the city, three mines or traps exploded, killing one and wounding about eight other members of G Company, of Worcester. Late in the afternoon the advance was continued. A railroad track and embankment were reached. Here we reorganized and waited for further orders.

During the night of the 22d the farm at which Regimental Headquarters was located was set on fire by enemy shells and was extinguished only after great effort by the headquarters men.

On the morning of July 23d, at 3.30 o'clock, the advance was continued. The third battalion, on account of its hard fighting during the drive and the several days prior, were assigned as reserve for the Regiment. C Company of the first battalion hav-

ing lost a great number of men, the first platoon of K Company was assigned to reinforce C Company, and they were to continue in the attacking battalion. In advancing through wheatfields and woods, the south edge of the Town of Trugny was reached. The 102d Infantry was to cover Trugny, and the 101st Infantry the wheatfields and woods on the right. The first battalion of our Regiment proceeded through Trugny Woods and the second battalion followed in support, at a distance of 500 meters. The third battalion followed in reserve. The first battalion was successful in passing into the woods. The second battalion also followed without any great resistance, but as soon as the third battalion had reached the woods, terrific machine-gun fire was opened by the enemy from both flanks and the front. The enemy was successful in cleverly camouflaging these machine-gun nests, although it meant absolute death to the German machine-gunners if they remained at their position and continued to fire. While this deadly machine-gun fire continued, a barrage was laid by the enemy directly in rear of our battalion. This barrage started to shorten. It was then necessary for our troops to withdraw through the barrage for a distance of about 100 meters, to take up a line of resistance in the center of the woods and clear the enemy nests with snipers and automatic riflemen. During this fight, as the machine-guns and the enemy artillery continued to play on our men, a large number of casualties occurred. It was in these woods that Scotty, the fifteen-year-old Brookline boy, made his name famous by doing such wonderful work with his automatic rifle. When Scotty was found he was leaning over on his automatic rifle, dead; but directly in front of him were thirty-one German bodies which he had mowed down before a sniper had picked him off. This was just one of the many acts of heroism displayed on this occasion. I saw two boys carried in by First Aid men badly wounded. Each one of these wounded boys had a First Aid Tag tied on his coat. These tags had been placed there about an hour previous, and both were on their way to the First Aid Station in the rear. Learning of the difficulty in which their comrades were, and of the number of casualties among their pals, they returned to the fight absolutely ignoring their original wounds, and were now carried in wounded for the second time within one hour. Another lad who

had been shot through the shoulder was lying on a stretcher suffering from the effects of a very serious wound, but he insisted upon getting up and walking in order that some buddie more seriously wounded would be carried on the stretcher. He walked three kilometers to the First Aid Station. These are just a few of like incidents showing the love of the boys for their buddies. Personal suffering was second consideration.

When things looked awfully gloomy, eight large Allied planes were seen coming in our direction. At last we felt that assistance was near, and all were happy, for these planes could locate enemy artillery positions and notify our artillery, and they could be counter-battered and put out of commission. The planes came nearer, sailed low directly over our troops, and much to our surprise, as well as discomfort, all eight planes opened their machine-guns on our men. We then learned that these planes were occupied by German aviators. They had been captured during the March drive at Soissons.

It was during this engagement that Lieut. Howard Cummings was mortally wounded. He was assisting in carrying out the wounded near Regimental Headquarters when a shell landed close by where he and two pals were working. A shell knocked all three in one heap. On the arrival of a First Aid man, it was discovered that the man on the bottom was dead, the man on the top was dead, and Lieutenant Cummings in the center had received a compound fracture of the skull. Howie's last message before his long lapse into unconsciousness was to the doctor, asking him to tell the boys of K Company to continue their good work, for the folks at home were proud of them.

Late in the afternoon of the 23d the advance was resumed. On the continuing of the attack it was necessary to clear the wheatfield extending from the Village of Trugny to Trugny Woods on the east, a distance of one kilometer. The wheatfield was on a slope running up toward Epieds. As soon as our troops started to cross through the wheat, a regular hail of machine-gun bullets met them. It was now necessary to maneuver about and clear the machine-gun nests which infested the field. After about two hours of perfect hell, the boys succeeded by infiltration to clear

the advance nests, and then, by a circular movement from the front and from Trugny Woods on the right, all the Boche machine-gunners were either killed or driven off, most of them the former. Even in all this hell it was a funny sight to see some of our boys running and chasing the Boche with bayonets and throwing grenades after them.

On taking this wheatfield, we found that the Germans had a well-organized system of nests, these averaging one to every seven or eight yards all along the field in the deep wheat. As the casualties occurred here, our First Aid men, with their Red Cross flags and brassards, proceeded to go out and bring in the wounded; but the enemy saw fit to break all the unwritten rules of warfare and shot and killed these First Aid men even as they displayed the insignia of the Red Cross.

On the morning of the 24th, the Town of Epieds was reached. Continuing in the direction of Courpoil, the Regiment was successful in driving the enemy from each position which they held. During the afternoon of the 24th, we were facing a very heavy shelling. It was during this shelling that Lieut. Lawrence Flaherty, of Boston, and Capt. Francis Leahy (who was commanding the Second Battalion) were killed. Late in the afternoon of the 24th the Bois de Tary and late in the evening the Bois-de-Fere were taken.

At night, as "K" advanced, we could see the reflection on the sky of the illumination from the ammunition dumps which the enemy set on fire as they retreated.

During our stay in these woods we were subjected to terrific artillery bombardment. This was placed down to prevent our advance, so that the enemy might have more time in withdrawing his heavy guns and material. Prior to the starting of every attack, picks and shovels are given to the men to carry, so that they may be able to dig in on establishing a new position. All during this present drive, I had carried a shovel with expectation that as soon as our objective had been reached, or that it became necessary to dig in, I would be equipped with the necessary tool for digging. On reaching the Bois-de-Fere, in which our battalion halted for reorganization, we decided that some cover was neces-

sary for safety. After throwing off my pack, I took the shovel, as did many of the other boys, and endeavored to dig in; but, on touching the shovel to Mother Earth, much to our disappointment, we found that nothing less than dynamite would make an impression, for we had halted on a rocky section. Hence, I discarded my pet shovel, collected several large limbs of trees, and made a lean-to with the hope that this might stop shell fragments. During this shelling, Colonel Logan and his entire staff were located in a gutter alongside the road near Bois-de-Fere. This was a splendid spirit shown by the Colonel for being exposed this way, as it gave added courage to his men. It is just one instance of the reason Colonel Logan was so well loved by his men.

There were two classes of men who did wonderful work and whose brave deeds and heroic efforts were carried on and often unnoticed and never recorded—the “Litter Bearers” (stretcher bearers). These men worked like busy bees during every engagement. They administered First Aid to the wounded and often had to carry a buddie on a stretcher for two or three kilometers before reaching a dressing station, and this work was done under heavy shell and machine-gun fire. Their motto always was, “Help your buddie first and never mind yourself.”

“The Runners”—these boys who carried messages through all kinds of bombardments and never found time to allow shell fire or gas to prevent the delivering of a message which they were intrusted with. There were many means of sending messages from the front lines to the rear—telephone, telegraph, dogs, pigeons, wireless, buzzer phone, rockets, blinker lights, and runners. The always sure and reliable course was the runner. He could be depended upon. It was inspiring to watch these runners as they passed through gas-covered and shell-swept territory, and in a short while after the message which meant so much to the result of every engagement was delivered safely, they could be seen rushing back with a reply message, often calling for reinforcements or much-needed ammunition, etc. To show the danger under which these runners worked, it might be mentioned that often ten or twelve runners were killed before a single message was delivered. When the full history of the war is written, I hope the “Stretcher Bearers” and the “Runners” will receive just recognition and their full share of praise.

Much has been said about America coming into the war late, and that the French and British had fought for so much longer a period than the Americans. This may be true in length of time of participation, but the old adage once more has proved its worth, when they say, "Actions speak louder than words." One of the best examples, which might prove that the United States made up in actions what they lost in time, is as follows:

When this present drive started (2d Battle of the Marne), joining the 101st Infantry at the apex of the movement was the 154th French Infantry Regiment. When the advance started on the 19th, this regiment advanced alongside of the 101st. On the night of the 21st, the 154th French Regiment was relieved by the 146th French Infantry Regiment. The 146th Infantry Regiment advanced and on the night of the 22d was relieved by the 156th French Infantry. This regiment continued the attack until late in the afternoon of the 24th, at which time the 156th French Regiment was relieved by the 101st U. S. Infantry. Thus, the 101st Infantry, with the entire 26th Division, continued to advance, while three French Infantry Regiments, advancing alongside of it, were relieved; and the Third French Regiment to be relieved was relieved by the 101st Infantry.

If this situation occurred with our Regiment, I have reason to believe that it must have occurred with others. It gives a very good idea of how fast and hard Americans worked during the length of time which they participated in European festivities.

Late in the afternoon of July 25th, our Regiment was relieved by the 168th U. S. Infantry (42d Division). We then marched back and acted as support until the afternoon of the 26th.

Late in the afternoon of the 26th, the 101st Infantry started for the rear, marching through a heavy rain and deep mud to the Laconoia Farm, which was situated on the crest of the hill on the west edge of Château-Thierry. Here in the woods, surrounding the Farm, our battalion was to be billeted. With the heavy rain and no shelter, most of the boys stood up for the rest of the night, hoping that daybreak would bring sunshine, to dry up the ground in order that they might have a chance to lie down and rest. Although exhausted from the terrific strain under which they had been fighting the two weeks previous, no great

amount of complaining or kicking was done; but one could hear, all through the woods, the famous saying which was used by the French soldiers when anything went wrong, "*C'est la Guerre.*" (It is the war.) We remained in the woods for the next three days and the rain continued for two of the three days, stopping only at intervals.

The 29th, the Regiment moved back to the Town of Bezu. On the night of the 29th, the billeting party was sent out to the Village of Caumont.

July 30th, at 10 A. M., our battalion arrived in the Village of Caumont. We were to remain in this town for several days, it being our first rest in six months. The town itself had been evacuated, there remaining but two families. The Boche having advanced close to this village, all the people moved to the interior of the country. This section was also the scene of the first Battle of the Marne. As was the case with the City of Meaux, where we billeted prior to the Château-Thierry Drive, this was the farthest advance of the enemy in 1914.

We remained in Caumont until August 5th. Regimental Headquarters was located at this time in the Village of St. Auld, and the Divisional Headquarters in the Town of Nanteuil. During our stay here, regimental and divisional maneuvers were held in preparing for our next engagement. Also, while located here, an order was issued granting each officer and enlisted man (who could scrape the price together) a forty-eight-hour pass to visit Paris. Many of the members of K Company took advantage of this trip. Lieutenants Dave Brickley and John Riley (the fighting Irishman) and I secured our forty-eight hours. We felt that inasmuch as we had helped to save Paris, it was no more than right that we should help to paint the city. Hence, our plans were laid accordingly. Following the old adage, "When in Rome, do as the Romans do," we applied this adage to Paris. Several members of "K" also visited the city.

While in Paris on a visit, Major Foley and several other officers were invited to visit one of the schools in which English was taught. To show off the children, the teacher had them recite in English for the visitors. To show that they were familiar with all the countries of the Allies, the teacher asked if any child

knew the National anthem of England. One child arose and said, "God Save the King." When asked if he knew the anthem of France, the reply was, "La Marseillaise." When the question as to the National anthem of America was asked, nearly every child raised his hand. Calling on one boy, the teacher said, "Tell us the name of the National anthem of these brave Americans who came so many thousands of miles and fought so heroically for France." The boy replied, "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here!"

On August 10th, a Divisional Athletic Meet was held at Nanteuil (sur Marne).

Often the sarcastic cry of "Who won the War?" has been heard, and the usual reply is called back, "The Y. M. C. A." or "The M. P.'s." The people wonder at the universal feeling against these two branches. As to the former (the Y.) I have nothing to say, for I feel that a tremendous lot has already been heaped upon it. But our friends the M. P.'s were ever a despised set. It certainly is too bad that the disfavor of an entire army is drawn down on this branch of our service, and all on account of a small percentage of overbearing individuals who wore the insignia (M. P.). The greatest complaint against the Military Police was raised in Paris. It was here that the much heralded "Hard-Boiled Smith" held sway. If a fellow on pass missed one train, and chanced to be a few minutes overtime in the City of Paris, he was handcuffed, rushed to one of the dungeons for which Paris is so famous, and in this he would go through various forms of torture almost equal to those of olden days. He was beaten by fists and clubs, from two to five M. P.'s assaulting one lone doughboy; and if he was ordered to do a special work, he was made to move at a double time with his hands held high above his head. This was nice treatment of boys who had fought in the lines, been wounded, gassed, etc., and were now having a breathing spell, to be administered by a lot of "official slackers" whose lives were being protected by these same boys who they were now beating up. It cannot be said that this was going on and not known to the high officers of the Paris district. Complaint after complaint was sent in; but it did no good, and the custom prevailed. If the prayers of the doughboys are ever heard and their requests granted, I fear that the M. P.'s of Paris will lead rather uncomfortable lives.

August 18th, at 19.15 o'clock (7.15 P. M.), a hike was started. After marching sixteen kilometers, we reached the entrainment point. Our trains left at 1.45 (A. M.), and after passing through Château-Thierry, Dormans, Epernay, Chalon-sur-Marne, and many other large cities and towns that had been used up during the last offensive by the Allies, we arrived at our destination at 19 o'clock (7 P. M.).

After detraining, a hike was started, marching twenty kilometers to the Town of Reil-les-Eaux. Here we were to be billeted. Although it was 1.30 (A. M.) when "K" arrived, the news of our coming had reached the inhabitants, and they were out to extend a very cordial welcome. We were the first American troops to be billeted in this section.

August 15th was the Feast of the Assumption. This Feast was celebrated by all the inhabitants of the town. Late this evening, the town "cut-up" was out with his violin. He had been celebrating most of the day, for it was also the anniversary of the 1st Battle of the Marne. After mixing his drinks during the day, the tunes which he endeavored to play were like his drinks, very much mixed; but his crowning effort was reached when he endeavored to serenade the Americans by playing the "Star-Spangled Banner." This effort might have been anything from a Jazz tune to "Coming through the Rye." This was our first real rest, and all that was required of the men while in this rest area was to drill and participate in athletic exercises for eight hours per day. The usual soldierly games were played while located here, such as replenishing the ration bill with potatoes and other vegetables, taken from back gardens, etc. Several Frenchmen discovered that their potatoes were wilting and were at a loss to find out why until a thorough investigation was started. It was then learned that the boys had pulled up the potatoes and placed the stalks back into the ground. Hence, the solution of the wilting.

When it comes to putting over a good deal and taking a trick, you could always lay your odd francs on the fellows from God's Own Country (U. S. A.). When a leave was granted to them or when the evil spirit of that monster A. W. O. L. (Absent Without Leave) overtook them, they started on their way. Of course

to get to any place a trip on the train was necessary, and one of the things that seemed most foolish to our boys was the custom of paying fares on trains. When the French conductor would approach and ask for fares, they would hand out a long line of real foolish talk and appear as though they were there proceeding on a very important mission. Often they would shrug their shoulders and say "*Pas comprenons*," and if this didn't work they produced any kind of a paper which had an official looking stamp on it; and as the conductor could not *comprendait Anglais*, the boys got away with it. Once in a while even a United Cigar Store coupon was presented, and with success. The conductor on the train carried a small mouth horn which was blown as the signal to start the train. It did not take the boys from home very long to get onto this scheme and in a short time more than a dozen of these small horns were blowing on each train. These horns in the hands of our boys were the bane of the conductor's life.

On August 21st, the Regimental Band was secured from Headquarters, which was located at Châtillon, to come to Reil-les-Eaux and give a concert. This concert created a great stir among the inhabitants. The belle of the town came forward and presented the band-leader (Mr. L'African) with a large and beautiful bouquet of flowers. He returned the compliment, and also aroused the envy of the entire battalion by kissing the fair maiden on both cheeks. This was the first band which was heard by the inhabitants of the village in forty-eight years. In 1870, a band marched through the village with French troops after the driving out of the Germans in the Franco-Prussian War, and played as they marched by. It was a big day for Reil-les-Eaux. We were to have movies in the evening, but it rained and this sport was canceled, so instead Fred Thayer and Pat (Lawrence) Nugent furnished a few of their side-splitting acts.

It would indeed be thoughtless if I did not say a word for our regimental band. Ask any man in the 101st Infantry which was the best band in the A. E. F. and he would reply, the 101st Infantry Band. That might seem like bragging, but to prove that it was so, one can point to the various orders issued by General Pershing himself requesting that he be given the use of the band for several ceremonies in which he took part. Later a letter of commendation was issued by the General, telling of the splendid

quality of the band, and he requested that other organizations arrange their bands according to the system of the 101st Infantry Band. And still as further proof, about the middle of August an order was sent from G. H. Q. (General Headquarters), by order of General Pershing, taking twenty-two members of our band and attaching them to the General's own band. This made a great dent in the band, but Mr. L'African started in and built up another out of all green material. Among the buglers in the bugle section of the band was Tommie Hamilton, of "K." Tommie was considered one of the best buglers in the A. E. F. Another leading member of the band was Francis L. Smith, of "K." He played a cornet. Amasa Grovesnor was also a member in the bugle section.

The old saying is, "Music hath charms." I wonder if the originator of this saying ever heard our bugler Ted (Edward) Safford blowing Reveille or Mess Call. When he pressed his lips to the mouthpiece of that bugle and put on pressure, he certainly put expression into it. His calls always stood out from the other buglers—they were so different. Mike Madden said, "As a musician he would make a good K. P." (Kitchen Police).

August 29th the Regiment left this area, leaving Reil-les-Eaux at 14 o'clock. After marching twenty-one kilometers, arrived at La Tracy about 21 o'clock.

August 30th, left La Tracy at 8 o'clock A. M. Arrived at Tronville-en-Barrois, and then hiked five kilometers to the Bois-de-la-Garrenie. Left these woods at 9 o'clock and marched nineteen kilometers to the woods between Couly and Rasson, near Bel-Au-Farm.

We remained in these woods, making ourselves as comfortable as possible on the damp ground, for it had been raining during the past two days.

The night of September 6th, it was decided that it was cheaper to move than to pay rent, so we moved from these woods and hiked about ten kilometers through the rain and mud caused by the rain of the past week to another set of woods.

Our present location was to be held awaiting the start of the St. Mihiel Drive. We were now located about one-half kilometer on the left of the Town of Mouilly.

The close calls a fellow has to making a visit to St. Peter are many and varied. Among the real close calls and one with a thrill and a bit of humor thrown in was the escape of Lieut. George Corbin, former commander of "K." Lieutenant Corbin had been on the sick list for more than two months, and in July had recovered sufficiently to be chosen to return to America as an instructor for the troops then under training in the home camps. The Lieutenant, with a party of others who were under orders to return to the United States, proceeded to the division entraining point, the depot at Le Ferte. They just missed the late afternoon train for the sailing port, so they had to remain at this station until early the following morning. No quarters could be hired in the town, so the party made improvised bunks on the floor of the basement under the depot. All went well until 2 o'clock (A. M.), when a flock of German aviators came across the Allied lines and chose a course leading over the Le Ferte Depot. When directly over the depot, one of the machines dropped an aerial bomb. The bomb wrecked the entire depot, and the concussion threw Lieutenant Corbin in the air and out through the basement window, and clear across the street. Outside of a slight jarring up and being covered with mud, he was unhurt. The others escaped with only slight injuries.

September 7th—more rain. This is the first anniversary of our sailing from the shores of the dear old U. S. A. Oh, how many strange things have happened since we started on that long journey!

September 8th—more rain.

September 9th, 10th, and 11th—still more rain. The men by this time were drenched to the skin and mud-soaked. Still they maintained a wonderful morale where one would expect to hear continual complaining and grouching; instead, voices could be heard through the woods singing and telling stories. This seems almost unbelievable, but it is absolutely true.

The night of the 11th, there was a meeting of all of the officers of our Regiment, each battalion-group meeting in its own respective location. Maps were distributed, general instructions for the attack of tomorrow were given, and plans thoroughly



This is the Vaux (Sur Marne) depot in which " K " boys had a desperate fight on July 15. The ruins show it was a warm fight while it lasted.



**The remaining walls of the church in the Village of Rambicourt.
" K " boys were stationed very close to this church when it was hit.**



German front line at St. Mihiel as K Company crossed it in starting battle of St. Mihiel Salient. Note destruction by American artillery.



Main Street, Vaux, after K Company had advanced in Château-Thierry battle. Hill 204 at upper right. It was on the hill, upper left of picture, that Jim Kirby and Bill Carlisle were killed.

men all around the lad who was hit, but not a single other casualty occurred with this shell. It was just one of the freak pranks of a shell.

In many attacks and on large raids the Boche delighted in using liquid fire as a weapon. That liquid fire is a dreadful thing, for it is sure death. Everything that comes in contact with it burns to a crisp. It was during this present drive that our troops used for the first time a new weapon to counteract liquid fire. A platoon of Trench Mortars accompanied our battalion, and in places where machine-gun nests were stubborn, the Trench Mortar crew would fire a few of their stokes shells which contained thermite, and these thermite pills would disperse the nests of machine-gunners. The shells would rise from the mortars to a height of about seventy-five meters, then burst and spray a shower of real liquid fire which covered a radius of twenty-five meters. These shells did the trick every time.

About 16 o'clock (4 P. M.) the 102d Infantry passed through the 101st to act as the assaulting troops.

About 21 o'clock orders were issued from Headquarters, 26th Division, that the rate of advance be increased and the final objective of our Division would be the Towns of Hattonchatel and Vignelle. To reach these towns, it was necessary to cover a distance of approximately twenty-two kilometers through woods which were strewn with barbed-wire and other entanglements.

The 101st Machine-Gun Company was ordered to proceed to the Town of Vignelle. This Company, under the command of Capt. John Comerford, reached the above town about 1 o'clock on the morning of the 18th. One hour later the 102d Infantry reached the same location.

The 101st Infantry reached its objective, Hattonchatel, about 4.30 o'clock. All objectives were reached about daybreak, and we found the entire town had been set on fire and mined, buildings blowing up at regular intervals. It was very dangerous, and no man was permitted to go inside a building. Hattonchatel is on the crest of the hill overlooking the Woivre Plain, which stretched out on a level plain between this point and the City of Metz, which was a distance of thirty-one kilometers, northeast. Vignelle lay at the foot of the slope leading from Hattonchatel, resting on the

open plain. It was a sad sight to look over the entire plain and see villages in all directions being burned, smoke and flame rising from every village. About one-half kilometer to the left of Hattonchatel was the Town of Vieville. In this town could be seen many Germans moving about. A number of the "K" boys requested permission to go to the town and bring in these Germans as prisoners. About fifty prisoners were thus brought in.

The first four fellows to reach this village were passing by a partly demolished house and, much to their surprise, two old French ladies stepped up from the cellar and looked at the boys in amazement. At first they were afraid, but when Ted Safford spoke to them in French (with a little exertion and much arm movement Ted could speak French) they asked who the boys were; and on learning that they were Americans, and were there to release them rather than to abuse them, as they had been led to believe by the German soldiers that the Americans always abused people, both of the old ladies ran over and threw their arms about the boys' necks and kissed them. They then began to cry with joy. It was just exactly four years to the day and almost to the hour from that time that their village and the people were captured by the enemy, that they were released. It was on September 18th, 1914, at 10 o'clock, that the Germans captured this section. When the village was taken in 1914 the enemy placed all the elderly people under guard, forced all the men and boys to march to Germany and assist at manual labor, and made all the unmarried and childless married women act as orderlies to their officers. These are facts gained from these old women just released.

It was during this present attack that Lieut. Ralph Donnelly, of Worcester, was killed. He died the day on which he was promoted to Captain, September 18th.

During the attack Lieut. James R. Kelly, of Worcester, received thirty-three pieces of shell fragment in his body, but Jim, being a tough old warrior, came through with flying colors.

Ralph Donnelly's loss was a severe blow to his company and regiment. He and I had been pals since our arrival in France, and I desire to state that no braver or more loyal soldier ever lived than Ralph Donnelly. His record is his eulogy. He was

shot through the lung while advancing at the head of his own men, a German sniper causing his death. His was a case of being brave to a fault. He knew not what the word fear meant.

We remained in Hattonchatel until the afternoon of the 14th.

The wiping out of the St. Mihiel Salient, which had been a German stronghold all during the war, was a splendid piece of strategy by the American forces. The 26th Division, coming from the left end of the Salient, was to be met in the center by the First Division, they coming across the open plain and the French troops coming from the apex of the pocket (St. Mihiel) forward. Thus, on the closing of the 26th and First Divisions, all of the enemy which remained in the pocket were taken prisoners. Several other American Divisions participated in this drive, advancing from the center of the movement with the French.

These two divisions (First and 26th), according to schedule, would have met about 8 o'clock on the morning of the 18th, at the center of the Salient east of Vignelle; but the 26th Division, driving with great force, reached their objective by 1.30 o'clock and the First Division did not reach their objective until 10.30 o'clock. It was a great sight to stand on the crest of the hill at Hattonchatel and watch the cavalry and tanks crossing the plains, driving the enemy before them, many of the Boche falling into the hands of the waiting 26th Division men, who made them prisoners.

As the Infantry of the First Division closed in toward Vignelle, they saw troops in Vignelle and Hattonchatel and immediately deployed to attack, for they thought that the enemy was still occupying this area. It was a great surprise to them to discover that these towns had been taken and were now occupied by American troops. Less than an hour after a number of troops had passed over the main road leading into Vignelle, loud explosions were heard and the road and portions of the field alongside the road for a distance of 500 meters were blown up, it having been mined by the enemy. Many roads were discovered as having been mined, but the American engineers, ever alert, discovered the mines and destroyed them, thereby preventing much damage and great casualties to our troops. This is just one of the great feats accomplished by our engineer troops. They should

be given credit for a considerable portion of all victories, for theirs was a difficult and dangerous work.

During the advance of our entire Division in this attack, many hundred prisoners were taken. So many, in fact, that large groups of prisoners were sent back to Headquarters with only one or two boys in charge.

One of the funny incidents which occurred in taking prisoners was that which happened to boys of K Company. Peruda Maudsley and Joseph Gillis, during one of the halts along the road leading to Hattonchatel, discovered a small wooden shack which had been used by the enemy for a First Aid Station. They decided to explore the shack and see if any souvenirs might be lying around. On reaching a small piazza in front of the building a door was thrown open and a large chorus of "Kamerade" was heard from within. Both boys, having left their rifles standing against a tree a few yards away, were armed with a stick and were as much taken with surprise as the men inside were with fear. On regaining their bearing, Maudsley commanded the men to step out, and out walked fourteen husky Germans and Austrians. The boys marched them to the Battalion Commander and turned them over. Gillis was ordered to take the fourteen men to the rear. He started along the main road, had gone about two kilometers and decided that he had better check up and see if all the fourteen prisoners were in line. On making the count, to his surprise there were twenty-two in line. Gillis began to feel that he did not know how to count or that for once figures lied. On second count he decided figures were right and started on his way. On reaching Headquarters, three kilometers further on, he reported to the officer in charge that he had twenty-two prisoners. The officer made a count and found thirty-four in line. After a thorough investigation of how these figures lied, it was discovered that many of the enemy which had been camouflaged and overlooked by the advance, on seeing the prisoners marching by, would look out of the woods, and when Gillis was not looking would step into the line and march along. They felt that this was much safer than to stay in the woods and be captured or killed there.

In the group of prisoners taken was one who seemed inclined to talk freely, so the Intelligence Officers asked him if he

knew what he was fighting for. He said, "Yes, Germany was fighting to preserve the Fatherland from being overridden by England." The officer then asked him if he knew what the other countries were fighting for and he said, "Yes, England is fighting to destroy my Fatherland, Belgium was compelled to fight on account of her stubbornness, France for protection and to regain possession of Alsace-Lorraine, and the Americans for souvenirs."

It was a common and encouraging sight to see two or three hundred prisoners marching along the road to the rear. One group which had been captured numbered about two hundred, and in this group was a complete Regimental German Band. We were later told that when this band reached Headquarters, they were forced to play the "Star-Spangled Banner" and the "Marseillaise."

Men were not the only prisoners that were taken, for a great number of horses and large auto trucks were also captured. Among the most noted of the animal captures was a horse which was totally blind and a one-seated buggy taken in by the mechanics of "K" under the leadership of Timmy Wallace, George O'Malley, William Young, and Frank Mullen, all mechanics (in name only). All voted that Timmy was to be the coachman. The blind horse and the carriage were to be used for detail work with the kitchen. This one-seated buggy was compelled to carry almost as many passengers when going on a detail as a Ford on its way to an excursion.

A large supply shed, which was captured in one village (Vieville), contained a great amount of vegetable supplies. Coachman Wallace and his detail started for some of these supplies for "K," but going only halfway, Friend Horse decided that he did not understand English commands after being with the Germans so long; so he halted in his tracks and refused to move. An hour's labor and hard expressions were wasted trying to induce it to move, but without result, and from latest reports, I believe the horse is still in the same spot.

For several days prisoners were being taken in various parts of the woods in which we were now located. Six of these prisoners were taken to K Company's location and made to act as kitchen police for two days. Our boys refused to wash even their own

mess-kits, and the newly acquired help had to do all labors. After two days, these prisoners, who were Austrians, were sent to the rear.

The following letter from the Parish Priest of Mouilly, a town which our boys had just liberated, displays the gratitude of the poor people:

"Rupt-en-Woevre,
September 18, 1918.

"Sir:

"Your gallant Twenty-Sixth American Division has just set us free.

"Since September, 1914, the barbarians have held the heights of the Meuse, have foully murdered three hostages from Mouilly, have shelled Rupt, and on July 23, 1915, forced its inhabitants to scatter to the four corners of France.

"I, who remain at my listening post upon the advice of my bishop, feel certain, sir, that I do but speak for Monseigneur Ginisty, lord bishop of Verdun, my parishioners of Rupt, Mouilly, and Genicourt, and the people of this vicinity in conveying to you and your associates the heartfelt and unforgettable gratitude of all.

"Several of your comrades lie at rest in our truly Christian and French soil.

"Their ashes shall be cared for as if they were our own. We shall cover their graves with flowers and shall kneel by them as their own families would do, with a prayer to God to reward with eternal glory these heroes fallen on the field of honor, and to bless the Twenty-Sixth Division and Generous America.

"Be pleased, sir, to accept the expression of my profound respect.

"A. Leclerc,
Curé of Rupt-en-Woevre."

An addition which we acquired at this particular location were rather unwelcome companions. The boys had been affected with our friends, the cooties (often referred to as Trench Dandruff), for some time; but now there was to be competition, for a great number of German fleas attached themselves to us to assist in our daily exercises and tortures. As I told one of the boys, these fleas were really part of our daily life, for we were now living the life of dogs.

At 17 o'clock, September 14th, "K" was relieved by French troops. We then marched about seven kilometers to the rear and were billeted among a lot of old straw and hay, which had been left in the St. Remy Bois. We remained here until 21 o'clock, September 17th, at which time we moved forward to Waddonville

Sector, a distance of ten kilometers. K Company was billeted in the Town of Hannonville. I Company was assigned to Waddonville, three kilometers in front of Hannonville on the plain. I Company was reinforced with one platoon of "K," Battalion Headquarters being placed on the hill directly in back of Hannonville, with L and M Companies in reserve, they being located in the woods; also, directly in back of Hannonville.

When K Company reached Hannonville, a number of French civilians still remained in the village; but, immediately upon taking over the town, the Germans opened heavy artillery fire, which was continued each day and night, making it impossible for the civilians to remain. So they packed up what equipment they might move on trucks and baby carriages and started for the rear.

Speaking about baby carriages, in practically every section of the northern part of France, one will see baby carriages all about them; but these are used only for carrying in vegetables and wood from the fields. "That was our idea of nothing at all," that baby carriages should be used alone for carting vegetables and wood.

On the evacuation of the people from Hannonville, a large number of rabbits, which are favorite animals of the French, were left. So with the fully equipped homes, plenty of rabbits, lots of vegetables, and a good deal of dessert, the boys of "K" lived the life of luxury for a week at least. At meal time, the Mess Sergeant would not have more than eight or ten men at the Company Kitchen, for banquets were taking place all over the village in every dug-out, regardless of the shelling by the enemy. These banquets were a great blessing, for supplies and rations were coming very slowly from our own supply company.

The usual front line activities, consisting of a steady, daily and nightly diet of shells and gas, took place in this sector. Companies exchanged places between Hannonville and Waddonville until the relief of the battalion.

On the night of September 22d an attack executed by the enemy on Waddonville resulted in the death of 2d Lieut. Andrew Gerdin, who had been with K Company for only two weeks. Also of Ralph W. Douglass and Leon W. Josselyn. Lieutenant Gerdin was killed while calling to several Germans who had cried "Kamerade" to come forward. Another German lying in ambush shot

the Lieutenant as soon as he exposed himself. This was a favorite trick of the Germans. The bodies of the Lieutenant, Douglas, and Josselyn were taken back to the little cemetery in Hannonville and buried by the boys of "K," the Company mechanics making the coffins and a very nice railing to place about each grave. Theirs was a sad but wonderful funeral.

During the stay in Hannonville, several casualties occurred. On one occasion a shell landed in the dug-out where a number of "K" boys were billeted. The following men were wounded with this shell: Patrick J. McDevitt, John M. Curtis, Elmer L. Tatman, and Frederick G. Thayer. Curtis lost three fingers from his left hand and Tatman suffered the loss of his left eye. Sergeant John J. O'Toole, who was sitting close by the other men, was thrown against the wall, but otherwise was not injured.

In the billet situated across the street occurred another incident which amused the boys. Mike Schofield had located a partly dilapidated bed remaining in a demolished house which had only a portion of the walls and part of the roof remaining. Mike set up the bed, placed a roughly painted sign on the door, which was only a hole made by a large shell, reading "Kelly's Basement—Dances every Saturday night—Bring your own cop." He then made himself as comfortable as if he were in the Plaza Hotel, New York. Mike Cunningham, following out his usual custom of borrowing, went to Kelly's basement to borrow a pair of Schofield's socks; finding the place empty, Cunningham made himself at home and lay down on the old bed. He was there about fifteen minutes when a terrible roar was heard which nearly turned his hair pompadour style. A large enemy shell which proved to be a dud came sailing in through the window, grazed along the floor, under the bed, and lodged in an upright position in the wall near the bed. Cunningham sat up, gave one look, then impersonated another dud and dove out the window through which the shell had just come in. After picking himself up out of the mud, he said he had no desire to be an individual target for any large shells.

A dud, as referred to above, is a shell which when fired does not explode. Oftentimes a dud will do far more damage than one that explodes, for it will penetrate a great depth into build-

ings or dug-outs, whereas the shell that explodes usually does so upon striking the outer wall or surface.

When the men were situated in Waddonville, no meals could be prepared during the daytime, for the slightest activity would cause a deluge of shells to be thrown by the enemy. In preparing meals, the smoke from the kitchen was always a great drawing card for shells.

On the night of the 25th one enemy shell landed in an old barn in Waddonville which contained a small pile of hay and some old rags. This shell set the building on fire and caused the entire section to be lighted up. It was put out after much difficulty, for the enemy who were now located in St. Hillaire continued to play machine-gun fire in the vicinity of the building.

Early the morning of the 26th, First Battalion, 102d Infantry, executed an attack in Marcheville on the left of Waddonville. This was used as a diversion for an attack to be made against the enemy at Verdun and was successful in having the enemy withdraw a number of his troops from the Verdun sector. Although a great number of casualties were caused in the 102d Infantry, the attack was declared a success.

The night of September 30th, "K" and the rest of the Third Battalion moved from the Waddonville sector to the Bois de Ranziers near Vaux-les-Balemerais. This is in the Troyon Sector, and remained here until October 7th.

October 6th another raid was executed on the enemy. The great majority of this party were G Company boys from Worcester. It was a very successful party—forty-nine prisoners taken.

October 6th, a delousing machine was secured after great effort made by Captain Foley. This was our first real bath in almost three months. After the bath, we were supplied with second-hand underwear. It was the first underwear issued to K Company since June 3d. We now had come to the conclusion that those various letters of "Bill's" to his "Dere Mabel" were more than correct when he said, "Some people say 'Cleanliness is next to Godliness,' but I say it is next to impossible." Those are our sentiments. The socks worn by the boys were worn every day and night for more than a month and the soles became as

hard as boards and often cracked in two while being removed from the feet.

October 7th, 16.30 o'clock, the entire battalion moved from the Bois de Ranziers and partook of our favorite pastime, "hiking." After covering thirteen kilometers, we reached the Town of Douai on the Meuse.

One of the greatest proofs of the loyalty of the men for their buddies and their own outfits was shown by the lads who were wounded or taken sick and then sent to hospitals. These men as soon as their strength would allow always requested the doctors to send them back to their own outfit, so that they could once more assist in upholding the great name of their Company, Regiment, and Division. This request was refused in nearly every case, but a mere refusal meant nothing in the lives of these lads, so at the very first opportunity they left their bed and board at the hospital, went A. W. O. L. (Absent Without Leave) and started back to their own outfit in the lines. It was a common occurrence to have the men report back from the hospitals and later find that they left of their own accord and evaded the M. P.'s (Military Police) in each town, village, or city until they reached home, as they always called it. This was the spirit that carried the American boys on to the great things they accomplished.

On the 8th, Major Foley was evacuated to the hospital under orders of the regimental surgeon. This order was carried out much against the wishes of the Major, for he certainly did not want to leave his men, notwithstanding the great suffering which he had been enduring for the past six months.

Capt. Robert Hayes, being Senior Officer of the Battalion, was assigned as Battalion Commander.

The night of the 8th, "K" left Douai, and after a nine-kilometer hike the City of Verdun was reached. As we marched through the gates of the city and passed the ruined and demolished houses, all that we had read in our American papers before going to France of the terrible fighting and suffering in the early part of the war at Verdun was recalled to mind. We were now in a sacred city where more lives had been lost in battle than any other spot on the entire Western Front, and where the French had done

such wonderful fighting and succeeded in carrying out their great motto, "*On ne passe pas*" (They shall not pass). We were billeted in the city in what was once a famous artillery camp known as the Foubourg Pava.

During our stop in this city the boys visited the different sections which were of historical interest, the ruined Cathedral, the Citadel (underground city), and great forts.

The Citadel, or underground city, was capable of accommodating 25,000 people, so we were told. All the modern conveniences of a city could be found there, even to a very complete narrow-gauge railroad line.

While in this city, members of the 3d Pioneers (former 5th Mass.), now stationed nearby, visited our Regiment.

During the stay in Verdun, the enemy continued to shell, which had been their usual custom. On one occasion two shells in close succession passed directly through the roof of the barrack in which "K" was billeted and exploded in the yard outside. Several casualties were caused by shells exploding close to our barracks and shell fragments going through the doors and windows, etc.

October 14th was the first day in four years that the French could remember of not having a single shell fall in the city.

It was wonderful to find such a splendid *esprit de corps* in our Company and the entire Division. If you asked any man in the 26th Division which was the very best Division in the American Army, you would receive a very speedy and absolute reply—the 26th.

This showed that the *esprit de corps* which was necessary for the best morale was imbued in every man in our truly wonderful Division. If you asked any man in the entire A. E. F. which was the leading Division, he would in almost every case mention the Division to which he himself belonged, but invariably grant that next best to his was the 26th. Such a test was tried out and nine out of every ten men granted the 26th the second position to his outfit. This was a great compliment. The pride of division and regiment started to display itself more markedly about October, 1918, and each organization adopted a certain distinguishing insignia which would mark it from the rest.

General Edwards sent out an order requesting suggestions for

an insignia that would be deserving of the 26th. Many replies were made by the men. The selection was a difficult problem. On the arrival of the 26th in France, it being one of the first three and the first complete Division to reach France, the French people exclaimed, "the Yankees are here." The term "Yankee" has so often been affixed to all New Englanders, and inasmuch as the 26th was an entire New England Division, the name suggested itself, and our headquarters chose the title, "Yankee Division." Then, in order to make a suitable design for the shoulder marking, the letters of the two words were formed together **YD**; and in every case where you find a man who won his YD, whether he came as a replacement from California, Texas, Kansas, or even the Southern States, you will find a loyal booster of the Yankee Division (26th) and a fighting Yankee.

One of the greatest mysteries of the war was the successful manner in which traffic was regulated over the roads leading to the front lines. In the darkest, inky-like night, as the troops were marching up to the front to relieve the troops holding the line, they marched along the right-hand edge of the roads. These roads were not very wide; at the same time a line of troops were marching toward the rear from some other sector; passing these two lines were large three and five-ton trucks carrying ammunition and supplies; darting in and out among these trucks were ambulances rushing madly with their packs of suffering doughboys to a dressing station in the rear. All this passing on at the same time over shell-torn roads, and in many places while shells were landing on various sections of the roads in the near vicinity, and not a single light of any kind could be used. It was like a weird picture of so many ghosts passing over a haunted road. As the trucks rushed along there were many near-collisions, but the number of smash-ups was very, very small. The drivers of these trucks, and especially the ambulance drivers, are deserving of an unlimited amount of praise. They were artists in their line and heroes of the first class.

On the evening of October 17th we left Foubourg Pava and marched to the advance lines. Here we acted as support. Our position now left us on the side of the hill in a ravine near "Death Valley." Our dug-outs consisted of shell holes, there being absolutely no protection, and the enemy shelled this area continually.

The boys borrowed picks and shovels and dug fox holes and covered these over with blankets, giving some slight protection from the rain, but none from shell fire.

On the night of October 19th there was a very heavy rain, and on waking up after a short sleep, most of the boys found themselves lying in a pool of water; but what harm is there in lying in water! This had become second nature.

On the night of October 21st, after reconnoitering the front line position in anticipation of an attack which was to start on the 22d, we received orders that the attack would be postponed until further orders. Late in the afternoon of the 22d word was received that we were to move forward to the Bois-de-Warville, and prepare for the attack which was to take place early on the morning of the 23d. After passing through Death Valley, through two ravines and up one steep hill which was covered with deep mud, we reached the jumping-off point in the Bois-de-Warville.

In going through these ravines and over the hills, we found skeletons and human bones all around. This locality had been fought over a number of times, and terrible tolls of life were exacted from each side. It was hard to realize that so many poor souls had been crushed by the iron hand of the War God.

At about 2 o'clock on the morning of the 23d, all units had been assigned their positions, as follows: the First Battalion to advance from the left; the Third Battalion as an assaulting battalion on the right; and the Second Battalion as support of the Third Battalion. K and L Companies were the assaulting companies of the Third Battalion. Movement was to be executed starting from left to right. On the First Battalion reaching the first objective, a rocket was to be sent up which would be the signal for the movement of the Third Battalion to start. The Third Battalion would then advance from the woods down through the ravine (Death Valley) and up the opposite hill. Our artillery was to start at 5.30 and to continue to bombard the enemy lines until 8 o'clock. At 5.30 sharp our artillery opened on the enemy. The enemy, being aware of our position, opened his artillery directly on our men at 5.32, and continued a deadly bombardment for several hours. Owing to the heavy shelling, it was impossible to see the rocket which was sent up by the First Bat-

talion on their having reached the first objective. So, after waiting about an hour, a consultation of all battalion officers was held. On talking the situation over very hurriedly and deciding that the advance would be started regardless of the rocket, Captain Hayes suggested that we had better disperse quickly, for should a shell land in that vicinity, there would be danger of the battalion losing all its officers. Following his advice, the officers started to separate and return to their respective units. All left except Captain Hayes and Lieut. John Riley. Less than one-half minute after the warning of Captain Hayes, a shell landed within ten yards of this spot, and Captain Hayes and Lieutenant Riley were badly wounded, Lieutenant Riley being hit in the right shoulder, right hip, left leg, and left arm; Captain Hayes's body being torn in several places by fragments of the shell. Lieutenant Brickley and several First Aid men bandaged Lieutenant Riley and Captain Hayes, and gave them First Aid treatment. We then secured stretcher bearers and one stretcher for Captain Hayes. As he was being carried out, resting upon one arm on the stretcher, he said, "Jim, take care of things." I told him to be cheerful and everything would be all right. He had not gone fifty meters when another shell landed close by and knocked him off the stretcher and killed three of his stretcher bearers. He died the following day.

An improvised stretcher made from two limbs of a tree and a half-shelter tent carried Lieutenant Riley to the rear. By 10 o'clock this morning not more than one-third of the troops which had entered the woods remained, the rest having become casualties.

On the wounding and evacuation of Captain Hayes, Captain Schoonmaker, who was commanding K Company, took command of the battalion. Immediately upon his taking command, a short meeting of officers was held and it was decided to move forward at once.

Lieut. Roland Dodge, of M Company, with ten sharpshooters and automatic riflemen, were assigned as scouts to proceed ahead of the assaulting company. The advance was started at 10.30, and very little opposition was met. The first objective was reached at 11.30, the second objective was reached at 1.30, and still oppo-

sition was very light. We then proceeded to the third objective, and to reach this it was necessary to pass over a large open space with woods on the right, left, and front. Directly in the center of this opening was a large pillbox. It was at this point that Mickey Perkins (Michael J.) performed such gallant service for which he was later awarded the Congressional Medal. He advanced toward the pillbox, which was built of concrete and iron, and attempted to pass in the door, but this was impossible. At intervals the Boche would heave grenades from within. During the opening of the door to throw these grenades out, Mickey would throw one of his grenades in. After several minutes of this, Mickey pushed the door open, threw in a grenade and followed it in. With his trench knife in one hand and a grenade in the other, he marched about twenty-five Boche out of the pillbox and to the rear as prisoners. There were also a number of dead found in the pillbox as the result of this struggle. Mickey thus, single-handed, captured the pillbox and silenced the seven machine-guns. Mickey was a member of Company D, of our Regiment. He was slightly wounded and while being taken to the rear in an ambulance a stray shell hit the ambulance, killing him and six others.

The final objective was reached about 15.45 o'clock (3.45 P. M.). L Company was now holding the left forward position and K Company the right forward position of the battalion, the First Battalion being located on the left flank; the 102d Infantry on the right flank, the 102d being located on the side of the great slope and in the ravine. This position was held with great difficulty during the night of the 23d. About 4 o'clock, the morning of the 24th, the Germans launched a counter attack against the right flank of "K," without success. Between 4 o'clock and 8 o'clock four counter attacks had been launched by the enemy. First on the right flank, then on the left flank, then in the center; but all without success.

During the day it was very difficult to move about in our present position, for it seemed that German snipers were located everywhere about. In the woods on the right in front of "K" was later found, in one tree, three machine-gun platforms. This was one of the difficulties which had to be overcome in this sector.



Often these smoke barrages were used to allow the infantry to advance just in rear of the smoke to make an attack.



A corner of Chateau-Thierry after the Second Battle of the Marne.



They are in a hurry
 Germans retreating from Belleau Wood. Note the two men leaving the woods, with a machine-gun being carried on the stretcher.
 Picture taken from German prisoner.



During all long hikes ten-minute rests were given every hour. This picture shows how the boys rested. The order of business was to strip and banish the ever-present pests.



A detail from K Company under Lieutenant Duane putting up barbed-wire reinforcements in Remiere Woods two days after German attack on Seicheprey.

The Boche left the woods filled with death traps.

There was a deep slope in front of our present position, and here the Boche had placed a large number of minnenwerfers.

Late in the morning of the 24th the Germans launched another counter attack in two places and were successful in forcing their way through a space between the right of the 101st and the left of the 102d Infantry. They then worked their way to the rear of K Company. It was then necessary to fight desperately even to withdraw. A large number of casualties occurred during this fight. It was now compulsory to withdraw the right flank of our line about fifty meters to the rear. At 15.15 o'clock (3.15 P. M.) the attack was resumed, our artillery falling on the enemy five minutes earlier, and we advanced at the hour mentioned above. The first shells of our artillery (155 mm.) fell directly into our own lines, and a number of casualties were caused by this. It is a very discouraging sensation, although it cannot always be helped, to have one's own artillery falling short. One expects and does not complain on the arrival of enemy shells, but it is a weird sensation dodging shells coming from both directions, the enemy's and your own.

One very sad incident which occurred at this time was that of Sergeant Sullivan who, I believe, was a member of A Company, of our Regiment, who on the night of October 23d received a commission of Second Lieutenant. This was his first day in command of a platoon, and the very first shell which landed caused his death; no further trace was ever found of him.

Of course it is conceded that the real dirty work in war is done by the Infantry. The infantry has been nicknamed "doughboys," "cannon fodder," "trench rats," etc., but I think one good title, and a very appropriate one, is "muck worms," because they live in muck and mud most of the time. It is true that the infantry meets the enemy face to face with his liquid fire, bayonets, and trench knives and fights bayonet to bayonet, wearing his gas mask and carrying on his back ninety-six pounds of Government property. But all the credit for the battle must not be given to or taken by the infantry. The supporting artillery, who cover the enemy rear lines while the doughboys advance, who counter battery the enemy artillery and to a certain extent make the advance a bit safer, deserve a great deal of the credit for each

victory. It is a wonderful feeling for a doughboy to be advancing and to feel that his artillery will give him good support. The fact that the infantry of our Division (26th) had such perfect faith in our own artillery is proof positive that the division artillery was a cracker-jack outfit. It is true that on several occasions the shells fell short and directly onto our own lines, but this occurred most with the heavy guns (155mm.) and was caused by the great variance in the type and grade of powder used, no opportunity being given the gunners to register their shots. It was great to return from a raid or minor attack and to pass by the battery positions and see all the artillery men stripped to the waist and black with sweat and dirt from the exertion of trying to put over a good barrage and make things light for the men out in front.

In talking about the heavy guns falling short, the 108d heavies, which were the greatest offenders to this cause, came to be called by the boys, "The Kaiser's Own." During the short breathing spell after the Château-Thierry fracas, the boys voted to make a deal by giving the Kaiser the whole set of guns of the 108d Artillery in exchange for a few old rusty Austrian 88ths. This Austrian 88 was a quick-firing and rifle-like cannon, and it was a wicked toy to face.

On the night of the 24th, Captain Schoonmaker, the beloved Commander of "K" and now Battalion Commander, was on the line with his men when a minnenwerfer or shell landed directly beside him, a piece of the fragment hitting him on the back of the head and seriously wounding him, from which wound he died before daybreak. On learning of Schooney's (as he was familiarly called by his brother officers) being wounded, everything possible was done for his comfort. Many of the boys volunteered to carry him to the rear through the shell fire, but he was beyond assistance. On the afternoon of the 25th he was buried in a small improvised cemetery just back of the lines near Death Valley, a well-named locality, and many tears were shed by his men.

As soon as Captain Schoonmaker was wounded, the duty of Battalion Commander rested on me. I was, therefore, the third Battalion Commander in less than forty-eight hours.

The afternoon of the 24th, on the starting of the attack, the

plan arranged was for the Second Battalion to pass through the Third Battalion and exploit Belieu Bois. This feat was accomplished after much difficulty, and on the night of the 24th the advance lines were once more established, the Third Battalion advancing on the line of the Second Battalion, this leaving the First Battalion in support.

The morning of the 25th the enemy once more counter-attacked, being successful in driving the center of our line slightly to the rear; but within a few minutes our men counter-attacked and reestablished the line.

Between the 24th and 26th, this position was lost and retaken four times. This meant continual hand-to-hand fighting with bayonets, trench knives, and grenades.

When machine-gun fire was sweeping our front and it was difficult to discover their location, a familiar trick of the boys was to have several fellows crawl to different locations; at intervals they would expose themselves and act as a target for the enemy machine-gunners to fire at, and in this way the locations were found and later cleaned out.

Late on the afternoon of the 25th, the Second and Third Battalions having suffered such great losses, thereby reducing their ranks, they were consolidated as one battalion. I was then placed in command of the Consolidated (Second and Third) Battalion.

During the evening of the 26th the Consolidated Battalion was relieved by the First Battalion, Consolidated Battalion then occupying the support position. During this engagement, Lieut. Edward Price was in command of "K."

Lieut. Leo A. Adams, also of "K," was designated as Regimental Material and Ration Officer. It was his duty to see that the necessary ammunition and material and also meals were gotten to the men in the front lines. This he accomplished in a splendid manner. Lieutenant Adams is the only officer that went across with "K" that remained and returned with the same company, he being promoted to rank of First Lieutenant.

On the afternoon of the 26th an order was issued that the Regimental Commander and Battalion Commanders of our Regiment report back to Brigade Headquarters. Colonel Logan,

Lieut. Col. John Greenway, Major William J. McCarthy, of the First Battalion, and myself in command of the Consolidated Battalion, with Captain Krause, second in command, proceeded to Brigade Headquarters. Covering a distance of about five kilometers and passing through two ravines which were being shelled with gas, we reached Headquarters. The following is a rough sketch of what took place at the meeting. While awaiting the arrival from the rear of Brig. Gen. George H. Shelton, a motorcycle courier arrived. He handed an envelope to Colonel Logan, and one to Lieut. Colonel Greenway. The General then arrived. He requested information as to the number of men in each one of the battalions of the 102d. He then requested information as to the number of men in the First Battalion, 101st Infantry. Major McCarthy reported 464 men, 6 officers. I reported for Consolidated Battalions, 589 men and 4 officers. The General said, "Colonel Logan, you will advance with your regiment at daybreak tomorrow."

Colonel Logan replied: "I am sorry, General, but I have just been relieved of my regiment. Colonel Greenway is in command." This was our first information of the contents of the two letters, and that our beloved Colonel was to be taken away.

The General (Shelton), in slow and solemn voice, then added: "Colonel Greenway and gentlemen: At daybreak, tomorrow (the 27th), the 101st Infantry will attack, they to take the Belieu Bois entire and the crest of the hill overlooking the plain. The army has decreed this and New England demands it even to the last drop of your blood. This must be accomplished. That is all, gentlemen. Good-day and good-luck."—The hill was taken.

Immediately upon his notification of being assigned to the men of the 101st, Lieut. Colonel Greenway, who was a man of large heart and much good judgment, also beyond words in bravery, informed the General that the 101st Infantry should be relieved immediately, as the men were now working without physical strength, being carried along simply on their nerves. This could not be continued much longer.

With very sad hearts our detail of officers returned to Regimental Headquarters at the front. A more down-hearted man than Colonel Logan could not be imagined, for he was now being

taken away from an organization which he loved and which loved him and would have gone to any extreme for him, as they felt that their interests were always being guarded and fought for by Colonel Logan, and the removal was just one more army political move to eradicate the National Guard officers of the combat divisions in order that regular army officers might be in at the end of activities and gain honor and promotion. It was a bare-faced, raw deal.

On our arrival at Headquarters, maps were distributed, plans gone over, and all arrangements made for the attack of the 27th. News of the Colonel's relief was kept from the men, it being decided that no information of this would be let out until after the relief of the regiment. At about 22 o'clock, the officers went among the men of the Consolidated Battalion and told them to secure all the rest possible while the shelling had diminished. The one question of the men was, "When are we to be relieved?"

About 5 o'clock the morning of the 27th, word was passed to the men that the show would be on at daybreak. This we figured would be between 6.40 and 6.45 o'clock. All instructions were distributed. All men were told to prepare, as the curtain would rise at 6.45. I then returned to the Battalion P. C. and awaited further orders in the event that any should arrive. At 5.20 I returned to the side of the hill on which Consolidated Battalion was located. As I approached, I heard hushed voices. I proceeded in the direction from which these voices were coming. On my arrival I found one little corporal in a shell hole reciting the "Rosary" with a group of men kneeling in and around the shell hole answering him. Among the group were a number of Protestant boys. One was a chap named Clark, of L Company, who was sitting on the edge of the shell hole, and I noticed that he was crying. At the completion of the prayers, he said, "I am a Protestant, but I enjoyed that prayer so much, and it made me think of home and my mother." This was a splendid spirit, and mothers of men who would act like that going into battle need have no fear for the welfare of their boys. Twenty minutes later, bayonets had been adjusted and the attack started, and a number of those boys who had joined that "Rosary" were lying dead or wounded in the woods.

After the attack a message was sent by Major McCarthy to Headquarters, saying: "We have taken all objectives. If you want to retain these, relieve our men with fresh troops or send reinforcements." A message was received in reply from Colonel Greenway saying: "Relief is promised not later than tomorrow. The hill must be held until relieved."

On the night of the 28th the First Battalion, 104th Infantry, was sent forward to relieve our First Battalion. Later the 103d Machine-Gun Battalion reinforced the First Battalion, 103d Infantry, and thus our entire Regiment was relieved.

In entering the attack on the morning of the 23d, we had approximately 600 men in each one of the battalions. I was now taking out the Consolidated (Second and Third) Battalion, and had a total of 258 men and three officers left in these two battalions.

One interesting fact we later learned about this present fight was that five German divisions were opposite the sector being held by the 101st and 102d Regiments. This was very interesting when one considers that we had less than 700 men, with no troops in support, facing about two divisions of the enemy. If they had really known the situation, nothing could have prevented them from advancing through to our artillery positions. Thus it was the nerve and the bravery of a handful of men on the American side against large numbers of men and material on the Boche, with American pluck and nerve winning out.

During one of the enemy counter attacks on the 25th, both lines being very close together, the commands of the German officers or under-officers could be heard plainly. One group from "K," among whom were Tom Mayberry and George Schobert, were within a very few yards of the spot from which these commands were being issued. Schobert, being of German descent, saw an opportunity to take advantage of his ability to speak German. So, when the commands to prepare for the attack were given, Schobert issued several commands in German which counteracted the German officer's commands, and thus confused the groups about to attack in his location. The Germans starting to disperse afforded a lovely opportunity for our boys to open fire and caused a great number of casualties. One section of the enemy counter

attack was broken up, for which credit might be given alone to Schobert.

During an earlier counter attack, Mayberry and Schobert were in adjoining shell holes. A great deal of German equipment having been left around, a barricade was built of it in front of the shell hole. During this attack our lines were forced back a few yards. Mayberry continued to express his disgust at losing the position, for the reason that in a number of the German packs which he had used as the barricade were many pairs of socks, as each German always had an extra pair. Tom felt bad for the loss of the German socks. He thus commercialized and took advantage of anything he was able to get his hands on.

On the night of the 22d, prior to the start for the above attack, several of the boys had a premonition that some ill-luck was to fall to their lot. Three members of "K" suggested that this would probably be their last fight. An effort was made to discourage this feeling, but without success. It was suggested that they return to the kitchens and act as details for the time being, but this they refused to do, saying in each instance that if it was their lot they would take their medicine. Not one of these men knew of the feelings of the others. On the very first morning these three men and one other member of "K" were killed, they being George R. Wright, James Connelly, and Leo Ellery. Later during the fight Edward Howell was also killed. A great many other casualties occurred, and these names may be found in another section of this story.

It is hard to let our minds wander back to those terrible days when so many of our boys were sacrificed. It is hard to realize that such fine lads must be called in such a way, but the way of the transgressor is hard. All these boys were heroes, and on many occasions when things were dull and the silver lining of the clouds looked a long way off, Buddy (George) Wright and Pat (Leo) Ellery would put on one of their joy-making sketches and in a few minutes would have all in laughter. The happiest thoughts I have are when I think of those dear lads, and I know that I can boast of having been a pal of theirs and a member of the same company with them.

One member of I Company, Buddis Whitney, was seriously

wounded during a hand-to-hand engagement. His pal, Frank Gannon, remained to watch over him. Owing to the heavy fire, it was impossible to remove him from this place, so the pal remained.

During the counter attack, Gannon engaged five Germans. His rifle was knocked out of his hand after he had killed two of the five. The last seen of him was in a fist engagement with the other three. Both of these boys were taken prisoners.

To prove the efficiency of the German Intelligence Branch—when Gannon was taken prisoner and questioned at the German Intelligence Bureau, he was asked to what organization he belonged, as was the custom when men were taken prisoner. No information was given. Each man would manufacture a story about being a replacement and not acquainted with the officers or the name of the organization with which he had been. In this case the German Intelligence Officer called the man a "Liar" and said that "as long as you will not tell us the name of your organization, I will say that you are a member of the 101st Infantry." The German then asked if General Edwards was still with his Division. The young man pleaded ignorance as to General Edwards. The German officer then said, "General Edwards was relieved last week and your own Colonel, Colonel Logan, will be relieved in a few days." This proved to be the truth, although the fellow taken prisoner was not aware of the fact.

In talking about prisoners and the system of the Intelligence Branch. The following is a translation of the German communication issued to all its troops telling of the brutality accorded the Germans when taken prisoner. It will be noted that the instructions this document is supposed to convey are that it is much better for a man to die fighting than to be captured.

Ia/54182

RULES FOR GUIDANCE OF GERMAN SOLDIERS TAKEN PRISONER

British Doc.S.S. 787: Translation of a German document.
Wytschaete Group, July, 1918.
Section Ic.

(Not to be taken into the Front Line.)

(To be issued to the Rank and File by Companies for Perusal, then collected again and filed by Regimental Staffs for Occasional Reissue and Collection.)

For a man to allow himself to be taken prisoner by the enemy without having defended himself to the utmost is a dishonorable act equivalent to treachery.

Capture at the hands of our inhuman foes, in view of their unexampled brutality of treatment, which is now proved beyond question in so large a number of cases, merely means being slowly tortured to death.

Should, however, a man be captured in spite of all his bravery and without its being his fault, even then the soldier still has sacred duties towards his comrades, towards his Commander-in-Chief to whom he took the oath of fealty, and towards his country. It is an easy duty for him to fulfill; he has only to preserve in his captivity the same courage which he has so often shown in the face of the enemy. The first thing suggested to prisoners in the enemy's camp, after their confidence has been gained by stimulating drinks and the best of fare, is nothing less than the betrayal of their country. Afterwards, when the object is attained, follows the usual meager prisoners' fare and hard work, with the most brutal treatment.

A prisoner is submitted to an examination in which by cleverly framed questions, insincere promises or even by threats of every kind, attempts are made to cause him to give away military secrets, such as the order of battle, the strength with which a front is held, intentions and plans for attack, measures for defense, concentrations or movements of troops, the exact condition of his own unit, strength of units, events taking place behind the front and in Germany, rest billets of his comrades, and other matters.

It is regrettable that this war has provided many instances where the statements of a man WITHOUT HONOR, which unfortunately have often been only too accurate, have been proved to have had disastrous effects for his OWN COMRADES. How many brave soldiers have lost their lives through this cause?

The success of our attacks and enterprises is also imperiled in this way and the successful issue of the war may thus be to a great extent jeopardized, and the whole Fatherland receive the gravest injury.

It is just now, at the decisive point of the final struggle, that every soldier must feel more than ever the shame and infamy of such unprincipled conduct.

Again and again do prisoners captured by US give confirmation of the fact that those German soldiers, no matter to which State they belong, who allow themselves to be pressed under examination into making all kinds of statements, in the idea that they will receive better treatment, have had afterwards a much harder time than those who refused to say anything. For even among our enemies the soldier who consciously betrays his country and puts his own comrades in danger ranks as a man without honor.

ON THE OTHER HAND, EVEN THE ENEMY INVARIABLY RESPECTS THE GERMAN SOLDIER WHO REMAINS STEADFAST AND REFUSES TO MAKE STATEMENTS, EVEN IN THE FACE OF THREATS, OR BY A CLEVER ANSWER MAKES FROM THE START ALL FURTHER QUESTIONING USELESS. Thus, Private Wiegand, of the 8d Company, 60th Infantry Regiment, who pleaded his soldier's oath and refused to make any statements, received full recognition in the Army Orders of the enemy.*

If questions are asked about military or other dangerous subjects, there are many answers by which a man can escape further questions or at any rate parry them; for example:

"Only joined the unit a few days ago as a reinforcement."

"Just back from leave."

"Have been sick in quarters, or have just come out of hospital a few days ago, and therefore have no information."

*NOTE BY G. S. I. (British)—Further reference to the instance of Private Wiegand, mentioned in the above document, is contained in the following extract from an order issued by the Second German Army on April 16, 1918:

"2. Amongst the documents captured from the enemy there is a report dated August 10, 1917, of the examination of Private Wiegand, 8d Company, 60th Infantry Regiment, 121st Division, which, literally translated, runs as follows:

"The prisoner, a Roman Catholic, stated that on entering the German Army he had taken an oath that, in the event of being taken prisoner, he would give no information of any kind whatsoever which might endanger the safety of his comrades. HIS ATTITUDE COMMANDED RESPECT AND IS COMPLETELY IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE BEST TRADITIONS OF MILITARY HONOR. As a matter of fact, no information of any kind could be obtained from the prisoner, who is 19 years of age."

"This splendid example of soldierly conduct under imprisonment should be published to the troops, especially as several other records, also captured from the enemy, concerning the examination of German prisoners, contain precisely such statements (for example, as to billets for troops, battle headquarters, communication trenches, etc.) which are calculated to endanger the lives of comrades in a high degree.

"In view of the above cited example, it should be continuously impressed upon troops that under examination only the name, and nothing further, need be given to the enemy, and that a prisoner who declines to make any further statement not only does not render his fate worse, but, on the contrary, exacts respect from the enemy."

"Was on special duty" (forestry, collieries, road construction, production of trench materials, etc.).

"Accommodation under canvas in a wood, the name and exact location of which I cannot give. Have seen no other troops beyond men of the detachment, or any artillery positions; have seen no transport to or from batteries or single guns, or movements of troops."

If further questions are asked, always repeat the same answers: "I was not there"; "I do not know"; "Am not acquainted with the sector"; "Do not know the flanking units"; "Have seen no artillery, as visiting artillery positions is strictly forbidden"; "Do not know the positions of sentries or machine-guns or their numbers"; "Know of no plans for attack"; "Know nothing of the relief of the Division"; "Do not know the lines of approach to and departure from the position, as I went in at night"; "No work of any consequence in progress in the trenches or behind the front"; "Trenches, rations, and MORALE good."

It is naturally no less important to be circumspect in conversation with countrymen or fellow-prisoners in the camp later on, and not to tell them the OPPOSITE story to that told shortly before at the cross-examination.

Never forget that a prisoner is subject to continual observation and eavesdropping. In many cases he is pumped without being aware of the fact by confidential agents (his own countrymen, who have taken on themselves this despicable rôle). Further, IT IS OF THE GREATEST IMPORTANCE that every soldier should burn all letters and other written communications immediately after he has read them; by so doing he renders a great service to himself and to his country. Should he have any special interest in these letters, he can send them home again or tie them up in a parcel and hand them in to the company orderly room, which provides for their safe keeping.

It will thus be impossible for the enemy to receive or confirm any information by means of letters, notebooks, or, more particularly, diaries and address books.

Even long after capture, in the prisoners-of-war camp behind the front or in the labor camp, there are still dangers of many kinds which threaten the unwary man. SEEMING comrades come up to him confidentially and induce him to relate his recent experiences and ply him with questions; these men are naturally acting under the enemy's orders according to precise instructions. The seeming comrades are simply members of the enemy forces who speak good German and are put into German uniform (often even in German officer's uniform). Therefore use the greatest caution in conversation; if you have no previous knowledge of the man in question, give him no information about military affairs, say nothing about home circumstances, and tell him none of your experiences; your lot will not be improved by doing so.

Beware of the so-called non-commissioned officers of the camp, or of quartermasters and such men, apparently Germans, as are responsible for your comfort in camp, and receive complaints and requests.

When talking in camp, dormitory, or mess-room, speak only in a low voice, **FOR WALLS HAVE EARS**. Everywhere an apparatus is installed by which every word is heard even through the thickest walls, and is written down and afterwards turned to account. In a word, even a prisoner must forget that he is a German and that even he can still bear his part in helping to win victory over the enemy.

A WARNING IN CONCLUSION

Our enemies, in their examinations of prisoners, usually record the name of the man examined; even where this is not the case, we on our side can always ascertain from the records of the platoon, company, and regiment, together with the date, hour, and place of capture, who the prisoner was who made the statement in question. If such an examination, containing matter damaging to us, falls into our hands, criminal proceedings will invariably be instituted against the man who has forgotten duty and honor; this entails in the first instance great unpleasantness of his relatives (parents, brothers, sisters, wife, and child), and apart from this, after the war, the heaviest penalties for himself. There is no question of a remission of punishment or amnesty for such traitors, any more than for deserters. They and their names are branded, their home and property lost forever. (Translation ends.)

As I said in the early part of this story, Mess Sergeant Reddy, with his cooks and K. P.'s, and Mechanics George H. O'Malley and Timmy (Thomas) Wallace were always on the job and made every effort to bring meals to the "K" men during each engagement.

On the afternoon of the 26th, Sergeant Reddy and his detail were driving a one-mule cart, containing rations, over the road in the face of a heavy enemy shelling through Death Valley. They had another mule tied in the rear of the cart for emergency. While walking alongside of the cart and passing through the enemy shell fire, the extra mule kicked a grenade, which was lying in the middle of the road. The grenade exploded and wounded several of the detail, but the mule was not wounded at all. It was during this shelling that James F. Bruce was killed and a piece of shell passed through the cheek and jaw of William Kelliher, seriously wounding him.

Early in the morning of the 29th, on being relieved from the Belieu Bois, we marched to the rear and took up a position in the support line almost in the same place in which we were located prior to the attack of the 28d.

On the morning of November 1st, Col. H. P. Hobbs, former Division Inspector, was assigned to the 101st Infantry as commanding officer.

On the night of November 2d, a reconnoitering party was sent forward to a position five kilometers to the right of Belieu Bois. This sector was known as "Joli Cœur." During our three days' stay in this present position, men were reëquipped and a number of men returned from the hospitals and special duty, thus increasing the strength of the companies.

On the night of November 2d, I being in command of the Third Battalion, of which "K" was a part, proceeded with the battalion to the new position (Joli Cœur), relieving the 26th French Infantry. The Second Battalion, in command of Major Albert Gray, was in support, and the First Battalion, with Major McCarthy, in reserve. On the taking over of the Joli Cœur sector, instructions were given that things were to be kept very quiet. No more activity to be caused unless absolutely necessary.

On the hike over the hills to our new position, we passed across the famous Côte-de-Pave (Hill of Pepper), made famous by the hot fighting in 1916. On the side of the hill was a cemetery, where the bodies of thousands of French soldiers killed in defending this section during the terrific fighting were buried. In nearly every battle that "K" participated in, the start was made through a cemetery. This was true at Vaux, Château-Thierry, St. Mihiel, and several places in the final battle at Verdun.

When rumors of relief were sent to us while serving in the front lines, the usual suggestion was made that we were to go to a "quiet sector." After several such rumors, our boys decided that the cemeteries were the only quiet sectors in France. They were thus named "Quiet Sectors."

On November 3d, a communication was received from Division Headquarters, stating that the French Commanding General desired that the names of men who had distinguished themselves during our recent operations be recommended, as he was anxious

to confer French decorations upon them. The names of many members of "K" were submitted, but with the same result as on previous occasions. Many of the officers and men earned decorations many times, but did not receive them. It was just a question of luck as to those who received the decorations, for if the one who witnessed the performance was not able to draw a flaring picture of the deed, the man being recommended was in poor luck.

The following is a message which was sent from battalion headquarters to K Company, as well as to the other companies of the battalion:

U. S. ARMY FIELD MESSAGE

TIME FILED	NO.	SENT BY	TIME	RECEIVED BY	TIME	CHECK
THESE SPACES FOR SIGNAL OPERATORS ONLY						
"From: Jackdaw C-1						
At: P. C.						
Date: Nov. 3/18. Hour—21.05—No. 15					HOW SENT Runner	
To: Price—K						

"The good news just reached me that the armistice with Austria goes into effect tonight. Terms will be published Tuesday. Tell the men.

Still keep your eyes opened on those other birds and see what he is doing."

"Duane."

On the night of November 3d, K Company furnished a combat patrol to reconnoiter the enemy position on our front. The following is the order issued for the patrol, which contained another bit of good news:

U. S. ARMY FIELD MESSAGE

TIME FILED	NO.	SENT BY	TIME	RECEIVED BY	TIME	CHECK
THESE SPACES FOR SIGNAL OPERATORS ONLY						

"From: Jackdaw C-1

At: P. C. Gilbody

Date: 4th Nov. 18 Hour: 4.40 No. 26 HOW SENT
Runner

To: Price

"We are sending out some souvenir hunters at 11.30 tonight from Renegals poaching grounds. Notify your groups.

The Reichstag is meeting today and hope they get drunk as —— and come through with the goods.*

Have the company set so we can move on a moment's notice if ordered."

"Duane."

On the night of November 5th, orders were issued that another patrol would be sent out. This patrol was under the leadership of Sgt. Eugene McSweeney, of K Company. The following is information sent to the various groups and companies on the line warning them of the presence on their front of this patrol. All messages are in code:

U. S. ARMY FIELD MESSAGE

TIME FILED	NO.	SENT BY	TIME	RECEIVED BY	TIME	CHECK
THESE SPACES FOR SIGNAL OPERATORS ONLY						

"From: Jackdaw C-1

At: P. C. Gilbody

Date: 5 Nov. 18 Hour: 12— No. 21 HOW SENT
Runner

To: Adams

"The A. O. H. will have an excursion to Schitzen Grove tonight. The train leaves in front of your station at 28 o'clock.

You will allow the merry youths to take two of those new type toys. Notify all your groups."

"Duane."

About the time the patrol was ready to proceed, word was received that the patrol be stopped and a raid executed in its

stead. When a patrol of this kind or a raiding party is to go out, word is sent to all the adjoining posts and companies, so that no mistake will be made, and they will not be fired upon from our own lines. In sending these messages, code, of course, is the only safe means. I always believed in adding a bit of humor when it was possible, for life itself, in the trenches, is gloomy enough, so the above is a sample of one message which I sent, notifying Lieutenant Adams, who was then in command of M Company, that a patrol was to go out.

The new type toys referred to in the above message was short sawed-off shot-guns. These we were now using for the first time and we found them lovely toys, especially against enemy snipers.

On the night of November 5th, an order was received from Regimental Headquarters about 20 o'clock (6 o'clock) stating that our battalion was to execute a raid with a view of taking prisoners. Colonel Hobbs, with the French liaison officer, visited the P. C. (Post of Command). The Colonel suggested several plans and then left orders to draw my own plan. The raid was executed at daybreak the morning of the 6th, the raiding party returning with two prisoners, both members of the Prussian Guard. Much information was secured from them. The following is the report made of the raid. It will be noted that every minor detail must be given:

U. S. ARMY FIELD MESSAGE

TIME FILED	NO.	SENT BY	TIME	RECEIVED BY	TIME	CHECK
THESE SPACES FOR SIGNAL OPERATORS ONLY						
"From: Jackdaw C-1		Map 1/10,000				
At: P. C. Gilbody		Samagnaux (Verdun) (Ornes)				
Date: 6 Nov. 18		Hour 10.15	No. 401	HOW SENT Runner		
To: Jackdaw 6—						
<p><i>"Report of raid 5-6 Nov. 1918.</i> <i>Mission—To capture prisoners.</i> <i>Personnel—1 officer—4 N. C. O.—21 Privates.</i> <i>Assisted by artillery and M. G. barrage.</i> <i>Point of operation—Enemy line just north of point No. 329,</i> <i>penetrating 1st line (Joli Cœur) and 2d line (Saublet Tr.).</i> <i>H hour—5.45.</i></p>						



Dead Man's Hill, Verdun, 1916



What a road looks like after a shelling.
Note the observation balloon up in the rear watching while the engineers repair the road.



These ambulances were driven by Americans who went to the assistance of France for two years before America entered the war.
Perley Hamilton, of Clinton, was a member of this service when killed in action, July, 1917.



Several thousand prisoners being taken to the rear



Our best wishes always accompanied each shell



It was in this section that the American Marines made their great stand and this woods was later named after the Marines.

Note shell holes. They're small, but plenty of them.



Gas Attack—The gas is just being released from cylinders in enemy front line

Our party, in command of Lieut. William O'Shea, proceeded at 5.20 to point of departure 80;58;77, having to pass through an enemy barrage to reach this point.

At H hour (5.45) our party was all set, having taken up a position on crest of hill and waiting for barrage to open. At exactly 5.45 our artillery and M. G.'s opened up and entire party jumped off, rushing toward enemy first line (Joli Cœur). Not having met any opposition, they went along road north to road line (Saublet Tr.), Lieutenant O'Shea being in advance about fifty meters, reconnoitering ground. Party proceeded to point just in rear of Saublet Tr. when one of our party discovered an outpost slightly to the right of the road. Two enemy members of the 96th Prussian Guard Infantry who were acting as outpost were taken prisoners here, and party made their return to our lines.

Every man of our party returned. No one injured. (No casualties.)

On notification from runner of return of party we sent up barrage signal, calling for normal barrage to cover, or prevent any counter attack by the enemy.

Party started at 5.45—Our barrage signal was sent up at 5.55, making it a ten-minute action. Our normal barrage fell at 6 and fire stopped at 6.02½.

The only opposition met was from a M. G. located at point about at junction of crossroads north of 329. Enemy artillery retaliated very slightly, and only a light bombardment of gas, which landed in rear of our position.

Condition of ground: Ground in bad shape, being covered with a great amount of barbed-wire and completely covered with very large shell holes. Terrain hard to work over.

A patrol which was to be sent out previous to raiding party was called off by order of Jackdaw 1 at 10.15.

Prisoners sent by runners from this P. C. to Regt. P. C. at 7.05 o'clock."

"J. T. Duane,
Capt. Comdg. 8d Bn.,
101st Inf."

The night of the 7th November, orders were issued for another raid with a view of taking prisoners. This raid was executed, four prisoners being secured. We were mighty fortunate in both of these raids, as not a single American casualty occurred. This was a rare exception, and especially so in going into unknown territory, for when it is realized that a raid is rarely ever executed without at least seven or eight days' preparation, one will appreciate the good fortune which was with our men.

At last a ray of hope reached us, for the following message was received on the 7th, and was transmitted to each one of our companies.

U. S. ARMY FIELD MESSAGE

TIME FILED	NO.	SENT BY	TIME	RECEIVED BY	TIME	CHECK
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THESE SPACES FOR SIGNAL OPERATORS ONLY

"From: Jackdaw C-1

At: P. C. Gilbody

Date: 7 Nov. 18 Hour 8 A.M. No. 58

HOW SENT

Runner

To: Radio picked up at three this morning

If the German Plenipotentiaries desire to meet Marshal Foch to ask for Armistice, they will present themselves at the French Advance Post by the Roads Chimay-Fouriers, La Capelles-Guise.

Orders will be given to receive and conduct them to the fixed meeting place."

(Signed) Marshal Foch.

"Duane," Comdg. Bn.

Another message of good cheer was received on November 7th, in the form of orders stating that we were to be relieved. The following is the order:

Hdqrs. 101st Infantry,
P. C. Algeria,
7 Nov., 1918.
9.45

FIELD ORDERS

No. 47.

1. In compliance with F. O. 44, Hq. 51st Inf. Brig., reliefs in the CENTER OF RESISTANCE JOLI COEUR will take place on the night of Nov. 8/9, 1918.

(a) The 2d Bn. will relieve the 3d Bn. on the advance.

(b) The 3d Bn. upon completion of relief will take over the present station of the 1st Bn., becoming the Brigade Reserve.

(c) The 1st Bn. will take over the present station of the 2d Bn., becoming the Reg'tl Reserve.

2. Battalion Commanders will order the necessary reconnaissance to be made on Nov. 7, 1918.

3. The movement of troops will commence at 17 hour, Nov. 8.
4. The reliefs will be completed before 4 hour, Nov. 9.
5. The C. O. 3d Bn. will remain with the C. O. 2d Bn. for 24 hours after the relief of the 3d Bn.
6. 1 officer of the 2d Bn. will remain with the C. O. 1st Bn. for 24 hours after the relief of the 2d Bn.
7. 1 non-commissioned officer for each company in all Bns. will remain with the corresponding relieving company for 24 hours after relief.
8. Bn. Comdrs. will arrange for guides and for the details of relief.
9. Dossiers, sector property, and all information concerning the situation and location will be turned over to relieving units.
10. Sketches will be submitted to the Regt'l Comdr. not later than 8 o'clock on the morning of Nov. 9, showing exact location of all units and P. C.'s.
11. The 1st Bn. will have their evening meal before commencement of relief.
12. The 2d and 3d Bns. will have their evening meal after completion of relief.
13. Bn. Comdrs. will report by telephone to Regt'l Comdr. when relief is completed. The code word being "Boucq."

By order of Colonel Hobbs:
EDWARD M. GUILD
Operations Officer
101st Inf.

Copy to: C.G. 51st Inf. Brig.
C.O. 1st, 2d, 3d Bns.
Supply Co.
Surgeon
Signal Officer
File.

Received 14.30 Nov. 7, 1918.

But changes will occur even in the best of regulated organizations.

An order was issued from Regimental Headquarters requesting that each battalion commander be given the opportunity of recommending five non-commissioned officers of his battalion for promotion to commission. In choosing five from the Third Battalion, I recommended Sgt. Martin H. O'Toole and Douglas Ross, both of K Company. Both men had well earned such an honor by their brave and fearless performance of duties in action.

A report was called for as to the physical condition and general morale of the men of the Regiment. Following is the report submitted by me as to the condition of the men of the Third Battalion:

"The general morale of the men of this battalion is not very high owing to fatigue, sickness, etc. The health of the men is very poor, the majority suffering from severe colds and influenza; and dysentery being very prevalent."

This report was only in keeping with a report made by our present Commanding Officer, Colonel Hobbs, when he was Division Inspector. His report was submitted the latter part of October, to the effect that the general physical condition of the men of the 101st Infantry, owing to continued service, was very poor, and if relief was not effected in the very near future, there would likely be a general breakdown, both in physical condition and morale.

Often I recalled the gentle hint given me by a French Major during our training in the Chemin des Dames sector, and often I was almost tempted to follow his plan. He said that as soon as an engagement starts, his first act is to cut the wires connecting his position with all the Headquarters in the rear, for he found out that the worst trouble he always encountered in battles was with his own Boche in the rear. There was more truth than poetry in this, in all armies.

About 14.50 o'clock (2.50 P. M.) I received a telephone call from Colonel Hobbs, informing me that prisoners taken by the 102d Infantry on the left gave the information that the enemy on our front was about to retire. He ordered one company go forward, and find out if this information was true. I chose K Company to execute this attack. I notified the Colonel as soon as we were about ready to make the start. He then requested to know how soon I could get the battalion together in anticipation of attacking. I informed him in one-half hour. He replied "Good," and then issued the following instructions verbally, "You will take your battalion and attack the enemy." I requested more definite orders before attacking, for I realized that a poorly planned and executed attack was nothing less than murder or suicide. His orders were to follow the enemy.

I asked, "Follow them where?" The reply was, "Keep on their tail." I then said, "Some definite information must be obtained before we can move, especially when no written orders are issued." He then replied, "Your last and final orders are—advance north-east. Good-luck."

I then prepared the battalion in formation for the advance. L and K Companies advancing in columns of sections, proceeded through the woods, along the left of the main road. They then swung into the direction (due east) of the enemy, first and second line trench. The enemy, discovering these companies, opened fire upon them. As soon as the firing started in the direction of L and K Companies, I Company started over the crest of the hill and without warning were upon the enemy. M Company acted in support of I Company. Within fifteen minutes after giving the signal to advance, the entire company, (6th Company, 69th Prussian Guards) 1 officer, 67 men, were in our lines, and on their way to Regimental Headquarters as prisoners.

As soon as the enemy discovered our surprise attack, they withdrew, running in all directions. We continued to attack and advanced about 800 meters before darkness set in. After darkness set in, it was impossible to advance with any great success, for the entire territory was completely covered with barbed-wire entanglements and large mine craters; many of the shell holes and craters were deep enough to place a good-sized house in them. It was then necessary for us to hold up and consolidate, send out patrols to the front and on our flanks, and hold fast until daybreak, at which time we were once more to resume the advance. The boys now dug fox-holes with their hands, and used these as shelter from machine-gun fire. We had no Machine Guns or Stokes Mortars to help us.

In complying with original instructions of the 7th, the Second Battalion had proceeded to the relief of the Third Battalion, and on arrival, to their great surprise, found the Third Battalion had without warning advanced in an attack. No food had been brought to the Third Battalion all this day, and it was now impossible to secure any rations on account of the movement. Rations, which had been brought to the Second Battalion, were then gathered together and with the Ration Detail furnished by

the Second Battalion the food was brought up to a point so that the Third Battalion could secure it at daybreak. Men of the Second Battalion refused to eat their rations, for they decided that those fellows who had been in the lines for the past seven days and were now in attack needed food more than they did. This food was left at the junction of the road, but during the night it rained very severely, spoiling much of the food, there being no means of cover.

At 20.40 the following message was received by buzzer from Regimental Headquarters:

U. S. ARMY FIELD MESSAGE

TIME FILED	NO.	SENT BY	TIME	RECEIVED BY	TIME	CHECK
THESE SPACES FOR SIGNAL OPERATORS ONLY						

"From: Jackdaw

At: P. C.

Date: Nov. 8 Hour 22.40 P. M. No. 1

HOW SENT

Buzzer

To: Jackdaw C-1

"102d Infantry is already on heights overlooking Denvellers Azannes Road. Rush your advance company forward to heights, overlooking Denvellers Azannes Road and on these heights establish outposts. Patrol, energetically and constantly, throughout the night to the road. Move the rest of your battalion with the Machine-Gun Company. Take Mortars and 87mm. Platoon to support your out-post line. Notify me when you have reached these heights, and give me your location and disposition. General direction of your advance will be line drawn from point 265, southeast of Azannes, through Billy. The Magnetic Bearings are 70 degrees east of north. The Second Battalion has been ordered to follow you at 600 meters, and to furnish a liaison group of two platoons of infantry. One section machine-guns, commanded by an officer, take every caution to guard your right flank."

"Jackdaw."

It can be noted that the 102d reported that they were on the heights overlooking the Denvellers Azannes, but this was not a fact, for we were now at the foot of these heights, and the 102d

Infantry were at least 400 meters in our rear. Thus it was that our battalion was left in such an exposed position, subject to enfilading fire from all directions.

At 2.39 o'clock, November 9th, the following order was received by buzzer from Headquarters:

U. S. ARMY FIELD MESSAGE

TIME FILED	NO.	SENT BY	TIME	RECEIVED BY	TIME	CHECK
THESE SPACES FOR SIGNAL OPERATORS ONLY						

"From: Jackdaw

At: P. C.

Date:	Nov. 9	Hour 2.39 A.M.	No. 1	HOW SENT Buzzer
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To: Jackdaw C-1

"You will not advance your lines at dawn tomorrow, but you will throw out patrols to get contact; axis of liaison is changed. You will outpost your present position, covering the change of direction, which Jackdaw B will take up tomorrow when ordered. Jackdaw B then becomes the leading battalion, and you will, after he passes your lines, form, and follow in support. Send out at once patrols to gain liaison with Jangle. I will notify Jangle and ask him to send patrols toward you. Notify me at once when liaison is established. Use panels if asked to work front line."

"Jackdaw."

It will be noted that the word "Jackdaw" is used on all the messages shown. This was the code word of our regiment. "Jackdaw" being the Colonel. "Jackdaw A-1," the commanding officer of the First Battalion. "Jackdaw B-1," Commander of the Second Battalion; and "Jackdaw C-1," Commander of the Third Battalion. P. C. indicates Poste de Command.

The food which was intended for the Third Battalion was not received, for the route was changed, and the battalion moved in a different direction. Several of the runners from the companies crossed the field and each took several loaves of the bread, but this was so rain-soaked that they had to throw them away.

After advancing about 500 meters, a terrific enemy bombardment fell directly on the point now occupied by the Third Battalion. This caused many casualties. The battalion then changed direction 100 meters south to avoid the shell fire. About noon the advance was continued, but such terrific machine-gun fire with several batteries of Austrian 88's firing point blank and down into the ravine made it impossible. Three attempts were made to advance, but all without success. The French unit which was to advance on the left of the 101st withdrew without notifying our Headquarters, leaving an unprotected area of approximately one and one-half to two kilometers. Also, the unit designated to advance on the right of the 101st had changed direction, leaving a space of three kilometers. 1st Lieut. Leo Adams, in command of M Company, was sent with M Company to act as liaison to endeavor to cover the great interval on our left, and we trusted to God alone to protect us on the right.

Late the afternoon of the 9th, a message was received notifying us that the meeting of the German Plenipotentiaries with Marshal Foch had taken place, and that the Germans were given seventy-two hours in which to sign the terms of armistice, as presented by Marshal Foch. All felt certain that the Germans would sign this armistice, and hoped that the end was near, for at this moment our existence was almost unbearable.

Three attempts were made to advance on the afternoon of the 9th, but without success. Three more attempts were made during the day of the 10th. This also was without success. The Second Battalion was now holding the front, or assault position. I Company and M Company of the Third Battalion were acting as liaison between the left of the 101st Infantry, and the right of the 102d Infantry. These companies consisted of a strength of not more than fifty men each at this time. L and K Companies in support consisted of approximately three squads each (twenty-four men). Sgt. John Coughlin, of Fall River, was now in command of the handful of "K" men left. This, of course, does not mean that all of the rest of the men were casualties, for several were acting as stretcher bearers and others bringing up ammunition.

Late the night of the 10th, or early the morning of the 11th,

rations were brought up to the men. These were the first rations received by the men of the Third Battalion in approximately eighty-two hours. I saw several boys pick up mess kits with scraps of food on them which had been thrown away by the Boche, and they ate the food. This was a very risky thing, but one will do many things when driven to it by hunger. Neither did they have anything to drink for a like period other than shell-hole water, and many were poisoned by drinking that.

During the day of the 10th very strong rumors reached us that the Germans had decided to sign the terms of the armistice, and with the seventy-two hours which was given them on the 9th, this would bring them up to 11 o'clock on Monday, the 11th.

Early in the morning of the 11th, orders were issued that an attack was to be executed at 9.30 o'clock. This seemed impossible for our Regiment in five attempts to advance on the previous day, and night showed us that without artillery assistance, which at that time we were without, to attempt an advance meant suicide and murder. This seemed even stronger when there was a possibility that hostilities would cease at 11 o'clock. The final order which was received for the attack was to advance at 9.30. The advance was to continue until 11 o'clock, at which time all firing would cease. This was a very strong intimation that the armistice was to take effect.

The following message was picked up by our wireless operator early the morning of the 11th:

"Les hostilities seront arretes sur tout le front a onze Novembre a onze heure (heures francaises) 11. Les troupes allies ne depasser ont pas jusqu'a nouvel ordre la ligne atteinte a cette date et cette heure."

"Signe Marechal Foch."

Translation:

"The hostilities will be stopped on the whole front on November 11 at 11 o'clock (French time). The Allied troops are not to pass the line held at this date and this hour."

"Signed. Marshal Foch."

"Secret."

HEADQUARTERS TWENTY-SIXTH DIVISION,
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES,
FRANCE.

11 November, 1918.

Field Orders
No. 106.

1. Hostilities will cease upon the entire front at 11 o'clock, 11 November, '18 (today), French time.
2. Troops will not cross the line reached at that hour under any circumstances, unless ordered by these headquarters.
3. An immediate reconnaissance of the front line will be made by each front line battalion commander at 11 o'clock, showing the exact location of all his units on a sketch and by coördinates. This sketch will be forwarded to these headquarters with the least practicable delay. Regimental and brigade commanders will take the necessary steps to arrange for couriers for the prompt transmission of this information.
4. Regimental and brigade commanders will, as soon as practicable after 11 o'clock this date, personally check the locations of their front line elements. This information will be placed on a 1-20,000 sketch and also transmitted to these headquarters with the least possible delay.
5. Under no circumstances will officers and enlisted men of this division fraternize with the enemy.
6. Troops will be kept ready for any eventuality and measures of security will not be relaxed.
7. Organization commanders must maintain a high state of discipline in their units.

By command of Brigadier-General Bamford:

DUNCAN K. MAJOR, JR.,
Chief of Staff.

Several pleas were entered by officers that the attack might be postponed on account of the coming armistice, but to no avail. The advance was ordered, and many casualties occurred between 9.30 and 11 o'clock on the morning of the 11th. We later learned that regular army divisions received the same orders as those given to our division; but they were told that the attack would start at 9.30. Artillery would fall from 9.30 to 10.58. The Infantry would then advance at 10.58, halt at 10.59; reorganize, consolidate, and dig in; and all firing would cease at 11 o'clock. Thus the Infantry advanced only one minute; but not so with the 101st Infantry and the remainder of the 26th Division.

The 101st Infantry attempted to advance at 9.30, but met with such strong resistance that advance was impossible. At 10.30 our artillery opened a bombardment on the enemy lines. At 10.55 many of the gun crews of our artillery had placed long cords or ropes on the lanyards of their guns in order to allow a number of the doughboys (infantry) to assist at firing the last shots of the war. Great scrambles were indulged in in an endeavor to secure the last shell fired from each gun. The result was that there were probably twenty-five last shells from each gun. The last ten minutes before 11 o'clock there was a tremendous roar of artillery. Every battery of the Allies seemed to try to exhaust all the ammunition left in France. At 11 sharp there came a quiet that seemed like a change from black to white, a dead silence. Could it be true? Immediately on the cessation of activities at 11 o'clock the boys were informed there would be no more firing and absolutely no fraternizing. The boys threw off their packs, lay down in the mud, and, from absolute exhaustion, fell sound asleep—the first sleep they had had in nearly a week. No great celebration was indulged in.

Bert Ford, the smiling, hustling, and always "on the job" war correspondent, who went all through the battles with the boys, described very well in few words the condition of our location and men when he said: "We left the advanced positions and stumbled along on foot through country made ghastly by the wrath of men, a country won within a few hours by our waves of infantry. How any survived that inferno was a mystery. Everywhere there was destruction, desolation, misery, death. And MUD—sticky, filthy mud with bodies half buried in it."

The night of the 11th, there was a great display of fireworks along the entire front from both sides. The day seemed entirely lonesome, for it was strange not to have to dodge shells and machine-gun bullets. It was really hard to believe that at last war was at an end. Although the armistice was in effect, there were still outposts placed in front of our lines, so that no advantage might be given to the enemy, for we had learned that once given a chance, he was capable of playing rather mean tricks.

Among the tricks used on our boys was the case of Timmie Mullen. During the terrific fighting in the Belieu Bois at Verdun,

on October 26th, one German, who was supposedly trapped, decided to give himself up. It was fairly bright, and to expose one's self was dangerous, so they did not take any extra chances. He replied to our boys that he was afraid to come over, but if some one would come out he would give himself up. Timmie Mullen was one of our group, so Timmie volunteered to go out and assure the fellow of protection. As Timmie approached him the Boche dropped to the ground and several Boche machine-guns, which were concealed near by, opened on Timmie and riddled his body with bullets.

In every sector where we had been, great precaution was necessary, as the Germans left many traps about. One of their schemes was to place a piano in a dug-out and as soon as some one would play it, a certain key which was wired on touching, would blow up the dug-out and smother all those inside. On one occasion, two coffins were placed, one on top of the other, and as soon as the top one was moved a mine exploded. Souvenirs of all kinds are left about and wired to grenades and mines. One loose board on a step leading into a dug-out is laid over a nail which when pressed set off traps. Iron crosses and other decorations placed on dead Boche were found wired to grenades. The schemes used are too numerous to mention.

Those who enjoyed home comforts and steam heat or open fireplaces and bath tubs cannot appreciate what it meant to the weary doughboys and officers to be able to stand up and light a pipe or cigarette, facing the enemy line, and not be nipped for doing it.

You cannot realize how good the fires looked and how much better they felt. The doughboys were famished, for fire and warmth and the dry warm glow they gave went clear to the bone. Little wonder that the wood details were the first selected to search the battlefield for fuel. Little wonder that every five or six men had a fire of their own, in front of which they sat and talked until they dropped off to sleep.

Shortly after 11 o'clock the 101st Infantry band, which was stationed in the City of Verdun, started a procession through the city playing patriotic marches. All the soldiers, both American and French, joined this procession. To describe the enthusiasm

and high glee of these soldiers, many of whom had been fighting from the opening of the war in 1914 until the present time, words are inadequate. One French general, who watched the procession looked up as a doughboy raised an American flag over the cathedral which had been hit many times by enemy shells, and said in a very touching tone, "Those stars as they float in the breeze are like the stars in the Heaven, and those American boys who represent the stars are like messengers from Heaven who have well carried out their errand."

Our outfit remained on the side of the hill at Verdun until November 14th, at which time the Division was reorganized and started on another journey.

The divisions that were to comprise the Army of Occupation were selected. Among these was the 26th Division; but, owing to depleted ranks and poor physical condition of the men, the 26th Division was not brought up as part of this Army of Occupation; instead, it started on another foot-tour of France. After covering many kilometers, passing through many villages, making stops in several, the new area which was to be a rest and training area was reached.

The Division Headquarters was now located at Montigny-le-Roi, with the various regiments and companies distributed about in the same area, not far from American Headquarters at Chaumont.

K Company was located at Milliers, there being two companies in each village. Milliers was reached about November 28th. Various forms of maneuvers and drills were participated in while located in this village.

Immediately upon reaching Milliers an order was issued that twenty-five men from each company were to be allowed to go on furlough. This was the first furlough granted to our men since reaching France. These men were organized into groups and brought by truck to Division Headquarters. They were given new clothing and taken in charge by officers to the assigned rest area either at a summer resort or in the hills of Aix-les-Bains. Among the first group to leave "K" was Corporal John J. Savage. Savage had not been feeling well for several days. He thought by going on the furlough to have a chance to rest, and the change of

atmosphere might do him good. On reaching Montigny, he became suddenly ill. The officer in charge of his group ordered him sent to the hospital. Pneumonia developed and in a few days he passed away. Thus one prince of a chap, a wonderful little soldier, left our ranks. It was tough to go through all he had passed through during the entire period in the lines, come out whole, and then be taken away with pneumonia. His death caused a great gloom over the boys, and not a single man who went from "K" on that furlough enjoyed himself.

Shortly after reaching this area the reorganization of all units took place. We received new officers and replacement men. Capt. Thomas Riley was assigned to command "K." He was a former member of the Indiana National Guard. Captain Riley remained with "K" until they reached America, and was then transferred to I Company.

The replacement troops which now were assigned to the Regiment were distributed to the various companies, and they gave a new tone to the outfits, for we now had a genuine cosmopolitan company. In the early part of the war the first sergeant had absolutely no difficulty in calling the roll of the company, for nearly all were old standard American names; but now many of them were difficult to pronounce, and they bore a distinct European tint. One day about three weeks after the arrival of the new replacements 1st Sgt. Roy C. Muir, who had been suffering with a cold for several days, was calling the roll of "K" at Retreat, and when half-way through he sneezed and immediately several of the replacements answered "Present."

About this time, letters were coming from America notifying many of the boys that their girl friends were following the old adage, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder" (of the other fellow). A number of the boys were informed that their sweethearts were either keeping company or were about to be married to other fellows. The early letters which contained this information brought quite some gloom to the recipients, but later those who left sweethearts in America made up their minds that if news came stating they were listed among the losers, it was simply part of the great battle in which they were taking part. One member of K Company received such a message. He opened the

letter while sitting on his bunk in the loft of an old barn in the Town of Milliers. One of the boys, noticing his gloom, inquired for the cause. He immediately told him that his girl was engaged to another fellow. At the same time he was wearing a ring upon his finger which had been given him by this girl, he having on more than one occasion bragged about the gift. The boys proceeded to jolly him, stating that if they were in his place, they would throw the ring away for spite. He agreed that they were right. Taking off the ring, he threw it from the loft of the barn down into the street. Ten minutes later he attempted to descend the ladder leading from the loft, but, losing his step, he fell two-thirds way down, a distance of about ten feet. After picking himself up, the boys who had suggested the discarding of the ring, proceeded to convince him that the throwing away of the ring must have brought him hard luck. So after more than a day of constant searching, the ring was once more located in the gutter in front of the barn, and he placed it back upon his finger. At last reports it was learned that the girl would meet him at the pier upon his return.

Thanksgiving Day was passed in a very quiet manner. We had hoped that by Thanksgiving, or not later than Christmas, we would be back to enjoy our holiday meal at home; but no such luck. Orders were issued during the middle of December that President Wilson was to be the guest of the troops for Christmas, and he made a special request that he eat his Christmas dinner with the 26th Division, this being a special honor conferred on the 26th Division, for its record of having been in the lines longer than any other division in France. A general review was held in honor of the President on the morning of the 25th. Every company in the Division was told to prepare for a visit in their village from the President. With this in view, the various companies policed about their streets and billets until every village in the Divisional Area was a model of cleanliness. Newspaper accounts stating that the President was to eat Christmas dinner with our Division, also said that he was to stand in line with a mess kit and eat the same rations as given to the doughboys.

After the review in the morning, the President selected one or two villages, and inspected them. A story is told by one of the

officers, who accompanied the President and General Pershing on this tour of inspection, how the President asked about the various parts of equipment, as they were laid out on the bunks. General Pershing, picking up a half-shelter, opened it out and explained how it is set up. The General then threw it carelessly back on the bunk. President Wilson turned to the General and said, "General, you wouldn't like to have that boy throw your equipment back in that manner after finding it nicely folded; so I, as your Commander-in-Chief, order you to fold that tent and place it back in the same manner in which you found it." The General smiled, saluted, and said, "Yes, sir." He folded the tent, and they departed.

K Company and I Company remained standing in the middle of the road in Milliers until 4.30 o'clock, not being allowed to eat dinner until word was received that the President would not pass through our village. The Company then fell in line and had a very good Christmas dinner, of beef stew with all the trimmings (bread and coffee).

About the second week in January, a circular was received from Division Headquarters which informed us that, although the newspapers had said many things about the President going to eat the regular bill-of-fare of the doughboys on Christmas, this was not true. This circular suggested that each company of the Division contribute fifteen francs to pay for the meal, which was furnished the President and his party, and each Company Commander contribute ten francs. We later learned that the ten francs was to pay for broken and lost china and crockery ware which probably was taken as souvenirs by the guests at the dinner. And they say, "It was a tough war."

Many of our men were compelled to go about with uniforms which showed the effects of hard wear. In many instances, not only the men were reprimanded but the Company officers were taken to task by inspecting officers for the poor condition of the clothes. All this happened when the troops in the lines were unable to get new clothing, but this was not so with those in the rear of the lines. I mention this to show a contrast. At one of the base hospitals in Toul, a number of German prisoners who had been wounded were convalescing. These prisoners were going



Picture taken immediately on return from raid, May 30-31, 1918. All in and weary.

**Left to right : Lieut. Carl Mayhew, Scout Officer
Capt. S. T. Schoonmaker
Lieut. Donald Dunbar
Lieut. James T. Duane
Interpreter Paul Urgel**

Captain Schoonmaker and Lieutenant Dunbar were later killed. The Interpreter and Lieutenant Mayhew were evacuated physically exhausted.



Our beloved Chaplain Rollins holding one of his services while in Reserve-line position (Rahanne Woods).



× General Passaga, Commander of 32d French Army Corps. Chaplain Rollins on extreme left end. Major James Hickey, third from left. General John (Machine-Gun) Parker talking to General Passaga. Lieutenant John J. Riley on extreme right.

Talking over plans for a coming raid into the enemy lines.



Entrance to a dug-out in front line at Xivray-Marvoisin. These dug-outs had to be pumped out daily to get rid of water before the men just relieved from advance positions could go in and sleep.

about completely outfitted inside and out with brand-new American uniforms. This certainly was an insult to every American soldier.

At a meeting called by Colonel Hobbs, successor to Colonel Logan, of all the officers of our battalion, a very interesting talk was given. The lecture opened something in this manner: After walking up and down the floor, the Colonel pounded his fist into the palm of his left hand and exclaimed: "By —!, there are not court-martials enough in this regiment. I want to see more of them!" Absolutely every officer in that gathering could have been court-martialed and maybe shot for the thoughts in his mind at the Colonel's interesting talk. This was a pleasant expression, and especially so when less than two days previous the Colonel had said that the men were behaving in an exceptionally fine manner and congratulated the officers on the discipline in their companies. We all felt that this expression was not Colonel Hobbs's, but was sent through him by powers higher up.

Many complaints have been heard, and much has been said in the newspapers, about all the baggage which was lost or stolen in France. The greatest sufferers from the loss of baggage were those officers and men who served in the combat divisions. After great effort, many valuable souvenirs were picked up and placed in barrack bags and trunks, and later stored in the rear for safe keeping under the guardianship of men in the S. O. S. (Service of Supply).

On returning from the lines to secure the baggage, in most cases it was found badly rifled and often gone entirely. This same stealing of baggage and souvenirs occurred on the returning transports and at the ports of debarkation in America. Hence many lads who had promised war souvenirs to maidens fair, were compelled to report back empty handed with no souvenirs.

On January 29th, "K" moved over the road in the usual manner (foot), covering kilometer after kilometer, until the officers, instead of giving the command after a halt, "Forward, march!" said, "Stagger on." We reached our entraining point, rode for one day and part of the night, detrained, and marched to the Village of Fillé. This was in the Le Mans Area. Here we were to get our final cleansing and all preparations for our start home.

"K" remained in the Village of Fillé until March 25th, doing regular routine drills, athletic competitions, etc., and thus getting back in part some of the strength and flesh which were lost during the sojourn on the battle fronts.

During the stay in Fillé there was an effort made by suave-tongued officers sent throughout the outfits ready to embark for home to have the men sign up to transfer into the Military Police to do duty in Germany for six months or more.

So bright did the M. P. officer paint the picture of ease and luxury in the M. P.s that forty-two members of "K" signed up.

Realizing that they probably would regret the move when they saw their pals start for home, and knowing their waiting relatives would be sad, I placed the situation before the forty-two near M. P.s. Within an hour there was a great scramble to cancel the transfer. A committee of the boys worked all night, and after great effort and using every influence possible the order of transfer was canceled and the boys returned with "K," a happy lot.

We were now nearing the end of our tour of France in which we saw a great portion of the country, covering it thirty inches at a time (regulation step).

The following report will show the care and sanitation our troops used in order to leave all areas in first-class shape:

HEADQUARTERS 101ST INFANTRY
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES
FRANCE

PRELIMINARY ENTRAINMENT INSTRUCTIONS

No. 3

20 March, 1919.

1. On leaving this area Commanding Officers of troops in Parigne, Guecelard, and Fillé will leave an acting Town Major in these three towns for 24 hours after the departure of troops to receive and settle all claims that may arise. At the expiration of these 24 hours the acting Town Majors will obtain the following clearance papers from the Maire of the Commune in duplicate; one copy of which they will forward to the Zone Major, Eccomoy Area, at Eccomoy, and the other they will retain:

"The undersigned, Mayor of the Commune of ——— Department of Sarthe, hereby certifies that all claims for damages of whatsoever

nature against the American Army which have arisen within this commune have been registered in the office of the Mayor and turned over to the American Military authorities for settlement."

They will then proceed to the Port of Embarkation by the next troop train. All other towns in the area will be cared for by officers of the Eccomoy area.

2. Immediately prior to the departure of this Regiment from the area, sanitary conditions will be inspected by the District Sanitary Inspector, working in conjunction with the various Town Majors, who will be informed of the result of the inspection of the various towns. The following instructions will be strictly complied with by the units of this Regiment in cleaning up the areas now occupied by them:

(a) On leaving the area each latrine will be filled with earth if its contents are within 3 feet of the surface, otherwise its contents will be covered by at least 6 inches of earth. The latrine tops will be scrupulously cleaned and the covers will be carefully fitted and replaced if necessary. Care will be taken that every latrine, whether public or private, that has been used by our troops is so treated, unless objection is made by private owners, when their directions will be followed. No paper or other refuse will be left in the vicinity of latrines.

(b) All kitchen wastes which may decompose will be carried away by the inhabitants or will be incinerated or buried under at least 18 inches of earth. All tin cans will be piled high in a single common dump outside the village in a place designated by the local Town Major. The area occupied by each kitchen will be carefully policed, leveled, and fresh earth will be spread over any soiled portions, care being taken to leave these areas in a neat and attractive condition.

(c) Billets and barracks will be cleaned and swept and the refuse therefrom will be burned and buried. The grounds surrounding billets, barracks, and areas used for drill, instruction, or in any manner by our troops and the streets in the vicinity of these will be policed. The refuse therefrom will be burned and buried if inflammable or of a decomposing nature, otherwise it will be collected in a common dump outside the village, which dump will be designated by the local Town Major.

(d) Exceeding care will be taken to discover and bury any promiscuous defecations in the area.

(e) Manure in and near stables which have been occupied by our animals will be taken away by the inhabitants previous to our departure, or will be placed in a dump such as the local Town Major may select.

(f) All dumps which have been used by our troops will be left in a neat and orderly condition, with cans, street sweepings, and manure in separate piles. All refuse which may decompose will be buried under at least 18 inches of dirt.

(g) All open wells, cisterns, and water courses in the vicinity of kitchens, billets, or barracks will be inspected, and if found contaminated by our troops will be emptied and cleaned.

(h) Entraining points will be carefully policed before the departure of each train. The latrines there installed will be located and direction signs, pointing toward them, will be erected. (Entraining officers will be held responsible for compliance with this paragraph.)

(i) Town Majors will be consulted whenever it is necessary to determine the proper procedure in such cases where explicit directions are not here stated.

On March 26th we once more entrained and started on the last lap of our journey, arriving this same day at the famous port of Brest. We were now quartered in the large camp at Brest, at which all final arrangements, as to equipment, etc., were made prior to sailing for home—back to God's Country and his chosen people.

Many stories had reached us prior to our arrival at Brest, giving the information that certain outfits had given vent to their feelings by expressions as to their joy at leaving the country, the abuse which they received, and many other stories which resulted in their being taken from camp and returned into the central part of France, and ordered to remain there for a period of about six months more. These stories kept our boys alert. Hardly a word was spoken of the country or of the people.

So on March 27th, "K" started for the great wharf at Brest. On our arrival there we were carried out to the transport which was then lying outside of the Brest Harbor. K Company was among the organizations which were assigned to the *America*, formerly the great German Liner *Amerika*. As soon as all troops were aboard, the baggage being placed in the hold, the signal was given at 18 o'clock (6 P. M.), March 27th; with steam up, the whistles of our transport shrieked, and we left Brest Harbor headed for our beloved America.

Although no expressions were given by the boys as to their treatment, etc., many of them as they stood at the railing looking back were heard to exclaim, "I could be court-martialed and kept in France for my thoughts, right now."

The trip back over the ocean was a very pleasant one. There was plenty to eat and excellent sleeping quarters for all. Enter-

tainments were held morning, afternoon, and evening, there being three bands on board. While we were now traveling in far different style from that on the trip going over, still no great enthusiasm was aroused during the trip, for we had moved so often from one front to another, and from village to village, that this trip seemed like another move to a new front. This was our feeling until early the morning of Saturday, April 5th.

As dawn was breaking, a heavy mist hung over the ocean, and the boys were lined up by the railing of our great ship, a loud and long shout was heard, for they had sighted Boston Light. Columbus himself did not realize any greater joy at the first sight of land than our boys did that morning. The weather was very foggy, but gradually cleared.

Owing to the tide not being favorable, it was necessary for our transport to lie outside the harbor for several hours. During the wait a torpedo boat destroyer hove in sight and came from the harbor to greet us. In a short while we were greeted by a number of other boats which came alongside. We soon entered President Roads.

Now the enthusiasm which was lacking on the early part of the trip began to display itself. A number of sub-chasers which were bedecked with Yeomen (F) came alongside our boat. There was much real comedy as the boys greeted the girls with their haphazard French. We were now experiencing the thrill and desire for which we had hoped during the past year or more.

As our transport steamed up President Roads, it was greeted by more boats loaded with relatives and friends anxious to show their joy at the return of the boys. All of these greetings looked mighty good to us; but when the ferry boat, bearing a large white banner covering the entire side, saying "Mothers' Boat" came in sight, many chills ran up our spines and tears came to our eyes, for the boys now realized that they were within sight and hearing of God's Own Country and our darling mothers and other relatives.

Not a great way from the Mothers' Boat was another bearing the words, "Auxiliary Boat, 101st Infantry." This sign also brought a thrill, for on this boat were many mothers of our boys and other good women who had done so much and sent so much

cheer while we were across. My brother, Martin P. Duane, and a number of Clinton and Hingham women were among the guests on the auxiliary boat.

There was one more boat which was very prominent in the reception. It bore a banner which covered its entire side with "K Company, 101st Infantry," printed on it. This boat was in charge of the Hingham folks, and certainly made a lot of real noise. This great demonstration certainly made us feel that the folks at home were anxious to show their appreciation of the work accomplished by the boys in France. It was hard to realize that any one of us could have deserved such tribute as was paid by the good people in their reception.

After passing through a great lane of crafts of all descriptions, with every available inch of ground along the banks of the harbor, and all the factories and other buildings crowded with people, we finally reached the dock at Commonwealth Pier. Here another great demonstration was held. The transport docked late in the afternoon and we were compelled to remain on board all that night, for the reason that clearance papers could not be given.

As our transport sailed up the harbor we were met by one of the City of Boston boats. On board this boat were many prominent men. Among the very first to come aboard the transport was U. S. Senator David I. Walsh. Our beloved Senator from Clinton extended a personal greeting to all the Clinton boys. Chief of Police of Clinton, John F. McGee, was at the wharf to meet the transport, and came aboard and also presented his greetings from the people at home.

After an anxious night on board, early the morning of Sunday, April 6th, all men prepared to march up the gangplank, leaving the decks of our good transport, *America*, and onto Commonwealth Pier. As we reached the Pier, the men marched between two lines of welfare workers, who distributed various articles for smoking, candy, etc., and then proceeded to the railroad depot on the other section of the wharf, and for the first time in more than two years we got aboard real honest-to-goodness railroad trains. At first it was difficult to get used to the plush seats, long aisles, well-ventilated, bright, and cheerful cars. The trip from Commonwealth Pier to Camp Devens was one continual demonstration by men, women, and children all along the line.

Camp Devens reached, men were assigned to tents which were to be their quarters until the barracks were assigned. All proceeded to discard their equipment. The next problem was, "How soon can we see the folks?"

Orders were issued to allow passes to but twenty-five per cent of the enlisted personnel, giving them permission to go to their homes and to return on the following morning. Twenty-five per cent was all that were allowed, but with no fences around the camp, I would like to see an ordinary guard prevent these boys who had made up their minds to reach their homes and see their folks. These boys had been in France for twenty-one months, most of this time preparing for and on the firing line. When the Germans could not stop them, how was a Camp Devens guard going to do it? The result: Most of the boys had supper with their folks at home that night, and great joy was everywhere at the reunions.

While these reunions were being held there was another drama being played at other homes. As the parents of those boys who did not return saw the buddies of their boys arriving, their thoughts were once more carried to the ones still in France left to keep the eternal watch. The parents' hearts were heavy and sad. Many were the words of comfort to the parents by the returned lads, telling of the great soldier qualities of their departed buddies and how noble they fought and died.

On the return of the boys from France, many questions were asked by the home folks, and among the most frequently asked was, "How did you fellows ever have the nerve to face the machine-guns and bayonets and how did it feel to be under artillery fire?"

Let me tell all my good friends that it is harder to describe the feelings in those events than it is to go through them. To advance in the face of machine-guns is no pleasant task, and to fight hand to hand with bayonets is another rough form of entertainment, but, when one realizes that he is there to accomplish a purpose, and the only means of accomplishing his end is to use his bayonet, he gets his fighting spirit up and advances with the idea that it is either you or the other fellow and, of course, you always vote for the other fellow. Perhaps the feeling under

artillery fire is easiest of any to describe, but the only feeling that I can liken it to, as the shells come toward you and you imagine your name is engraved on each one, is to be strapped onto a railroad tie; as you lie there you feel the vibration of a heavy train coming in the distance. As it approaches with a terrible rumble and rattle, you await the moment to have it reach you with a rush and pass over your body, only to find that you were on the small section of the tie outside of the rail. It is always a happy relief when a shell which you hear whizzing in your direction lands—somewhere else in France. During a heavy shelling one day the enemy sent many shells far to the rear—fifteen landing near Division Headquarters. As they sailed over the heads of our lads, they shouted, "Go to it, Boche, give them more back there so they will know the war is still on; if you give them a lot, we're for you."

Of the great days in a soldier's career, the morning of a big attack leads all. The orders have been issued and all final instructions have been transmitted to officers and men; everybody is moving about with a high tension spirit, and all await with a nervous strain the hour of starting. At the set hour our artillery lets loose a perfect thunder, and the fun is on. The artillery plays on the enemy lines for a given period, at H hour (zero hour) the artillery advances its range, and with a yell of "Let's go, boys," the doughboys are on their way, and after passing through great depths of barbed-wire entanglements, they reach the first enemy line. There is a certain thrill that keeps the chill running up and down the spine as you advance, but the greatest nervous strain is waiting the moment when you come in personal contact with the enemy. You meet him, and the excitement is so great that you have no time to think of personal fear.

Have I been afraid in battle? Yes—awfully; I'll bet no one in the army felt any more so than I. If a man says he was never afraid in battle, his is one of two cases—he is mentally unbalanced or else is handling the truth rather haphazardly.

As the boys said, "How could a man stand up and not feel a little fear when the Jerries were throwing freight cars, ash cans, and railroad tracks (as the big shells were sometimes called) at him?"

The machine-gun nests were difficult things to attack. The machine-guns are usually so placed that they cover every portion of the enemy line, and are enfillading the whole position; that means that when they fire, each gun is firing its bullets so that they overlap the other, and this forms a sort of scissors-effect, the guns on the right firing to the left, the left guns to the right, and the frontal guns covering the interval. Thus every single inch of front is being covered by bullets.

Camp Devens had been completed after our Regiment left for France, so the camp was a new site to the boys. We were greatly impressed with the tremendous area which it covered, and the splendid arrangements of the camp. In order to keep the men in good physical condition and to keep their minds occupied until such time as the orders were to be issued for the mustering out of the Regiment, the regular routine work, drills, etc., were carried on.

On April 20th, a large consolidated review was held at the camp by the entire Division. Thousands of friends and admirers of the Division were present to witness this ceremony.

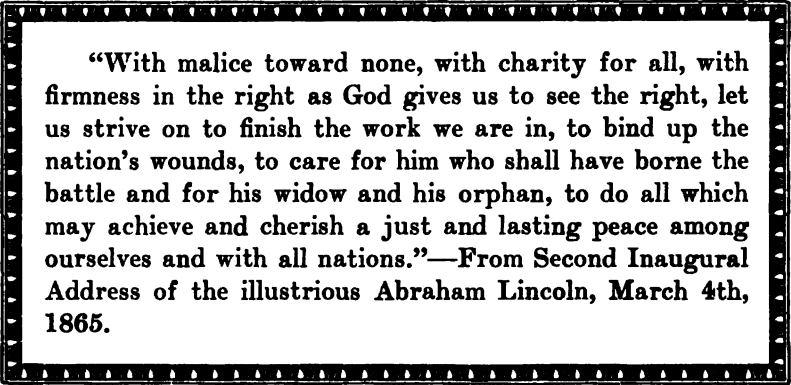
On April 26th, the Division again gave a review, but this time in the City of Boston. We marched through the city streets, which were elaborately decorated and which were lined with people beyond count. It was one of the most impressive sights Boston ever witnessed. The boys, marching with bayonets fixed and fighting helmets on, made it a real war-time spectacle.

April 28th. This was the day looked forward to by the boys for at least one year. It was on this day that K Company, 101st Infantry, was to be mustered out of the service of the United States Army. All papers were arranged, pay rolls prepared, and each man given his own discharge. As the boys took such equipment as they were allowed to take for their personal property, amid great cheering, many farewells to their buddies, whom they had slept with and fought with during many trying days and nights, they departed for their homes.

The final chapter of K Company was written on May 2d, 1919. On this day, after I had personally completed the records of "K," accounted for the property allotted to the Company, and received final clearance papers, I was mustered out of the service.

With my discharge, K Company, 101st Infantry, with its glorious history of bravery and valor for deeds accomplished in battle, and bearing a record second to no company in the entire American Expeditionary Forces, passed into memory.

"FINI LA GUERRE"



"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."—From Second Inaugural Address of the illustrious Abraham Lincoln, March 4th, 1865.

CROIX DE GUERRE *versus* CROSS OF GOD

Dedicated to his Pals

By Sergeant H. W. J. Fitzgerald, 101st Infantry

You ask me who deserves the praise,
 'Mid battle's rage and strife,
And who shall wear the D. S. C.s and Croix des Guerres,
 And be remembered throughout life?

The leaders who outguessed the foe,
 And led their men for gain,
Will surely be remembered,
 And be known in history's fame.

The man who helps a comrade,
 Who cannot help himself,
Or the ones that trust to God,
 And care not for themselves—

They too will all be cited,
 'Mid cheering and wild applause,
Be praised and honored for their bit
 Toward helping out the cause.

The commanders of the ships at sea,
 Who sink the Ocean's dread,
Will also share in prayer and thought,
 And be thought of, after they're dead.

But there are some, I really hope,
 We'll all remember throughout our life,
And they're the ones who gave their all—
 Their lives—in this awful strife.

Just now they're listed as casualties,
 And hardly a second thought is given,
Unless they chance to be a kin or friend;
 And then home remorse is driven.

Some few there are who have no ties,
 No mother waiting there,
But surely they as well deserve
 A tiny little share.

So after all is said and done,
And the boys come marching home,
'Mid shouting crowds, banner swinging,
And the trumpets loudly blown,
There'll be some gray-haired men and women,
Who'll not join the joyous throng,
For them the wondrous home-coming
Will sound like a funeral song.
Perhaps their only son, husband, or brother—
The apple of their eye—
Has done his bit on foreign soil,
For justice he did die.
The waving of the banners,
The sounding of the drum,
Will only be a reminder,
Of the one that does not come.
So let this be a gentle hint,
And if you're ever in a throng,
Cheering a war-made hero—
Do it with a shout and song.
Then after he's received his due,
And passed with praises loud,
Just say a prayer for the lad who can't
Join in the returning crowd.
In after years just keep a thought
Of the ones who fell o'er there:
Whose graves are marked by the Cross of God,
And whose after life they'll share.
So here's a health to the winners
Of all D. S. C.s and Croix des Guerres;
May they always be happy
And receive a lucky share!
But while we are toasting the heroes,
Who were made by fame and chance,
We'll all join in admiration and thanks,
To the boys who died in France.



RUDOLPH J. HAJEK
 Grundy Co., Coal City, Ill.
 Private, Co. K, 101st Infantry
 Killed in action, October 25th, 1918



EVERETT H. MINIGAN
 Killed in action, July 15, 1918



JAMES R. KIRBY
 Killed in action, July 15, 1918



WILLIAM S. CARLISLE
 Killed in action, July, 1918



EDWIN T. ARMSTRONG
Died from wound received in action



ROBERT A. MURRAY, JR.
Died in France from wounds



CAPTAIN STEPHEN T. SCHOONMAKER
Beloved officer of "K" who commanded the Company during the Meuse-Argonne fight, in which battle he was killed while leading his troops.

In Memoriam

The following is a list of the members of "K" who died in France, and whose memory will always live in the minds and hearts of those of their comrades who were blessed with a safe return to their homes and loved ones:

Officers

CAPT. STEPHEN T. SCHOONMAKER
2d LIEUT. ANDREW GERDIN

Enlisted Men

GEORGE R. WRIGHT	WILLIAM JOHNSON
ALEXANDER R. BORLAND	JAMES R. KIRBY
JOHN J. SAVAGE	EVERETT H. MINIGAN
JAMES F. BRUCE	TIMOTHY MULLEN
JAMES CONNELLY	ROBERT A. MURRAY, JR.
ERNEST CAMPBELL	CHARLES S. MYERS
RALPH W. DOUGLASS	WILLIAM S. CARLISLE
LEO ELLERY	GEORGE H. MEALEY
RUDOLPH J. HAJEK	EDWIN ARMSTRONG
EDWARD HOWELL	WILLIAM J. DUNPHY
LEON W. JOSSELYN	

By their deeds of personal bravery and devotion to the common cause, they upheld the traditions of the American people, enhanced the brilliant record of their Company and Regiment, and proved their sterling qualities by the Supreme Sacrifice, in that they were not afraid to lay down their lives for their country.

They are enrolled amongst the Heroes of our truly great Regiment and Valorous Division.

Taps

Fear not that ye have died for naught,
The torch ye threw to us we caught!
Ten million hands will hold it high,
And Freedom's light shall never die!
We've learned the lesson that ye taught
In Flanders' Field.

R. W. Lillard

"THE YD CEMETERY"

"The peasant children pass it as they leave the village school,
The pious strangers cross themselves along the road to Toul,
The captains call attention as the dusty troops plod by,
The officers salute it though receiving no reply;
'Tis a spot all brown and barren, 'mid the poppies in the
grain—

The YD cemetery by a roadside in Lorraine.

"A row of wooden crosses and beneath the upturned sod
The hearts once wild and restless now know the peace of God.
The brave young lads who left us while life was at its flood,
While life was fresh and joyous, and fire was in the blood;
Their young lives now enfranchised from mirth or joy or
pain,

They sleep the sleep eternal by a roadside in Lorraine.

"Of all the myriad places for the dead of man to rest,
The graveyard of the warrior for a freeman is the best;
Oh! not for them our pity, but far across the foam
For the gray-haired mother, weeping in some New England
home;

'Tis she who has our pity, 'tis she who feels the pain
Of the YD cemetery by a roadside in Lorraine.

"The plodding columns pass them along the old Toul road;
New companies come marching where yesterday they strode;
Above, the whirl of motors—beyond, the roar of guns,
Where their allies and their brothers join battle with the
Huns.

And the sunlight of their glory bursts through the clouds and
rain,

O'er the YD cemetery by a roadside in Lorraine."

Lieut. Col. Harry B. Anderson.

HEADQUARTERS 101st INFANTRY
CAMP DEVENS, MASS.

April 28, 1919.

CAPTAIN JAMES T. DUANE,
Commander, Company K, 101st Infantry,
Camp Devens, Mass.

My dear Captain Duane:

I cannot allow the muster out of your Company and the departure of the officers and men of your command to their homes upon the completion of their services, without a word of thanks to you, and through you to them, for the very efficient service which they rendered to the Regiment and to the country during all our participation in this war.

To you all personally, I am sure I do not need to state my sincere appreciation as your Regimental Commander for the loyal manner in which every officer and every man in the Company served during the war, nor to speak in detail of the great accomplishments made by them; for I am sure that every one of them knows how deeply and how sincerely I appreciate, as their Regimental Commander, the hardships which they suffered, the efficiency which they displayed, and the accomplishments which they secured during their service.

Splendidly officered, not only in its commissioned, but in its non-commissioned personnel, this Company never failed when called upon, and indeed exceeded our highest expectations.

You and every member of your Company have every reason to be proud of the splendid service rendered. You know in your hearts the sacrifices which you have made, the sufferings which you have endured, and the bravery shown on so many occasions, all too little recognized by those who should have been anxious to approve by citation and decoration the splendid heroism those men displayed.

I am sorry that it has not been our good fortune to secure for these men the decorations which so many of them justly earned, but fortunately the injustices which they have suffered have in no

way dimmed the value which the people of the Commonwealth have placed upon their splendid efforts.

You may be sure that I wish you and all your officers and men a happy return to your homes and a very prosperous, happy, and successful life, now that you will soon be back with the people you love.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) EDWARD L. LOGAN,
Colonel Commanding 101st Infantry.

ELL/FM



**“ K ” boys on their way to the Mexican Border in 1916.
This picture is used only to show contrast between troop
train service in America and the mode of travel in France.**



**“ K ” boys coming up for air on a stop during a ride to
the front in their *de luxe* Pullman.**



General Pershing greeting Marshal Joffre



**Shot before going across.
Looking over the mark after taking
a shot of anti-typhoid.**



**At the entrance of nearly every town or
village there was a Crucifix.**

**Three members of "K" admiring this
wonderful marble figure at the entrance of
Donmartin-la-France.**

**Sergt. Paul Devaney
Sergt. John O'Malley
Corpl. James Mohan**



**Female tillers of the soil — women
were compelled to do the manual labor
while men fought.**

ROSTER OF OFFICERS AND MEN WHO WERE MEMBERS OF K COMPANY, 101ST INFANTRY,

At some time from August 5, 1917, to date of muster out

The addresses given are those recorded at time of discharge from service.

The addresses are printed so that the members of K Company can get in touch with their buddies, whom they may have lost track of, and thereby continue the old Company spirit.

CAPT. JAMES T. DUANE, Clinton, Mass. Commanding Company

CAPT. PETER F. CONNELLY, Clinton, Mass.

Tsfd. as Ch. Provost Marshal at Nice

*CAPT. STEPHEN T. SCHOONMAKER Killed in action at Verdun

CAPT. THOMAS P. RILEY, 48 St. Ledger Street, Akron, O.

Tsfd. to I Company, 101st Inf.

1ST. LT. GEORGE G. MOYSE, Waltham, Mass.

Tsfd. to U. S. as Instructor

1ST. LT. GEORGE A. CORBIN, Worcester, Mass.

Tsfd. to U. S. as Instructor

1ST. LT. EDWARD J. PRICE

New York City

1ST. LT. EDGAR R. DENSMORE, Clinton, Mass.

Tsfd. to G Company, 101st Inf.

1ST. LT. LEO R. ADAMS, 86 Central Avenue, Medford, Mass.

Duty with Company

1ST. LT. EDWARD GUILD

Tsfd. to Hdqs. Company, 101st Inf.

1ST. LT. RICHARD W. LIND

Tsfd. to G Company, 101st Inf.

1ST. LT. JOHN W. BREATHED

Tsfd. to Hdqs. Company, 101st Inf.

2D. LT. NEAL H. FISHER, Foxcroft, Maine

Tsfd. to U. S. as Instructor

2D. LT. DONALD S. FRANCIS, Athol, Mass.

Tsfd. to U. S. as Instructor

2D. LT. ALBERT S. LANE

Tsfd. to F Company, 101st Inf.

2D. LT. HOWARD J. CUMMINGS, Clinton, Mass.

Wounded in action at Château-Thierry

*2D. LT. ANDREW GERDIN

Killed in action at Waddenville, France

2D. LT. RALPH T. BAISDEN

Wounded in action at Verdun, France

2D. LT. CARROL SEEHOF

1407 Jarvis Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

2D. LT. WALDO J. LACROSSE

Tsfd. to University Sorbonne, Paris, France

2D. LT. GEORGE G. KING

Tsfd. to Military Police, A. E. F.

2D. LT. WILLIAM A. FULLER, Clinton, Mass., Tsfd. to Fifth Regiment

1ST SERGEANTS

RALPH A. TYLER

Clinton, Mass.

JOHN F. A. MELLEDDY

Hudson, Mass.

CHARLES H. BENT

Clinton, Mass.

ROY C. MUIR

585 Main Street, Watertown, Mass.

SUPPLY SERGEANTS

PAUL L. DEVANEY

Clinton, Mass.

CLARENCE W. GOSS

Clinton, Mass.

RALPH D. BOYNTON

Clinton, Mass.

MESS SERGEANTS

WILLIAM L. ROACH

Brookfield, Mass.

EDWARD R. REDDY

Clinton, Mass.

SERGEANTS

JOHN H. HASTINGS

Clinton, Mass.

PETER J. SCHOFIELD

Clinton, Mass.

EDWARD W. BRADY

Stone Street, Clinton, Mass.

*WILLIAM S. CARLISLE

Clinton, Mass. (Died in service)

MARTIN A. O'TOOLE

147 Oak Street, Clinton, Mass.

*GEORGE H. MEALY

Cohasset, Mass. (Died in service)

MICHAEL T. GRIFFIN

17 Jersey Avenue, Braintree, Mass.

EUGENE C. MCSWEENEY

9 Oak Street, Cohasset, Mass.

MICHAEL J. TIERNEY

Clinton, Mass.

MARTIN H. O'MALLEY

Clinton, Mass.

JOHN J. O'TOOLE

Clinton, Mass.

DOUGLAS E. ROSS

66 Main Street, Hull, Mass.

REGINALD R. BEAL

Hall Street, North Cohasset, Mass.

JOHN W. COUGHLIN

45 Olney Street, Dorchester, Mass.

CHRISTOPHER S. SULLIVAN

8 Stanley Street, Worcester, Mass.

JOHN T. MARONEY

Clinton, Mass.

DAVID TEMPLETON

8 Valley Beach Avenue, Hull, Mass.

JOHN P. KANE

Cohasset, Mass.

WILLIAM MOYNIHAN

10 High Street, Maynard, Mass.

HAROLD S. BANDURA

24 Parker Avenue, Cohasset, Mass.

WILLIS W. HOLT

325 Main Street, Hingham, Mass.

CORPORALS

MICHAEL A. SCHOFIELD	Clinton, Mass.
ERHARDT E. VATTES	Clinton, Mass.
HENRY H. McCULLOUGH	Grove Street, Clinton, Mass.
ALFRED E. KITTILA	Oak Street, Clinton, Mass.
PATRICK F. PURCELL	20 Harrington Street, Revere, Mass.
CHRISTOPHER C. JOYCE	Clinton, Mass.
HAROLD C. BEER	Greeley Street, Clinton, Mass.
THOMAS J. McDONALD	19 off Shawmut Street, East Weymouth, Mass.
LAWRENCE N. LITCHFIELD	40 High Street, North Scituate, Mass.
AUGUSTINE W. NORRIS	149 Main Street, Hingham, Mass.
MICHAEL R. KEATING	61 Fort Hill, Hingham
FRANK L. DAMON	80 South Street, Hingham
LEMUEL A. DILL	Hingham, Mass.
MICHAEL A. McKEIGUE	48 Templeton Street, Dorchester, Mass.
ALBERT T. WHITE	115 Linden Road, Melrose
JAMES F. O'TOOLE	Clinton, Mass.
LINCOLN BOUVÉ	2 Cottage Street, Hingham
JOHN Q. KNOWLES	Hull, Mass.
REGINALD BATES	Highland Street, Clinton, Mass.
JAMES A. CRESWELL	5 North Street, Hingham, Mass.
*GEORGE R. WRIGHT	(Died in service) Braintree, Mass.
RAYMOND A. GUNNERSON	Atlantic Avenue, Hull, Mass.
*ALEXANDER B. BORLAND	(Died in service) Weir Street, Hingham, Mass.
ARTHUR G. IRWIN	Hull, Mass.
ALFRED D. HEALD	Lancaster, Mass.
EDWARD COLLINS	Fresh River Avenue, Hingham, Mass.
DUDLEY C. GOODWIN	North Main Street, Cohasset, Mass.
ROLAND T. PHILLIPS	Hanover Center, Mass.
HUGH W. HANNA	Clinton, Mass.
ALFRED LANGLOIS	44 Flag Street, Clinton, Mass.
JOHN D. MAHAN	140 Pleasant Street, Leominster, Mass.
EDWARD MARTIN	Abington, Mass.
FRANCIS J. MAYPOTTER	15 Ash Street, Clinton, Mass.
CLARENCE A. McCRACKEN	Clinton, Mass.
PATRICK J. McDEVITT	80 Union Street, Cambridge, Mass.
EUGENE L. MOISAN	Oak Street, Clinton, Mass.

RAYMOND A. MURPHY	8 Myrtle Street, Watertown, Mass.
JAMES W. PENDER	10 Dervin Place, Clinton, Mass.
EUGENE J. SCANLON	Clinton, Mass.
JAMES R. RAMSEY	18 Ship Street, Hingham, Mass.
*JOHN J. SAVAGE	Clinton, Mass. (Died in service)
RAY A. SCOTT	785 Plymouth Street, Arlington, Mass.
EDWARD R. SULLIVAN	High Street, Clinton, Mass.
HERBERT L. BAILEY	99 Temple Street, North Abington, Mass.
JAMES A. BRICKETT	60 State Street, Boston
HENRY M. ELLIS	10 Highland Avenue, Onset, Mass.
RICHARD A. CRONIN	Lyman Road, Milton, Mass.
WALTER B. DUCCA	14 Grove Street, East Weymouth
HARRY FEKKES	21 Green Street, Hingham, Mass.
ALFRED A. HALL	8 Martin's Lane, Hingham, Mass.
JAMES T. NOONAN	6 Central Street, Hingham, Mass.
GEORGE SCHOBERT	22 Branch Street, Clinton, Mass.
ROY H. SNAITH	81 Bigelow Street, Quincy, Mass.
WALTER J. STUDLEY	Circuit Street, West Hanover, Mass.
THEODORE R. MANUELL	109 High Street, East Weymouth, Mass.
ALPHEUS J. WARD	27 Bromley Park, Roxbury
HOWARD BEAL	Hull Street, North Cohasset, Mass.
LESTER FEY	268 Hosea Avenue, Clifton (Cincinnati, O.)
NATHAN FOWLER	Oak Grove, Ark.
BRANAN JACOBS	

COOKS

WESLEY R. COOPER	North Street, Champlain, N. Y.
FREDERICK T. MOREL	29 Blanchard Street, Pottersville-Somerset, Mass.
ROBERT STEWART	Acre Street, Clinton, Mass.
WILLIAM BLACKLEDGE	1817 East Willard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
JOSEPH CASEY	21 Hanson Street, Boston, Mass.

MECHANICS

THOMAS WALLACE	Main Street, Clinton, Mass.
GEORGE H. O'MALLEY	Walker Place, Clinton, Mass.
FRANK G. MULLEN	207 Pleasant Street, Milton, Mass.
WILLIAM G. YOUNG	42 Branch Street, Clinton, Mass.
JOHN H. GIBBONS	Clark Street, Clinton, Mass.

BUGLERS

THOMAS A. HAMILTON	Clinton, Mass.
CHARLES HOFFMAN	124 West Barnes Street, Napoleon, O.
EDWARD F. SAFFORD	Lancaster, Mass.
AMASA H. GROVENOR	R. F. D. No. 1, Hingham, Mass.

PRIVATES

*EDWIN ARMSTRONG	Clinton, Mass. (Died in service)
HOWARD J. ALEXANDER	R. F. D. No. 1, Orchard, Wash.
GEORGE ANDREWS	51 Washington Street, Clinton, Mass.
THEODORE ARST	North Street, Tekoa, Wash.
SETH O. BAILEY	99 Temple Street, North Abington, Mass.
RAYMOND A. BATES	North Street, Notre Dame du Grace, P. E. I.
WILLIAM F. BAER	Clinton, Mass.
HENRY E. BEARCE	
WILLIAM J. BERGIN	651 East Fourth Street, South Boston, Mass.
WILLIAM D. BLESSING	R. F. D. No. 1, Yna, Va.
ALBERT E. BRUCE	54 Parkway, Chelsea, Mass.
HARRY E. BODMAN	
ERNEST C. BRYAN	North Street, Atlantic, Mass.
ARTHUR BURGESS	41 Pearl Street, North Weymouth, Mass.
PATRICK J. BURNS	174 Columbia Street, Cambridge, Mass.
WILLIAM BURGWINKEL	111 Beach Street, Clinton, Mass.
WALTER F. BOWLER	7996 Dorchester Avenue, Dorchester, Mass.
LEO BATCHELDOR	76 Wright Street, Stoneham, Mass.
FRANK BUDNAK	9928 Ressemere Avenue, Cleveland, O.
EVERETT W. BAILEY	Lancaster, Mass.
CARL H. BJORKMAN	19 Oak Street, East Braintree, Mass.
JAMES A. BRICKETT	60 State Street, Boston, Mass.
RALPH M. BRICKETT	North Cohasset, Mass.
ADELBERT BRESNAHAN	North Street, Hingham, Mass.
WILLIAM J. BOLIA	Clark Street, Clinton, Mass.
ORVILLE J. BROWN	R. F. D. No. 1, Bland, Va.
HAROLD F. BARNES	North Main Street, Cohasset, Mass.
MATEO BELLOTTI	Clinton, Mass.
WILLIAM G. BAER	116 Orange Street, Clinton, Mass.
ALBIN BJORKLUND	Weir Street, Hingham, Mass.
JAMES F. BOYLAN	Clinton, Mass.
WILLIAM H. BROWN	

- JAMES W. BLANCHFLOWER 972 Main Street, Clinton, Mass.
 *JAMES F. BRUCE
 (Died in service) 24 Mt. Pleasant Avenue, Roxbury, Mass.
 JOHN B. BUCKLEY 42 Guild Street, Roxbury, Mass.
 MAURICE BURNS Clinton, Mass.
 WINFIELD L. BAILEY 99 Temple Street, North Abington, Mass.
 FRED W. CANADAY 708 East 4th Street, Greenville, O.
 JOHN H. CLINE R. F. D. No. 2, Mineral Wells, Texas
 JOSEPH L. CULL 66 George Street, Rockland, Mass.
 MICHAEL CUNNINGHAM
 118 Commercial Street, East Weymouth, Mass.
 WILLIAM R. CROTHERS Clinton, Mass.
 LESTER R. CURTIS 6 Whiting Street, Rockland, Mass.
 HERBERT J. CRESSWELL Box 277, Quincy, Mass.
 JOHN M. CURTIS North Main Street, Cohasset, Mass.
 ELLSWORTH CURTIS 28 Ashmont Street, East Weymouth, Mass.
 LEO P. CLARK R. F. D. No. 4, Paulding, O.
 CLARE E. CRITES Tuscarawas, O.
 JOSEPH W. COHEN 16 Nahant Avenue, Revere, Mass.
 WILLIAM B. CARLSON Kent, Wash.
 JAMES W. CROWLEY 107 Sawyer Avenue, Dorchester, Mass.
 RALPH T. CIPULLO 104 Lake Street, East Weymouth, Mass.
 JOHN M. CLOUGHERTY Clinton, Mass.
 PATRICK J. COLBERT 425 West Broadway, Boston, Mass.
 CHARLES E. CUNEO 211 Keyes Avenue, Tampa, Fla.
 ROCK T. COMMINGS R. F. D. No. 2, Ashtabula, O.
 HENRY F. CASEY Clinton, Mass.
 ROY N. COONS 15 Grove Street, Clinton, Mass.
 ROBERT E. CHRISTY North Street, Dayton, Wash.
 THOMAS CALVERT R. F. D. No. 5, Carlisle, Ky.
 WILLIAM C. CARNEY 1126 East 41st Street, Cleveland, O.
 DAVID L. COHEN 8125 Orange Avenue, Cleveland, O.
 LEON W. CHAFFEE 524 Howard Avenue, New Haven, Conn.
 ALFRED W. CADMAN 52 Norton Street, North Weymouth, Mass.
 WILLIAM S. COLE 96 Hancock Street, Dorchester, Mass.
 WILLIAM E. CONDRICK 177 Broad Street, Weymouth, Mass.
 *JAMES CONNELLY (Died in service)
 JOHN D. CLEARY 625 Main Street, Worcester, Mass.
 JOHN CARROA Brooklyn, New York
 *ERNEST CAMPBELL, (Died in service) Hersey Street, Hingham, Mass.

ANGELO P. D'ALLESSIO 649 4th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 ERNEST J. DAVIDSON
 15 East Commercial Street, East Weymouth, Mass.
 EDWARD DEYOUNG 67 Factory Hill, East Braintree, Mass.
 DONATO DIVERITA Gleatto, Italy (father)
 WILLIAM L. DRAPER 180 High Street, East Weymouth, Mass.
 ROBERT E. DOWLING North Street, Rosalia, Wash.
 ROBERT E. DUNN 79 Rockland Street, Abington, Mass.
 JOHN DUNN 48 North Street, Hingham, Mass.
 PAUL L. DRUFFELL Colton, Wash.
 GEORGE F. DUGGAN Clinton, Mass.
 GEORGE DIXON 3424 Colerlamb Avenue, Cincinnati, O.
 HARRY DOUGLAS R. F. D. No. 1, Morrow, O.
 *RALPH W. DOUGLAS
 (Died in service) 140 West Water Street, Rockland, Mass.
 WALTER B. DUCCA 14 Grove Street, East Weymouth, Mass.
 JOHN H. DEVOID
 *WILLIAM J. DUNPHY Dorchester, Mass. (Died in service)
 EDWARD G. EHLERT 9622 Yekel Avenue, Cleveland, O.
 *LEO ELLERY (Died in service)
 ERNEST W. ERICKSON Rosalia, Wash.
 RICHARD I. EATON Hingham, Mass.
 JEROME FERRIGNO 407 West 88th Street, New York City
 WALTER R. FERGUSON R. F. D. No. 3, Peebles, O.
 JOHN P. FLYNN Front Street, Clinton, Mass.
 ANDREW J. FRANKLIN North Street, Mechanicsburg, Va., c/o Songen
 MIKE FLANNAGAN R. F. D. No. 1, Clarksburg, W. Va.
 JAMES H. FREEMAN Main Street, Clinton, Mass.
 PHILIP J. FEELEY 51 Story Street, Pawtucket, R. I.
 ALEXANDER E. FLUET 5 School Street, Rockland, Mass.
 MICHAEL GADLIARDI 52 Main Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 MATTHEW GAWINSKI 727 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
 FRANCIS J. GAUTHIER 226 Tremont Street, Roxbury, Mass.
 LOUIS P. GIACOMIS Clinton, Mass.
 WALTER A. GUTMAN 65 Birch Street, Clinton, Mass.
 ERNEST GINGERICH 801 Boyer Avenue, Walla Walla, Wash.
 JOHN A. GRADY Acre Street, Clinton, Mass.
 MILBURN GREEN
 EDWARD J. GANNON Clinton, Mass.
 EMILE O. GERSCH 24½ Oak Street, Clinton, Mass.

RICHARD F. GUENTHER	Clinton, Mass.
JOSEPH H. GILLIS	40 Tuttle Street, Dorchester, Mass.
WILLIAM D. GOYETTE	Clinton, Mass.
ASA H. GORDON	44 West Street, Clinton, Mass.
EDWARD J. GIBBONS	241 North Avenue, Rockland, Mass.
BENNIE GATLIN	
BERNHARDT GOEBEL	65 Birch Street, Clinton, Mass.
STEPHEN J. GRASSIE	Cohasset, Mass.
THOMAS F. HANNON	46 Belmont Street, Rockland, Mass.
ARTHUR HAGEN	2205 East Water Street, Duluth, Minn.
*RUDOLPH J. HAJEK	(Died in service) Grundy Co., Coal City, Ill.
JOHN W. HAWKINS	R. F. D. No. 1, New Waterford, Conn.
CHESTER E. HOWES	18411 Shaw Avenue, Cleveland, O.
ROBERT E. HUNT	Lancaster, Mass.
TREECE HUNT	1805 East Elm Street, Lima, O., c/o Flick
VERNON HENDERSON	Washington Street, Hanover, Mass.
WILLIAM HENSON	R. F. D. No. 2, Ringgold, Ga.
HARRY W. HILL	King Street, West Hanover, Mass.
*EDWARD HOWELL	(Died in service)
FLAY HENSON	R. F. D. No. 3, Troy, Texas, c/o Bulls
TIMOTHY F. HANIFAN	7 Shawmut Street, East Weymouth, Mass.
WILLIE HENDRY	North Street, Starke, Fla., c/o Howe
FRANK HOWORTH	R. F. D., Plainville, Tenn.
OSCAR HOWLAND	North Street, Bentonville, O., c/o Tumbleston
HARVEY H. HERZIG	Griswoldville, Mass.
ERNEST J. HOPFMAN	24 William Street, Clinton
HARRY M. HAWKINS	R. F. D. No. 1, Unionport, O.
ERVIN J. HEINZELMAN	305 Splicer Street, Akron, O.
HERBERT W. HAMILTON	Clinton, Mass.
HAROLD P. HAYDEN	Adams Street, Holbrook, Mass.
BROWNY HANSON	1324 South Arch Street, Alliance, O.
ALVA S. HODSON	15 Nershal Street, East Peoria, Ill.
PHILIP F. HOBAN	Front Street, Clinton, Mass.
MARTIN E. HUBELLE	R. F. D. No. 1, Carmi, Ill.
WILLIAM A. HOLBROOK	40 Broad Street, East Weymouth, Mass.
JOHN INGERSOLL	344 West 7th Street, Jacksonville, Fla.
FRANK JAKUBOUSKY	10914 Buckley Road, Cleveland, O.
CLARE E. JOSSELYN	45 School Street, West Hanover, Mass.
*LEON W. JOSSELYN	(Died in service)

DUMAS W. JONES	614 State Street, Lawrenceville, Ill.
NELS B. JOHNSON	Benton, O.
JAMES G. JEFFERY	Mammoth Springs, Ark.
GEORGE A. JOBE	308 North 2d Street, Walla Walla, Wash.
ERNEST A. JOESTING	
LUKE L. T. KELLY	2623 Hyde Street, San Francisco, Cal.
FRANK KORABEK	10935 Grant Street, Cleveland, O.
THOMAS KERRIGAN	8 Harbor Street, Worcester, Mass.
HAROLD E. KEEFE	56 Bourne Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
HENRY B. KENNEDY	23 Short Street, Cohasset, Mass.
JOHN J. KELLY	
MICHAEL KOPKAS	2664 Woodhill Road, Cleveland, O.
JAMES M. KING	28 Fairmount Street, Clinton, Mass.
ARTHUR L. KING	Rigley Street, Clinton, Mass.
HERBERT KELLEY	337 North Columbia Street, Crestline, O.
FRANCIS B. KRAUSE	5 Fort Hill Street, Hingham, Mass.
CHARLES R. KEDDY	P. O. Box 24, Barre, Mass.
FRED JACKSON	
HERBERT C. KINGSBURY	858 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.
*WILLIAM J. JOHNSON	(Died in service)
	37 Madison Street, East Weymouth, Mass.
*JAMES R. KIRBY	(Died in service) Clinton, Mass.
JOHN H. KITTREDGE	12 Lidge Court, Clinton, Mass.
WILLIAM KELLIHER	Boylston Street, Clinton, Mass.
LAWRENCE H. KIBBY	148 Warren Street, Roxbury, Mass.
MAURICE A. LOWE	West Street, Clinton, Mass.
DOMONIC E. LEPORE	1 Fairview Street, Clinton, Mass.
SAM LEBOWETZ	2394 East 39th Street, Cleveland, O.
JOSEPH LAFLAMME	485 Main Street, Manchester, N. H.
WALTER E. LITCHFIELD	106 Lincoln Street, North Abington, Mass.
BLAKE C. LANCE	R. F. D. No. 5, Medina, O.
WILBUR E. LARKIN	Berlin, Mass.
HUGH G. LEJEAL	1209 Hyde Street, San Francisco, Cal.
STANLEY F. LANE	North Street, Hingham, Mass.
MAURICE LOWE	70 Hovey Street, Watertown, Mass.
ELMER LEWIS	1046 Alvendo Terrace, Walla Walla, Wash.
AUGUSTINE J. LEDWELL	129 Concord Street, Rockland, Mass.
HAROLD L. LEARD	10 Emerson Road, Worcester, Mass.
WILLIAM E. LESLIE	1050 South Frazier Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WILLIAM F. LITCHFIELD	10 Holart Street, Hingham Center, Mass.
JOHN J. MCKENZIE	11 Canterbury Street, North Cohasset, Mass.
ROY G. MCKENZIE	North Street, Shubenaradle, N. S., Canada
DANIEL J. McDONALD	45 Front Street, Quincy, Mass.
LESTER I. MORSE	North Street, Hingham, Mass.
HAROLD R. MORSE	11 North Street, Hingham, Mass.
MICHAEL J. MADDEN	Front Street, Clinton, Mass.
DEFREHN MUIR	106th Street, Perrysburg, O.
RICHARD C. MARSHALL	26 Wyeth Street, Malden, Mass.
PETER J. MCGEE	
GREEN J. MCGRIFF	North Street, Live Oak, Fla.
JAMES P. MCKENNA	168 2d Avenue, L. I. City, N. Y.
FRANK L. MCHENRY	208 Bruce Street, Lawrence, Mass.
JOSEPH E. MAXWELL	R. F. D. No. 1, Hammersville, O.
JAMES D. MAHAN	179 Pleasant Street, Clinton, Mass.
WILLIAM E. MOORE	R. F. D. No. 5, Kenbridge, Va.
RICHARD D. MEDLEY	15 Ainwood Circle, Cambridge, Mass.
JOHN F. MCCANN	Grove Street, Clinton, Mass.
GLENN S. MITCHELL	R. F. D. No. 8, Avon, Ill.
GREGORIO MORABITO	St. Stephens Province, Reggio, Italy
GEORGE C. MORGAN	R. F. D. No. 2, Greenbay, Va.
CARL C. MILLER	North Street, Mountpelier, Williams County, O.
RAY MONTGOMERY	R. F. D. No. 1, Newton Falls, O.
HARRY D. MORAN	80 West Street, Clinton, Mass.
JAMES C. MUSE	North Street, Sanford, Fla.
JOSEPH MCCUE	890 Bamford Street, St. Paul, Minn.
THOMAS MAYBERRY	Clinton, Mass.
MICHAEL J. McLAUGHLIN	Clinton, Mass.
JOHN E. MAGEE	88 Adams Street, Dorchester, Mass.
PERUDA V. MAUDSLY	North Street, Durham, N. H.
WILLIE MUELLER	North Street, Cylinder, Ia.
FLOYD L. MEEK	585 Leonard Street, Toledo, O.
CHARLES MARRIOTT	7 Fifth Street, Perrysburg, O.
JOSEPH W. MUNROE	Grove Street, Clinton, Mass.
WALTER MADDOX	Jackson, Fla.
GEORGE C. MARTIN	
STANLEY M. McLEOD	117 Pearl Street, Clinton, Mass.
HAMILTON F. MINER	274 Bridge Street, North Weymouth, Mass.
PAUL L. MANSFIELD	41 Pilgrim Road, Boston, Mass.

JOSEPH L. McKENNA	80 St. Stephen Street, Boston, Mass.
GEORGE A. McKENZIE	12 Water Street, Hingham, Mass.
*EVERETT H. MINIGAN	(Died in service) South Lancaster, Mass.
JAMES MINIGAN	South Lancaster, Mass.
HARRY D. MORAN	Clinton, Mass.
JAMES H. MOHAN	High Street, Clinton, Mass.
*TIMOTHY MULLEN	(Died in service) Watertown, Mass.
*ROBERT A. MURRAY, JR.	(Died in service)
*CHARLES S. MYERS	(Died in service)
STANTON A. NEWCOMB	68 Putnam Street, East Weymouth, Mass.
FREDERICK R. MURDOCK	17 Cross Street, Palmer, Mass.
LAWRENCE F. NUGENT	46 Madison Street, East Weymouth, Mass.
WALTER J. O'MALLEY	Oak Street, Clinton, Mass.
GEORGE V. O'SULLIVAN	Worcester, Mass.
PATRICK J. O'NEIL	215 L Street, South Boston, Mass.
JOHN T. O'LOUGHLIN	Clinton, Mass.
FRANK POLAWSKI	106 South Kinwood Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
MAURICE C. POWERS	14 Pleasant Avenue, Boston
HARRY PALMER	Antioch, Ill.
ALVA POE	North Street, Palmer, Ill.
HOMER PRITCHETT	North Street, Freewater, Ore.
LEO PECKHAM	86 Hersey Street, Hingham, Mass.
JOHN C. PAFFORD	11 Hobart Street, East Braintree, Mass.
WILLIAM H. PITTS	Hull, Mass.
IRVING H. PACKARD	112 Washington Street, Weymouth, Mass.
MICHAEL QUIGG	7 Lent Street, Corona, L. I., N. Y.
PHILIP J. FEELEY	82 Ashwood Street, Worcester, Mass.
JOHN R. QUILTY	88 Topliff Street, Dorchester, Mass.
THOMAS F. QUEENEY	42 Norfolk Avenue, Roxbury, Mass.
ALFRED QUILTY	
AVERY G. RAFUSE	18 Bowdoin Street, Boston, Mass.
LEON C. ROBY	190 Wilder Street, Lowell, Mass.
EDGAR ROGERS	North Street, Plant City, Fla.
JOSEPH T. ROSS	28 Bay View Avenue, Great Hills, L. I., N. Y.
MICHAEL J. RYAN	26 Camp Street, Worcester, Mass.
AUSTIN RYDER	18 Gage Street, Clinton, Mass.
FRANK G. REMPE	959 25th Street, Oakland, Cal.
DAVID ROME	R. F. D., Rockland, Mass.
JOHN T. ROTHWELL	North Street, Frenchburg, Ky.

JERRY SCORESE	4856 East 120th Street, New York City
BERNARD T. RASH	Oak Street, Clinton, Mass.
PHILIP SCHLIST	3280 North Central Park Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
MICHAEL SCURIA	282 East 10th Street, New York City
JOSEPH F. SHEA	2 Akron Street, Roxbury, Mass.
WILLIAM SEEGMILLER	521 East 150th Street, New York City
JOHN B. SHEEHAN	8 Bradford Avenue, Medford, Mass.
ISIDORE SILVERMAN	
DONALD E. STUDLEY	17 Trafford Street, Quincy, Mass.
GRAZIASO SCAGNI	89 Webster Street, Springfield, Mass.
DAVID SPITZ	326 Sixteenth Street, West, New York City
JOSEPH F. SULLIVAN	
HIRAM D. STROTHERS	North Street, Bristol, W. Va.
FRANK E. SHELTON	North Street, Freewater, Ore.
EDWARD SHELDON	284 North Street, Rockland, Mass.
JOHN H. SHIVELY	North Street, Bradford, O.
ANTHONY SCZPHOWSKI	65 Elm Street, Hartford, Conn.
DAVID H. SHAWVER	845 East Birch Street, Walla Walla, Wash.
SETH C. SPRAGUE	981 Bedford Street, North Abington, Mass.
PAUL W. SMITH	29 Fields Street, Boston, Mass.
HOWARD H. SINCLAIR	South Lancaster, Mass.
FRANCIS L. SMITH	1059 Union Street, Rockland, Mass.
CLARENCE S. SWETT	
ABRAZIO STRANO	Musca Province, Catania, Italy
MICHAEL A. SUSZYNSKI	622 North Main Street, Brockton, Mass.
WILLIAM L. TOOHER	18 Wharf Street, East Weymouth, Mass.
CALVERT THOMAS	
BEN TOMKINS	1062 B Street, Corvallis, Ore.
VINCENT TEDESCHI	188 29th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
CHARLES TESE	801 East 115th Street, New York City
JOSEPH TESTEVARDE	645 89th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
JOSEPH F. TRAINOR	1455 Fifth Avenue, New York City
CHARLES A. TREROTOLA	815 East 115th Street, New York City
ELMER L. TATMAN	Main Street, West Groton, Mass.
THOMAS J. TERRY	269 Middle Street, East Weymouth, Mass.
FREDERIC C. THAYER	219 Washington Street, Braintree, Mass.
HERBERT J. TRAUTNER	Clinton, Mass.
JAMES E. THRELFALL	Hersey Street, Hingham, Mass.
GEORGE UHER	110/2 Hilda Avenue, Cleveland, O.

WILLIAM VALLERY	94 Winsor Street, Hartford, Conn.
GORDON L. VAN PELT	102 Cannon Avenue, Lincolnville, N. Y.
ALLEN P. VINING	28 Willard Street, East Braintree, Mass.
GEORGE A. WARD	Roxbury, Mass.
RICHARD E. WESCHROB	279 Colburn Street, East Dedham, Mass.
BRYAN J. WALDRON	R. F. D. No. 8, Waycross, Ga.
PETER F. WASHINGTON	2538 East 16th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
DENNIS C. WRIGHT	North Street, Pine Grove, West Va.
JOHN I. WELCH	
WILLIAM H. WARTERS	North Street, Jamaica, Ill.
CHESTER A. WILLIAMS	17 River Street, Braintree, Mass.
BAXTER WALLACE	North Street, Helena, Ark.
EARL J. WEBB	R. F. D. No. 2, Noxapater, Miss.
MICHAEL WELTZ	North Street, Lambertton, Pa.
JOHN H. WILLIAMS	206 Fulton Street, Clinton, Ill.
FRANK J. ZEOLIE	80 High Street, East Weymouth, Mass.

* Died in service.

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT "K"

Members of "K" Who Were Commissioned from the Ranks While in France

RALPH A. TYLER	2d Lieutenant
WILLIAM L. ROACH	2d Lieutenant
JOHN H. HASTINGS	2d Lieutenant
HOWARD J. CUMMINGS	2d Lieutenant
RALPH M. BRICKETT	2d Lieutenant
MARTIN H. O'MALLEY	1st Lieutenant
JAMES T. DUANE	Captain

Members of "K" Who Returned to the United States as Instructors

GEORGE G. MOYSE	1st Lieutenant
EDGAR R. DENSMORE	1st Lieutenant
NEAL H. FISHER	2d Lieutenant
DONALD S. FRANCIS	2d Lieutenant
ALBERT S. LANE	2d Lieutenant
GEORGE A. CORBIN	1st Lieutenant
JOHN F. A. MELLEDY	1st Sergeant
PAUL L. DEVANEY	Supply Sergeant

Members of "K" Who Won Decorations

DOUGLAS ROSS	Distinguished Service Cross
JAMES F. O'TOOLE	Croix de Guerre
EDWARD W. BRADY	Croix de Guerre
HERBERT L. BAILEY	Croix de Guerre
ADELBERT BRESNEHAN	Croix de Guerre
FRANCIS J. MAYPOTTER	Croix de Guerre
JOHN J. MCKENZIE	Croix de Guerre

A large number of the members of "K" received Divisional Citations, but no complete list is available. Also, a large number of "K" were recommended for both French and American decorations, but through an unfortunate red-tape system, they were deprived of these honors.

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE 26th DIVISION OF WHICH "K" WAS A PART

The 26th Division is perpetuating the memory and glorious deeds of

2,185

of its members who answered the immortal roll call while in service.

Prisoners Captured by the 26th Division

Officers, 61; Other Ranks, 3,088; Total, 3,149.

Total Casualties of the Division in Battle

11,586

German Material Captured

81 pieces of Field Artillery

28 pieces of Trench Artillery

168 Machine-Guns

880 Rifles

This is simply the recorded list, but does not fully account for all material, for the Division captured a tremendous amount of material which it was necessary to abandon on account of advancing.

The 101st Infantry captured the first gun position of the large gun which had been firing on Paris (Big Bertha). The gun had been almost completely removed. The position was made of solid cement walls and floors measuring about four feet in thickness.

The 26th Division was the first American unit organized as a Division in the United States and transported complete to France.

It was the First National Guard unit to land on French soil, and the 101st Infantry was the First National Guard Regiment to land on foreign soil.

The Division spent 210 days in the front lines.

The Division had only ten days of rest from February 6th, 1918, the date of its entrance into the lines at Chemin des Dames, until November 11th, 1918, the date of the signing of the armistice. All time between these dates not spent in the lines was occupied by moving from one front to another.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE WORK OF THE DIVISION

The first units of the Yankee Division sailed from Hoboken, New Jersey, on September 7th, 1917, and landed in St. Nazaire, France, on September 20th, 1917. The Division remained in the training area, with headquarters in Neufchâteau, about four months, during which period details of troops were engaged in constructing hospitals, building telephone lines, serving as labor detachments, aided in organizing sections in the service of supplies, and otherwise shared in preparation for the main army, which began to arrive after January 1st, 1918.

The Division entered the front line in the Chemin des Dames Sector February 6th, 1918, and was brigaded with the French, north of Soissons. It remained there until March 21st. On April 3d it entered "La Reine and Boucq Sector," north of Toul, and remained in the front line, holding the first divisional front in the American Army, until June 28th.

On July 10th it entered the "Pas Fini Sector," north of Château-Thierry, which it held until July 25th. On September 8th it entered the Rupt and Troyon Sector, in the St. Mihiel salient, holding it until October 8th, and on October 18th entered the "Neptune Sector," north of Verdun, and it advanced to the rest area in Montigny-le-Roi, which it left for the Le Mans embarkation area late in January, 1919.

Left Brest, France, March 26th-27th-28th, 1919, arriving in the United States, at Boston, Mass., on April 4th, 5th, 6th, 1919.

Mustered out of the service May, 1919.

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES OFFICE OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

TO DEPARTING OFFICERS OF THE A. E. F.

After honorably serving your Country in the Great War, you are about to embark for the homeland. Remember that the bearing of their officers is reflected in the behavior and discipline of the men you are commanding homeward bound. I most sincerely trust that no single act may occur to stain the splendid record won by our troops in Europe. My confidence and best wishes follow you and them as you cross the sea and in your future service in the Army or elsewhere.

(Signed) JOHN J. PERSHING.



Courtesy of *American Legion Weekly*

He gave all he possessed for love of God and Country



Main American Cemetery, Romagne
Under each of these 25,000 crosses lies one of our buddies



American Cemetery at Belleau

HEADQUARTERS

"Eighth Army.
82d Army Corps.
Staff.
8d Office.
8292-8.

June 27, 1918.

"GENERAL ORDER No. 188

"At the moment when the Twenty-Sixth Division of Infantry of the United States is leaving the Thirty-Second French Corps, I salute its colors and thank it for the splendid services it has rendered here to the common cause.

"Under the distinguished command of their chief, General Edwards, the high-spirited soldiers of the 'Yankee Division' have taught the enemy some bitter lessons: at Bois Brule, at Seicheprey, at Xivray-Marvoisin; they have taught him to realize the staunch vigor of the sons of the great republic, fighting for the world's freedom.

"My heartiest good wishes will accompany the 'Yankee Division' always, in its future combats.

"GENERAL PASSAGA,

"Commanding the Thirty-Second Army Corps,
(signed) "PASSAGA."

"Sixth Army.
No. 2858-8.

July 29, 1918.

From: General Degoutte, commanding Sixth Army (French).

To: General Edwards, commanding the Twenty-Sixth Division.

"The operations carried out by Twenty-Sixth American Division from July 18th to July 24th demonstrated the fine soldierly qualities of this unit and the worth of its leader, General Edwards.

"Coöperating in the attack north of the Marne, the Twenty-Sixth Division fought brilliantly on the line Torcy-Belleau, at Monthiers, Epieds, and Trugny and in the Forest of Ferc, advancing more than fifteen kilometers in depth in spite of the desperate resistance of the enemy.

"I take great pleasure in communicating to General Edwards and his valiant Division this expression of my great esteem, together with my heartiest congratulations for the manner in which they have served the common cause.

"GENERAL DEGOUTTE."

G. H. Q.

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.
FRANCE.

"General Orders.
No. 148.

August 28, 1918.

"It fills me with pride to record in General Orders a tribute to the service and achievements of the First and Third Corps, comprising the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Twenty-Sixth, Twenty-Eighth, Thirty-Second and Forty-Second Divisions of the American Expeditionary Forces.

"You came to the battlefield at the crucial hour of the Allied cause. For almost four years the most formidable army the world had as yet seen had pressed its invasion of France and stood threatening its capital. At no time had that army been more powerful or menacing than when, on July 15th, it struck again to destroy in one great battle the brave men opposed to it, and to enforce its brutal will upon the world and civilization.

"Three days later, in conjunction with our Allies, you counter-attacked. The Allied armies gained a brilliant victory that marks the turning point of the war. You did more than give our brave Allies the support which as a nation our faith was pledged. You proved that our altruism, our pacific spirit, our sense of justice have not blunted our virility or our courage. You have shown that American initiative and energy are as fit for the test of war as for the pursuits of peace. You have justly won the unstinted praise of our Allies and the eternal gratitude of our countrymen.

"We have paid for our success in the lives of many of our brave comrades. We shall cherish their memory always, and claim for our history and literature their bravery, achievement and sacrifice."

HEADQUARTERS TWENTY-SIXTH DIVISION,
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES,
FRANCE.

"General Orders.

No. 98.

"2. The following tribute to the Division is published for the information of all concerned:

"HEADQUARTERS

"Seventeenth Army Corps.

October 24, 1918.

Staff. First Bureau.

From: General Claudel, commanding the Seventh Army Corps (French).

To: The Commanding General, Twenty-Sixth Division.

"General—The reputation of your Division preceded it here far ahead.

"To all its titles of glory gained in fierce struggles, and only recently at the signal of Hattonchatel, it has added on the 28d day of October a page which perhaps is more modest, but still does it great honor.

"In a few hours, as at a maneuver, it has gained all the objectives assigned to it in the difficult sector of the woods of Houppy, Etrayes, and Belleau.

"This operation is evidence, indeed, of superior instruction, mobility, and will.

"I do not know how to thank you sufficiently for your assistance, dear general, and it is my great desire to express to you all our grateful admiration for your splendid Division, which thus has added its name to all of those who fought to hurl the enemy back from the outskirts of Verdun.

"C. R. EDWARDS,

"H. CLAUDEL."

"Major-General, Commanding."

**HEADQUARTERS FIRST ARMY
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES,
FRANCE.**

December 20, 1918.

From: Chief of Staff, First Army, A. E. F.

To: Commanding General, Twenty-Sixth Division, A. E. F.

Subject: Visit of President of the United States.

1. The Army Commander desires me to inform you that, on the recommendation of the commander-in-chief, the President has selected the Twenty-Sixth Division as being the division he will visit on Christmas Day. This selection was made on the ground that the Twenty-Sixth Division had the longest period of service in France.

2. The Army Commander desires that you be present at the Presidential review at Humes, which is to start at 10.30 A. M., on December 25th, 1918, so that you may conduct the President from the review ground to such town or towns in your area as he may desire to visit. The Army Commander desires me to say that all organizations in the area should be prepared for this visit, billets properly policed, and men lined up outside of same awaiting the arrival of the President. He also desires that the non-commissioned officers in charge of quarters be ready and on the alert to precede the President and the commander-in-chief into such billets as they may desire to inspect.

3. The President has expressed a desire to eat Christmas dinner with the men, and to that end it is directed that you select some organization which the President and his party can visit at dinner time and eat the soldiers' dinner with the men. In the party it is estimated that there will be somewhere in the neighborhood of forty persons.

H. A. DRUM,

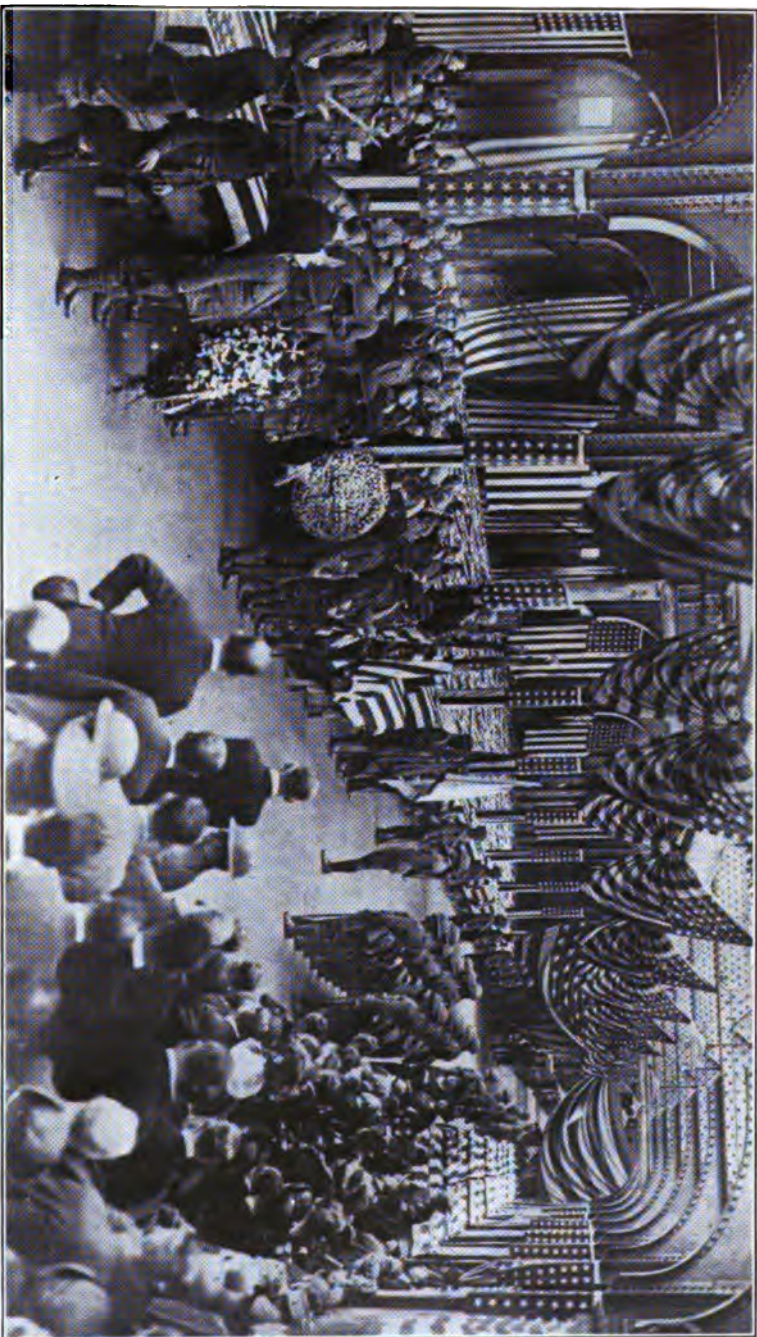
Chief of Staff.

Official.

Laurence Halstead,

Colonel, General Staff,

A. C. of S., G3.



Courtesy of American Legion Weekly

President Warren G. Harding delivering address at Memorial Service in honor of 461 bodies of returned dead of A. E. F. held on Pier at Hoboken, N. J. The President eulogized the hero dead and declared "It must not happen again."



The transport on which K Company returned from France, taken as it sailed up Boston Harbor.
U.S.S. *America*, formerly the captured German steamer *Amerika*.
7,500 troops returned on this one trip.

A. E. F. POEMS



I LOVE CORNED BEEF

I love corned beef; I never knew
How good the stuff could taste in stew;
I love it wet, I love it dry,
I love it baked and called meat pie;
I love it camouflaged in hash,
A hundred bucks I'd give—in cash—
To have a barrel of such chow
A-standing here before me now;
I say YUM YUM when soupie blows,
I sniff and raise aloft my nose,
CORNED WILLIE! Ha, Oh, Boy, that's fine;
Can hardly keep my place in line.
I kick my heels and wildly yell,
"Old Sherman said that 'WAR IS HELL,'"
But GLADLY would I bear the heat,
If corned beef I could get to eat.
I love it HOT, I love it Cold,
Corned Willie never will grow old;
I love it—now PAUSE, listen, friend,
When to this war there comes an end,
And Peace upon the earth shall reign,
I'll hop a boat for home again.
Then to a restaurant I'll speed,
No dainty manners will I heed,
But to the waiter I will cry,
"Bring me—well, make it corned beef pie,
And—better bring some corned beef STEW—
And Corned Beef Cold, I'll take that, too;
And—now don't think I'm crazy, man,
But could you bring a corned beef can?
And wait, I'm not through ordering yet.
I want a sirloin steak, you bet,

With hash-browned spuds—now listen, friend,
I've got the cash, you may depend.
Right here it is; let's see, I'll try—
Oh, bring a piece of hot mince pie.
And all this stuff that's printed here,
My appetite is HUGE I fear."

Then, when he's filled my festive board,
With all these eats, I'll thank the Lord
(For that's the proper thing to do)
And then I'll take the corned beef stew,
The corned beef pie and corned beef cold,
The corned beef can I'll then take hold,
And ram the whole works into it
And say, "NOW, damn you, there you'll sit;
You've haunted every dream I've had,
You don't know what shame IS, egad!
Now SIT there, Bo. See how you Feel—
And watch me eat a REG'LAR meal."

A. P. B.

Courtesy Stars and Stripes

DO YOU KNOW THIS GUY?

One hears at sound of Reveille,
Straight through till Taps is blown,
Gimme, lemme take yer razor,
Have you got a sou to loan?
Or maybe "Gosh, I lost my towel;
Lemme take yours, will you, Bill?"
Have you got some extra "Sunkums?"
I wanna wet me gill.

All through the day it's e'er the same,
Week in, week out. Say, Bo,
I'm just a few francs shy today;
Wot's chances for a throw?
You know me, Al, me woid's me bond,
I've never stuck a pal,
But I simply gotta keep that date
Or hunt another gal.

Have you an extra undershirt?
The Major's gonna see
What makes the men so nervous-like,
And scratch so frequently.
I'm gonna promenade *ce soir*,
Lemme take your new puttees;
Aw, mine's been muddy for a week,
Loose up, yuh tight ol' cheese.

I don't know where me money goes,
It takes the prize for speed,
The next day after we've been paid,
Can't buy a punk French weed.
Next month I'll have to slacken up
Or jump into the lake,
But till that old ghost walks again,
It's gimme, lemme take.

FRANK EISENBERG, Pvt. Tel. Bn.

Courtesy *Stars and Stripes*

REVEILLE

Get up, get up, you sleepy head,
And grab your socks and trou;
Get up, get up, get out of bed,
You're in the Army now.

Get up, get up, you carrion beast,
Get up and dig for chow;
It doesn't matter what you think,
You're in the Army now.

Get up and powder, rouge, and curl,
And dress—no matter how,
But don't be late for Reveille,
You're in the Army now.

Get up, you foozle ninny boob,
There's eggs and cheese and ham
(For officers) and slum for you,
You slave of Uncle Sam.

But don't you fret or don't you fume,
For honest Injun, how
Would you have felt if you were not
In Uncle's Army now?

RAY L. HUFF, *Pvt. M.D.*

Courtesy Stars and Stripes

JUST THINKIN'

Standin' up here on the fire-step,
Lookin' ahead in the mist,
With a tin hat over your ivory,
And a rifle clutched in your fist,
Waitin' and watchin' and wonderin'
If the Hun's comin' over to-night—
Say, ain't the things you think of
Enough to give you a fright?

Things you ain't even thought of
For a couple of months or more,
Things that 'll set you laughin';
Things that 'll make you sore;
Things that you saw in the movies,
Things that you saw on the street,
Things that you're really proud of,
Things that are not so sweet.

Debts that are past collectin',
Stories you hear and forget,
Ball games and birthday parties,
Hours of drill in the wet,
Headlines recruitin' posters,
Sunsets 'way out at sea,
Evenings of pay days—golly,
It's a queer thing, this memory!

Faces of pals in Homeburg,
Voices of women folk,
Verses you learnt in schooldays,
Pop up in the mist and smoke,
As you stand there, grippin' that rifle,
A-starin', and chilled to the bone,
Wonderin' and wonderin' and wonderin',
Just thinkin' there—all alone.

DEAR OLD "K"

When will the war be over?

When will the gang break through?

What will the U. S. look like?

What will there be to do?

Where will the Boches be then?

Who will have married Nell?

When's that relief a-comin' up?

Gosh! But this thinkin's hell!

HUDSON HAWLEY, *Pvt. M. G. Bn.*

Courtesy Stars and Stripes

"WHO SAID SUNNY FRANCE?"

It lies on your blankets and over your bed,
There's mud in the cover that covers your head,
There's mud in the coffee, the slum, and the bread,
Sunny France.

There's mud in your eyebrows, there's mud up your nose,
There's mud on your leggins to add to your woes,
The mud in your boots finds its place 'twixt your toes,
Sunny France.

Oh, the grimy mud, the slimy mud, the mud that makes you swear,
The cheesy mud, the greasy mud, that filters through your hair.

You sleep in the mud, and drink it, that's true,
There's mud in the bacon, the rice, and the stew;
When you open an egg, you'll find mud in it too,
Sunny France.

There's mud in the water, there's mud in the tea,
There's mud in your mess-kit as thick as can be;
It sticks to your fingers like leaves to a tree—
Sunny France.

Oh, the ruddy mud, the muddy mud, the mud that gets your goat,
The sliding mud, the gliding mud, that sprays your pants and coat.

It cakes in your mouth till you feel like an ox,
It slips down your back and it rests in your socks;
You think that you're walking on cut-glass and rocks,
Sunny France.

There's mud in your gas mask, there's mud in your hat,
There's mud in your helmet, there's mud on your gat;
Yet though mud's all 'round us, we're happy at that—
Sunny France.

Oh, the dank, dank mud, the rank, rank mud, there's just one guy
to blame;
We'll wish him well (we will, like hell!) and Kaiser Bill's his name!

JACK WARREN CARROL, *Corp. F. A.*

Courtesy Stars and Stripes

101st, OLD 101st

Words by Sergeant Lawrence J. Connery, Company A, 101st Inf.

(Tune: "Maryland")

Old Massachusetts sons are we,

101st, old 101st;

And ever loyal we shall be,

101st, old 101st.

Old Glory we will wave on high,

We'll flaunt her colors to the sky;

For her and thee we'd gladly die,

101st, old 101st.

We pledge our love to thee today,

101st, old 101st;

We'll never fail thee in the fray,

101st, old 101st.

And midst the battle's din and roar,

With courage tested to the core,

We'll fight for thee as ne'er before,

101st, old 101st.

In future days it is decreed,

101st, old 101st;

A golden page shall tell each deed,

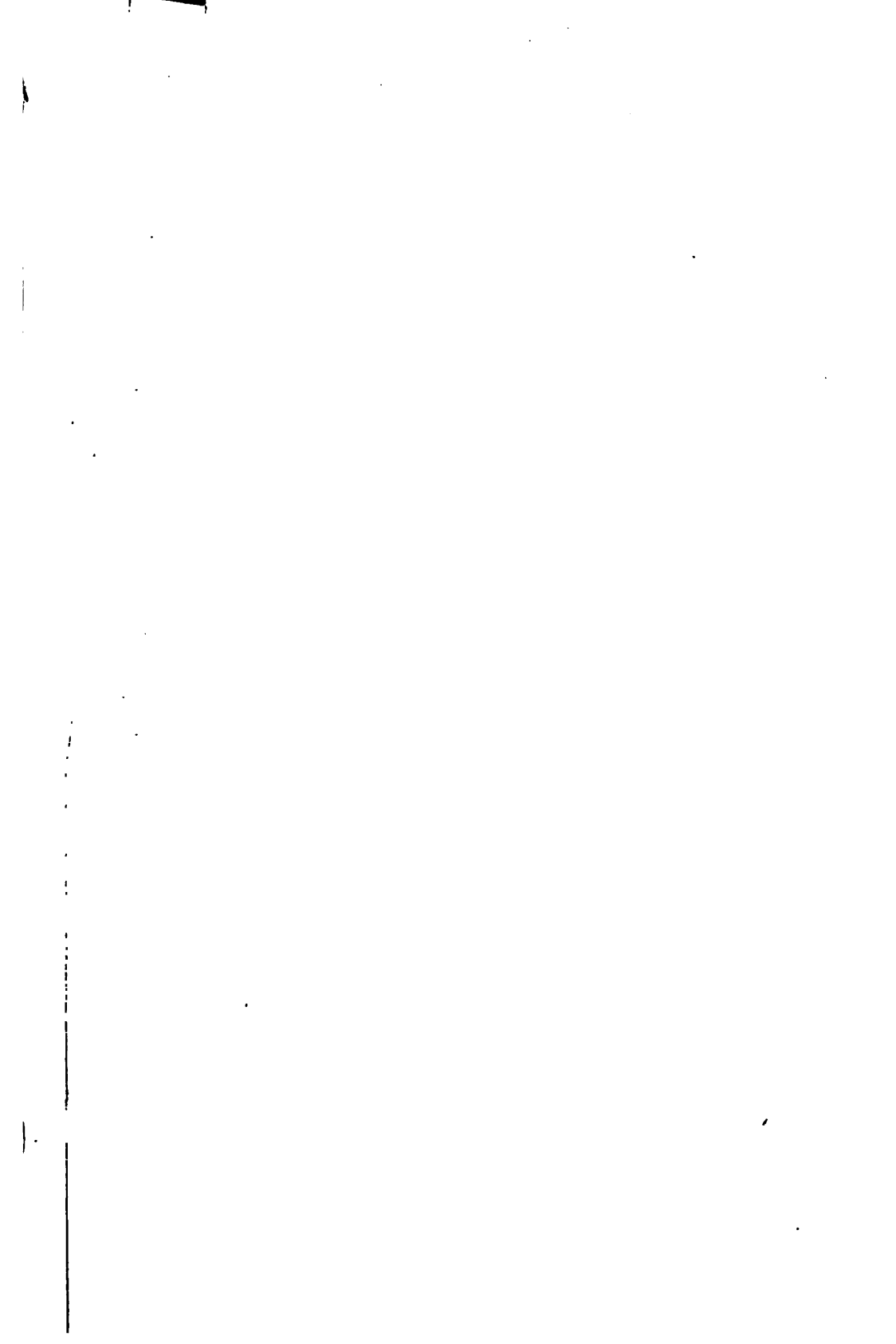
101st, old 101st.

For we have sworn to guard from shame

Thy glorious, untarnished name,

And history will sing thy fame,

101st, old 101st.



*A special effort was made to secure pictures
of all K Company men who died in service.
The photos of Lieutenant Gerdin and Corporal
Howell did not arrive in time to print.*



Would we do it over again?
I'll say we would.



These should recall happy moments.



Do these scenes recall happy bygones?



Thrills that arise in the life of youth.



JULY 4TH, 1918

(ENOUGH FIREWORKS TO LAST HIM THE REST OF HIS LIFE)



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